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# INDEX

TO THE  
HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-NINTH VOLUME OF THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

## A.

- Adderley, Rev. J., his idea of a perfect terrestrial society, 17.  
Alexander's Generals. *See* Parliamentary Debates.  
Alva, Duke Antonio, 496—his matrimonial adventures, 497.  
Atcham Union, 484—amalgamated with Shrewsbury, 485.  
Austen, Miss, her absence of landscape-painting, 544—extract from 'Mansfield Park,' 548.

## B.

- Babylonia, The Earliest History of, 338—fertility of the plain, 339—inhabitants, 340—language, *ib.*—the Chaldees, 341—Magan, *ib.*—Milukhkha, 342—system of writing, *ib.*—the art of brick-making, 343—style of architecture in the absence of stone, 344—interior of the palaces, *ib.*—the temples, 345—towers and basins, *ib.*—gates and interior fittings, 346—narrow streets, *ib.*—independence of the sculpture, 347—attitude and costume of the figures, *ib.*—bas-reliefs, 348, 349—heads of statuettes, 350—the cylinders or seals, *ib.*—the art of the potter, 351—tools and weapons, *ib.*—the votive figures in copper, *ib.*—summary of the theogony, 352—date of the early rulers, 353—King of Girsu, 354—Ur-Nina, 355—his seven sons, 356—Akurgal and Eannadu, *ib.*—Enanatum and Entéméná, 357, 358—King Gudea, 359—a great temple builder, 360—products derived from various localities, 361—Ur En-Girsu, 362—Urbau, *ib.*—his buildings, 363—Dungi or Dungi-na, *ib.*  
Banville, Théodore de, lines to his mother, 336.  
Baring-Gould, Sabine, 'The Tragedy of the Cæsars,' 512—his theory of insanity, 513—identification of busts and coins, 514, 515—his power of deciding character by intuition, 515, 516.  
Barrera, Don C. A. de la, 'Life of Lope de Vega,' 490.  
Batten, Dr. J. H., Principal of Haileybury College, 228—retirement, 229.  
Bluntschli, Herr, 'The Character and Spirit of Political Parties,' 245—on the true nature of a political party, *ib.*—account of the four 'natural political parties,' 246.  
Bode, Dr., his descriptive Catalogue of Rembrandt's pictures, 369.  
Booth, Charles, 'Labour and Life of the People,' 463—his proposal for universal pensions, 465, 475—classification of the population of London, 469—'Endowment of Old Age,' 475—his advocacy of limited and experimental socialism, *ib.*—'The Aged Poor: Condition,' 476, 481.  
Bosanquet, Bernard, extract from 'The Civilization of Christendom,' 463.  
Bryce, Mr., on party government in the United States, 260.  
Buchan, 387—its boundaries, 388—'Land o' Cakes,' *ib.*—one of the great early Celtic divisions, 389—the principal seat of four noble families, *ib.*—geological composition of the district, *ib.*—the coast-line, 390—deposit of chalk flints, 391—peat-mooses, *ib.*—traces of forests, 392—relics of man and beast, 392, 393—evidences of sanguinary strife, 393—the 'Book of Deir,' 394—etymology of the name Deer, 395—history of old churches, 396—the early saints, *ib.*—invasions and battles of the Norse pirates, 397—expulsion of the Danes, 398—the Norse or Danish element, *ib.*—war of succession, 399—power of the Comyns, *ib.*—decadence of the old Celtic Church, 400—Ellon, the civil centre, 401—fall of the Comyns, *ib.*—quaint prophetic disticha, 403—

- Abbey of Deer, 404—Royal burghs, 405—the 'First Raid of Turriff,' 406—Father Blackhall's escape, 407—period of rest under the Restoration, 408—re-introduction of Episcopacy, *ib.*—the rising of 1715, 409—stirring incidents in the '45, 410, 411—first Agricultural Society, 412—character of the people, 413.
- Burke, the first apologist for party government, 244.
- Byron, Lord, his descriptions drawn from nature, 534.

## C.

- Cæsars, The Tragedy of the, 512—Mr. Baring-Gould's theory of insanity, 513—series of illustrations, 514—the need for rigorous verification of busts and coins, 514, 515—two methods of writing history, 517—Tacitus an example of the second method, 518—the life of Tiberius, 522—case of Gaius, 524—charge of abnormal cruelty against Tiberius, *ib.*—his leniency and mercy, 525—retirement at Caprea, *ib.*—origin of the accepted fables, 526—the exciting cause in Nero, 527—his character, 528—conflict with Christianity, *ib.*
- Carpenter, Edw., his view of women, 315.
- Castles, English, 27—defences of Old Sarum, 29—continuous development of Dover Castle, 30—Roman stations, *ib.*—moated mounds of the Anglo-Saxon period, 31—tactics of the Danish invaders, 32—position of mounds, 34—the 'shell' keep, 35—'rectangular' keep, 36—development of the 'fore-building,' 37—probable date of the 'towers,' 38—Early English style, 39—'concentric' fortresses, 40—Caerphilly Castle, *ib.*—change in fortification after the Conquest, 42—the case of Castle Acre, 44—number of castles at the Conquest, *ib.*—date of the Tower of London, 46—Colchester keep, *ib.*—material employed, 48—citadel of Holderness, *ib.*—distinction between 'turris' and 'castrum,' 49—moveable towers, or *berefridum*, 52—uncertain entries in Domesday, 53—sieges, *ib.*—case of the Earl of Shrewsbury, 54—the castle difficulty of Stephen's reign, 55—treatment of relics of the past, 57.
- Cervantes, his attack upon Lope de Vega, 508.
- Chaldea, 341. See *Babylonia*.
- Church, The Attack on the Welsh, 145—the Bills of 1868 and 1894, 146—position of the Irish Church in 1868, 148—influence of the Church in Wales, *ib.*—Mr. Gee's scheme, 150—Welsh Bill compared with the Irish Church Act, *ib.*—character of the Bill, 151—the alien theory, 152—early existence of the Church, 153—methods of exciting animosity, 154—clauses of the Bill, 155—no historical justification for the demand of religious and political separation, *ib.*—extracts from the Welsh vernacular press, 156–159, 171–174—designs of the Separatists, 159—reasons for the assumed repugnance of Wales to the Church, 160—the Church of 'the stranger,' *ib.*—of 'the rich,' 161—relative sums contributed by Churchmen and Nonconformists, 162, 163—the Church of the minority, 164—Census returns, 165—results of elections, 166—Mr. Owen's estimate of the number attending Church, *ib.*—Mr. Gee's census, 167—accusations of coercion against Churchmen, 168—use of intimidation by Nonconformists, 169—evidence afforded by marriages, *ib.*—by the Burials Act, 170—supposed scandals, *ib.*—number of Liberationist newspapers, 171—number of Nonconformists, 174—results of the language census of 1891, 175.
- Churchill, John. See *Marlborough*.
- Clark, G. T., 'Mediæval Military Architecture in England,' 27—contradictory statements, 28—his theory of the moated mounds of the Anglo-Saxon period, 31—on the distinction between 'shell' and 'rectangular' keeps, 34—his conclusion on the subject of 'shell' keeps, 42—description of the 'White Tower' and Colchester keep, 46—failure to distinguish between 'turris' and 'castrum,' 49.
- Claudian, his unique position in literature, 143.

## D.

- Denmark, its attempts to incorporate Iceland, 61.
- Dubois-Guchan, E. P., 'Tacite et son Siècle,' 512.
- Dufferin, Lord, his Memoir of Lady Dufferin, 319—affection for his mother, *ib.*—description of her, 322—account of her death, 324.

Dufferin, Lady, 'Songs, Poems, and Verses,' 319—the charm of naturalness, *ib.*—characteristics of her nature, 320—history of the Sheridan family, 321—grace and beauty of the three sisters, 322—marriage, 323—death, *ib.*—nobility and unselfishness of her nature, 324—extracts from her letters, 325—her life on board the steamer 'Euxine,' 326—festivities on H.M.S. 'Doris,' 327—at Beirut, 328—at the Comte de Ste. Aulaire's, 329—on the discomforts of travelling in France, *ib.*—charm of her poetry, 330—compared with Mrs. Norton, *ib.*—characteristic specimens of the best Irish song, 333—style and arrangement, *ib.*—poems of Irish peasant life, 334—humorous, 335—verses to her son, 336, 337.

Durham, Bishop of, chief of the Christian Social Union, 2—on Christian discipleship, 11—his counsel to the 'younger clergy,' 12.

# E.

Elzheimer, his influence on Rembrandt, 373—'Tobit and the Angel,' *ib.*—arrangement of light and shade, 374—'The Flight into Egypt,' 375.

Empson, William, Professor of Law at Haileybury College, 236—Editor of the 'Edinburgh Review,' *ib.*

'Encyclopædia Britannica,' article on Statistics, 463.

Endres, Prof., on the timber trade, 180.

Erakine, Thomas, his estimate of the 'Christian Year,' 116.

Eycks, The Van, their altar-picture, 'The Adoration of the Lamb,' 377.

# F.

Farrar, Archdeacon, 'Darkness and Dawn,' the type of Erudite Fiction, 538.

Fauriel, M., on Lope de Vega, 494.

Fielding, his influence on realistic novels, 543.

Folk-Lore, Irish, 195—achievements of the Celtic Muse, *ib.*—interpretation of the word, 197—'Silva Gadelica,' 198—duty of the bards, 200—the Gael's attitude to the Druids, 201—traces of the animistic creed, 202—survival of the fairy race, 203—transformation of the system, 204—confusion of primitive thought, 205—Professor Frazer's 'Golden Bough,' *ib.*—the solar myth, 206—'Pursuit of Diarmuid and Grainne,' 207—

fate of Diarmuid, 208—various sun-gods, 209–212—Queen Mab, Lady of the Dawn, 212—qualities of her allies, *ib.*—Cormac, the ideal king, 213—his visit to Fairyland, 214—performance of innocent-seeming tasks, 215—spells imposed by magic, *ib.*—mysterious doctrine of taboo, 216—sacred birds and beasts, 217—ritual to be observed, 218—charms and counter-charms, *ib.*—appearance of the Culture Hero, 219—final aspect of Paganism, *ib.*—progress of Christian saints, 220—'Colloquy of the Ancients,' 221—Caoilte Mac Ronan, the pattern knight, *ib.*—influence of poetry on the heart of man, 222.

Forestry, 177—clearing of the natural forests, 178—wealth of oak timber, *ib.*—retention of large wooded tracts on the Continent, 179—imports of forest products into Britain in 1892, 180, 184—value of timber, *ib.*—statistics of prices in Central Europe, 181—quantity of labour employed in Germany, *ib.*—faults in the treatment of British woodlands, 182—Board of Agriculture Returns for 1891 and 1892, 183—forest area of the United States, 185—present rating of woodlands, 186—Scottish law, 187—Improvement of Land (Scotland) Act of 1893, 188—effect on the climate of extensive planting operations, 189—report of the Forestry Committee, 190, 192—Select Committee of 1890, 192—value of the existing acres, 193.

Freeman, Prof., on the introduction of castles into England, 41—errors and misapprehensions, 50, 51.

Froude, Prof., on the want of proof in the charges against Cæsar, 523.

Fry, Rev. T. C., on the social duty of the clergy, 13.

Furneaux, Henry, on the defects of Tacitus's History, 519.

# G.

Gaius, 524. See Cæsars.

Gee, Mr., scheme for Welsh disestablishment, 150—census of those attending Church, 167.

Germany, amount of labour employed in the working of forests, 181—system of Parliamentary government, 258.

Gibbon, E., 520.

Gladstone, Rt. Hon. W. E., M.P., his withdrawal from public life, 553—personal influence, 554—decision to



- remain in office after the rejection of the Home Rule Bill, 555—symptoms of decaying powers, 558—leaves for Biarritz, *ib.*—diatribe against the House of Lords on the eve of his resignation, 559—his choice of a successor, *ib.*—resignation, 560.
- Gneist, Herr von, on the changes in the Parliamentary system, 254.
- Gore, Rev. C., on the claims of Christians, 11—his proposal of a 'new Christian casuistry,' 22.
- Grand, Mrs. Sarah, 'The Heavenly Twins,' 295.

## H.

- Haileybury College, Old, 224—Hertford Castle the first home of the East Indian College, 225—foundation stone laid of the new buildings, 226—healthy situation, *ib.*—defects of its construction, 227—the largest enclosed quadrangle in England, *ib.*—transferred from Hertford Castle in 1809, 228—Dr. Samuel Henley, the first Principal, and Dr. J. H. Batten, *ib.*—Rev. C. W. Le Bas, 229—system of divided authority, *ib.*—change in the government, 231—appointment of Henry Melvill, *ib.*—anecdotes of Prof. Malthus, 233—the Persian Professor Mirza, 234—Francis Johnson, 235—Hailey House, 236—William Empson, *ib.*—Richard Jones, 237—239—life of the students, 239—successive periodicals, 239, 240—defects in the constitution, 241—closing of the College in 1858, 242—re-opened in 1862, *ib.*

- Harcourt, Sir William, his expectation of succeeding Mr. Gladstone, 565—typical representative of the class of country gentlemen, 566—his bitter disappointment, 567—success of his Budget, 568—Leader of the House of Commons, 570.

- Henley, Dr. Samuel, first Principal of Haileybury College, 228.

- Heuzey, M., on the statues of Chaldeas, 346—the attitude and costume, 347.

- Holland, Canon Scott, on the bases of membership in the Christian Social Union, 6—faith in organization, 7.

- Hunter, W. A., 'Outdoor Relief,' 463.
- Huxley, T. H., 'Method and Results,' 414.

## I.

- Iceland To-day, 58—situation and means of communication, *ib.*—story of the discovery, 60—attempts to incorporate the island with Denmark,

- 61—Reykjavik harbour, *ib.*—inhabitants, 62—deceptive distances, 63—tempests, *ib.*—the aurora, 64—want of roads, 65—communication by ponies, *ib.*—the great central plateau, 66—need for drainage, 67—birds, *ib.*—Akureyri, 68—Iceland moss, *ib.*—character of the mountains, 69—volcanic eruptions, *ib.*—Hecla, 70—Eyrarbakki, its chief settlement, 71—houses, 72—food and vegetables, 72, 73—limited supply of fuel, 73—work of fleecing the wool, 74—exportation of sheep, *ib.*—produce of the loom, 75—collection of eider-down, *ib.*—value of the shark, 76—Governor-General, 77—the Althing, *ib.*—the Sýslumenn, or judges, 78—number of clergy, *ib.*—bibliography, 79—difficulty of procuring ready money, 80—exports and imports, *ib.*—trading system, 81—export of fish, *ib.*—character of the islanders, 82.

- Ireland, influences on the poetry of, 331—numerous bards, 332—causes of the inferiority, *ib.*

## J.

- Jennings, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, her parentage, 445.

- Johnson, Francis, Professor of Sanscrit at Haileybury College, 235—his Dictionary of Persian and Arabic, *ib.*

- Jones, Richard, Professor of Political Economy and History at Haileybury College, 237—described by Mr. J. W. Sherer, 237, 238.

## K.

- Keble, Rev. J., his position in the Oxford movement, 98—sermon on National Apostasy, 100—influence of his 'Christian Year,' 101.

## L.

- Latin Poetry of the Decline, 117—monotony of the Silver Age, 118—Poets of the Augustan Age, 119—Propertius and Tibullus, 119—122—Ovid, 122—Phædrus, the connecting link, 123—Lucan, 124—128—Seneca, the younger, 128—the 'Satyricon,' 130—specimen of a conversation at Trimalchio's table, 132—134—the practice of reciting, 135—Statius, 136—Martial, 137—140—specimens of poetry, 141—number of poets, 143—Prudentius and Claudian, *ib.*

- Le Bas, Rev. O. W., his unfitness for

the post of Principal of Haileybury College, 229—resignation, 230.  
 Leasure, M. de, 'Mères Illustres,' 320.  
 Liddon, Rev. H. P., 'The Life of Edward Bouverie Pusey,' 83.  
 Loch, Charles S., 'The Statistics of Metropolitan Pauperism,' 463—his opinions and views, 468—on deaths from starvation, 473.  
 Lucan, his extraordinary precocity, 125—early introduction to Roman life, *ib.*—'Pharsalia,' 126—joins Piso's conspiracy, *ib.*—death, 127—his rhetorical skill, *ib.*—power of description, 128.  
 M.  
 Macaulay, Lord, his history of Marlborough, 439—selection of materials, 441.  
 Mallock, W. H., 'Labour and the Popular Welfare,' 414.  
 Malthus, T. R., Professor of Political Economy at Haileybury Coll., 233.  
 Mann, Tom, his orthodoxy, 21. *See* Christian Socialism.  
 Marbot, General, his Memoirs of Napoleon, 539—success of his book, 540.  
 Marlborough, Duke of, 439—birth, 444—page to James, Duke of York, *ib.*—his economical habits, 445—military services in France, 446—warning to James, *ib.*—campaign against Monmouth, *ib.*—disgust at the cruelties of James and Judge Jeffreys, 447—on the introduction of Popery, *ib.*—plot between the English noblemen and William, 448—cruelties of the dragonnades, 450, 451—difficulties of his position, 452—confides in Turner, the Bishop of Ely, 453—his letter to James, 454—joins in the 'Act of Association,' 455—his action in the attack on Brest, 456—first campaign under Waldeck, 458—his position under William, *ib.*—correspondence with James, 459—the rising feeling of opposition to the foreign ascendancy, *ib.*—scheme of freeing England, 460—character and actions, 462.  
 Martial, a court poet, 137—his epigrams, 139—compared with Statius, 140.  
 Martineau, Miss, descriptions of Professor Malthus, 233—and William Empson, 236.  
 Maurice, Rev. F. D., protest against intolerance, 85. *See* Dr. Pusey.  
 Melvill, Henry, elected Principal of Haileybury College, 231—thwarted

and defied by Dr. Jeremie, 232—long and unpractical sermons, 233.  
 Michel, M. Émile, 'Life and Work of Rembrandt,' 365—recognition of help in his investigations, 368—defects of his book, 370.  
 Miller, G. Noyes, 'The Strike of a Sex,' 289.  
 Mirza, Mohammed Ibrahim, the Persian Professor at Haileybury College, 234—his power of teaching singing-birds, 235.  
 Monier-Williams, Sir M., 'Memorials of Old Haileybury College,' 224.  
 Montalvan, his narrative of Lope de Vega, 490.  
 Morgan, Sir G. O., advocate for the disestablishment of the Welsh Church, 160.  
 Morison, Cotter, on Gibbon, 520.  
 Morley, Rt. Hon. J., M.P., his expectation of succeeding Mr. Gladstone, 568—characteristics of his mind, 569—belief in his convictions, 569, 570.

# N.

Nero, 527. *See* Cæsars.  
 Newman, Cardinal, the guiding spirit of the Oxford movement, 101—character, 102—his precarious logic, 104.  
 Norton, Mrs., lines on her mother, 321—her poems compared with Lady Dufferin's, 330.  
 Novels of Adventure and Manners, 530—indications of the rise of the new school of fiction in the 17th cent., 531—Mrs. Aphra Behn's attempt, *ib.*—eclipse of the heroic romance, 532—Novel of Adventure, *ib.*—Scott's system of verifying by documentary evidence, 533—prevailing tendency of the conventional writer, 534—demand for exact verification, 536, 537—attempts at exact reproduction, 538—increase in the publication of memoirs relating to the French Revolutionary war, 539—doubtful authenticity of such reminiscences, 540—Adventures of A. Moreau de Jonnés, 541—Novel of Manners, 542—Fielding's influence, 543—sudden accession of women novelists, 544—absence of landscape-painting in Miss Austen, *ib.*—result of their alliance, 545—qualities of Thackeray, Dickens, and Trollope, 546—the rising spirit of Realism or Naturalism, *ib.*—George Eliot's ideal, 547—Charlotte Brontë's heroine, *ib.*—the Sporting Novel, *ib.*—

extracts from 'Mansfield Park' and 'Marcella,' 548—the art of descriptive writing, 549—want of actuality in the past and future, 550—number of excellent stories, 551—short stories of scenes and actions, *ib.*

## O.

O'Grady, Standish H., 'Silva Gadelica,' 195.

Ovid, the herald of the Silver Age, 122 — rhetorical strain in his poetry, *ib.*

Oxford Movement, commencement of, 98—variously regarded, 105—its tendency Romewards, 107—the dangerous side, 108—influences for good, 109–113.

## P.

Pajkull, Prof., of Upsala, his work on the fauna, botany, and geology of Iceland, 67.

Parliamentary Debates, 553—anticipations on the result of Mr. Gladstone's retirement, *ib.*—his personal influence, 554—the Home Rule Bill in the House of Commons and Lords, 555—necessity of a dissolution, 556—decision for the constituencies, *ib.*—policy adopted by Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues, 557—theory on his choice of a successor, 559, 560—Lord Rosebery's accession to the Premiership, 562—his vacillating conduct, 563—claim of Lord Spencer for the Premiership, 564—Sir William Harcourt, 565–568—Mr. John Morley, 569–571—Lord Rosebery's early reputation, 571—his administration, 573—different views of the three Ministers, 574—strong, united, and loyal Opposition, 575—confidence in Mr. Balfour's leadership, *ib.*

Party Government, 244—origin of the terms Whig and Tory, 248—establishment of the system, 249—influence of the Crown, 250—introduction of a new era by the Reform Act of 1832, 251—two new sections, 252—change to Conservatives and Liberals, *ib.*—great legislative changes, 253—object of Welsh Radicalism, 255—advantages of the Welsh Established Church, *ib.*—British Legislature the mother of Parliaments, 257—system in Germany, 258—Party Government in the United States, 259—the right of man, 261—law of social organism, 262—solutions of the problem, *ib.*

Phædrus, a poet of the Transition, 123—style of his fables, 124.

Pratt, Rev. J. B., 'Buchan,' 387.

Propertius, characteristics of his poetry, 119. *See* Latin Poetry.

Pusey, Dr., 83—veneration of his biographers, 84—austerity of his home, 87—appearance and character as a boy, 88—morbid feelings, 89—timidity and lack of self-assertion, 90—his visits to Germany, *ib.*—controversy with Mr. Rose, 91—attitude towards the Church of Rome, 92–95—influence on him of Newman's secession, 94—his principles and views of life, 96—position as leader of the Oxford movement, 98—the *Triumvirs*, *ib.*—character, 113.

## R.

Raleigh, Walter, 'The English Novel,' 530. *See* Novels.

Rembrandt and his Art, 365—reputation as a portrait-painter, 366—unpopularity, *ib.*—Vosmaer's revised edition, 368—M. Michel's work, 368–370—his parents, 371—marriage, *ib.*—death of his wife, and bankruptcy, 372—influences on his work, 372, 373—his treatment of light and shade, 375—predecessors or contemporaries, 376—originals of his models, 378–380—his portraits, 381—treatment of Biblical subjects, *ib.*—'The Lesson in Anatomy,' 382—the 'Night Watch,' *ib.*—'The Syndics of the Cloth Hall,' 383—his etchings, 384—variations of the plates, 385.

Ritchie, Mr., his return of the number of paupers relieved, 481.

Rosebery, Lord, commissioned to form a Ministry, 561—his disadvantages and advantages, *ib.*—declaration on assuming office, 562—subsequent retraction, 563—early reputation, 571—first Chairman of the London County Council, 572—his administration, 573.

Rousseauism Revived, 414—the new democratic oligarchy, 415—twofold purpose of the Liberal Party, *ib.*—the theory of property, 417—disunion of Socialists, 418—result of the division of the national wealth, 419—estimate of the gross income of the United Kingdom, *ib.*—share of each person, 420—number of men and women earning nothing, 421—impossibility of the communistic division, *ib.*—deceitfulness of riches, 422—nature of the wealth, 423—three categories, *ib.*—doctrine of the mode-

- rate Social Reformer, 424—polity of Scientific Socialism, 425—similarity between the extreme and temperate, *ib.*—increase of national prosperity, 427—shares in the creation of wealth attributable to Labour and Land and Capital, 428—importance of circulating capital, 429—distinction between Ability and Labour, 430—amount produced by each, *ib.*—mottoes of Socialism, 431—paralysis of Ability, 432—unbelief of working men in inventors, 433—falsity of Rousseau's three maxims, 434—436—the rights of man, 437—reasoned insanity of the theory, 438.
- S.
- Sand, George, her temperament, 292—view of free union, 293.
- Sanday, Prof., his protest against the new Christian Socialism, 19.
- Sarsec, Ernest de, his discoveries in Chaldea, 338.
- Say, M. Léon, his preface to the 'Adventures of A. M. de Jonnés,' 541.
- Sayce, Prof., 'Records of the Past,' 338.
- Schäffle, Herr, on the system of universal suffrage in Germany, 259.
- Scott, Sir Walter, founder of the modern romantic school, 533—his system of verifying by documentary evidence, *ib.*
- Seneca, the younger, 128—merits of his tragedy, 129—key-note of his plays, *ib.*
- Sex, The Strike of a, 289—beginning of the Women's Crusade, 290—Diderot's criticism, 291—the brains of French men and women, *ib.*—George Sand's character, 292—the New Woman, 293—change in society, 294—'The Heavenly Twins,' 295—304—revolt, the key-note, 296—view of religion, 297, 298—acknowledged supremacy of woman, 299—Angelica, *ib.*—inconsistencies of Evadne, 300, 301—ineptency of the Church, 302—oranism of woman, 303—'Marcella,' 304—309—Frau von Troll-Borostyani's 'equality of the sexes,' 310—her scheme for the revolt of women, 311—the modest programme, 313—assumption of male habits, 314—sane maternity, 315—increase of crime and insanity, 316—sacred personality of women, 317.
- Sherer, J. W., his sketch of Professor Jones, 237.
- Sheridan Family, history of the, 321.
- Silva, Feliciano de, the most popular Spanish chivalric romance writer, 510—his facility of production, *ib.*
- Socialism, The new Christian, 1—members of the Christian Social Union, 2—increasing interest in Social questions, 3—attitude of the Church, 4—exaggeration of the literature, 5—distinction between 'moral' and 'mechanical' laws, 6—belief in the power of organization, 7—problem of over-population, 8—dangers of the dominance of the New Unionism, *ib.*—method of boycotting, 10—the power of circumstance, 11—Bishop of Durham's counsel to clergy, 12—the worship of political power, 14—disqualifications of the clergy, for social reform, 15—the duties of the clergy, 16—theology of the movement, 17—illustration of the Democratic Creed, 18—Prof. Sanday's protest, 19—result of religious intervention into social politics, 20—Mr. Gore's proposal, 22—evils of a 'Christian organization,' 23—influence on the Church, 24—social value of clerical independence, 25.
- Socialist sects, disunion of the, 418—mottoes, 431.
- Somerville, Mary, her description of Lady Dufferin, 322.
- Soudan, The French, 264—extent of the territory, *ib.*—occupation of the island of St. Louis, 266—Commandant Faidherbe's measures, 267—series of explorations, 268—M. Paul Soleillet reaches Ségou, 269—projected line of railway, *ib.*—Capt. Gallieni's mission, 270—interval of peace, 271—victorious progress of Colonel Archinard, *ib.*—Lieut.-Col. Humbert's campaign, 272—Col. Combe's expedition, 273—occupation of Djenné, 274—settlement of the line of demarcation, 275—Col. Ellis' advance on the Poro-Kerri warriors, *ib.*—appointment of a civil governor, 276—expedition of Col. Bonnier, 276, 277—insubordination of Lieut. Boiteux, 278—occupation of Timbuctoo, *ib.*—disaster at Dougoi, 279—Col. Joffre's entry into Timbuctoo, 281—extermination of the tribe of Touaregs, *ib.*—value of a caravan, 283—advantages and disadvantages of the three routes for commerce, 283, 284—the Trans-Saharan Railway, 285.
- Spencer, Lord, his claim as successor

- to Mr. Gladstone, 564—servile fidelity, 565.
- Statistics, The Abuse of, 463—Mr. Booth's proposal for universal pensions, 465, 475—policy of the Poor-law administrators, *ib.*—restriction or abolition of outdoor relief, 466—the Poor-law electorate, 467—Mr. Hunter's policy, 468—Mr. Loch's opinions, *ib.*—Mr. Booth's classification of the population of London, 469—specimen entries, 470—the business of the School Board visitor, 471—number of unemployed, 472—causes of pauperism in unions, *ib.*—relative degrees of poverty, 473—number of deaths from starvation, *ib.*—untrustworthy percentages of poverty, 474—distinction between outdoor and indoor pauperism, 476—number of paupers in Bradfield, 477—admissions to the Bethnal Green Workhouse, *ib.*—high rate of pauperism, 478—admission classification, 479—improvements in the unions, *ib.*—fallacy of judging the number of paupers per head of population, 480—cost per head of paupers, *ib.*—Mr. Ritchie's return, 481—Mr. Booth's percentage of old-age pauperism, 482—Fylde and Bradfield compared, 482, 483—improvement in Wales, 484.
- Statius, 136—poet-laureate to the aristocracy, 137—compared with Martial, 140.
- Stephen, Leslie, his sketch of Marlborough's career, 443.

## T.

- Tacitus, warping influences on his mind, 517—his method of writing history, 518—bias against the Imperial family, 519—mental attitude, 520, 521.
- Tiberius, 522. *See* Cæsars.
- Tibullus, characteristic of his poetry, 120. *See* Latin Poetry.
- Ticknor, memoir of Lope de Vega, 490.
- Troll-Borostyani, Irma von, 'equality of the sexes,' 310.
- Turner, Bishop of Ely, his advice to

Marlborough, 458—influence over him, 457.

## U.

- United States, statistics on the supply of timber, 184—effect of party government, 259.

## V.

- Valencia, poets of, 501—popularity of the new ballad poetry, *ib.*
- Vega, Lope de, 486—list of his works, 486, 487—character of his *dramatis personæ*, 487—plots, 488—enormous productivity, *ib.*—number of his extant dramatic plays, 489—affectations and devices, 491—propensity about his age, 492—'Dorotea,' 492—494—'Arcadia,' 495—poem on the glories of the House of Alva, 496—marriage, 499—banishment, *ib.*—petition to the King, 500—settles in Valencia, 501—his ballads, 502, 503—silence regarding his wife, 503—second marriage, 504—intrigue with Maria de Luxan, *ib.*—necessary adjustments in the incidents of his life, 505—king of the stage and 'Phoenix of Spain,' 506—death of his wife, and takes orders, *ib.*—letters to the Duke of Sessa, 507, 508—birth of a daughter, 507—quarrel with Cervantes, 508—his drama the successor of chivalric romance, 509—powers of production, 510.
- Vormær, his revised edition of Rembrandt, 361.
- 'Vox Clamantium,' a collection of essays, 18.

## W.

- Ward, Mrs. Humphry, 'Marcella,' 304—quotation from, 548.
- Wellesley, Lord, his scheme for Calcutta College, 225.
- Wilkins, William, architect of Haileybury College, 224.
- William III., his neglect of Mary, 440—design upon the English throne, 448—treatment of Marlborough, 458.
- Wolsley, Lord, 'The Life of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough,' 439—difficulties of his task, 442—the parentage of Sarah Jennings, 445.

END OF THE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-NINTH VOLUME.

# CONTENTS

OF

No. 357.

ART.	Page
I.—1. The Christian Social Union. Papers.	
2. Lombard Street in Lent. A Course of Sermons on Social Subjects organized by the London Branch of the Christian Social Union. London, 1894.	
3. A Social Policy for the Church. By the Rev. T. C. Fry, D.D. London, 1893.	
4. Vox Clamantium, the Gospel of the People. London, 1894 - - - - -	1
And other Works.	
II.—Mediæval Military Architecture in England. By G. T. Clark. London, 1884 - - - - -	27
III.—1. Icelandic Pictures. By Frederick W. W. Howell, F.R.G.S. London, 1893.	
2. A Ride across Iceland. By Rev. W. T. McCormick. London, 1893.	
3. The Oroefa Jokull. By Frederick W. W. Howell, F.R.G.S., in 'Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society.' London, 1892.	
4. Geographische Workingen der Eiszeit. In 'Verhandl. d. vierten deutschen Geographentages zu München.' Berlin, 1891 - - - - -	58
And other Works.	
IV.—The Life of Edward Bouverie Pusey. By Henry Parry Liddon, D.D. Edited and prepared for publication by the Rev. J. O. Johnston, M.A., and the Rev. Robert J. Wilson, M.A. Vols. I. and II. London, 1893 - - - - -	88
V.—1. The Roman Poets of the Augustan Age. By W. Y. Sellar, M.A. Oxford, 1892.	
2. Études sur la Poésie Latine. Par M. Patin. Paris, 1875.	
3. Études sur les Poètes Latins de la Décadence. Par D. Nisard. Paris, 1888.	
4. History of Roman Literature. By C. T. Cruttwell, M.A. London, 1877 - - - - -	117
And other Works.	



Art.	Page
VL.—1. A Handbook on Welsh Church Defence. By the Bishop of St. Asaph. Denbigh, 1894.	
2. A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of St. Asaph, October, 1890. By Alfred George Edwards, D.D., Bishop of St. Asaph. Denbigh, 1890.	
3. Is the Church in Wales an advancing Church? By the Rev. Canon Bevan. London, 1893.	
4. The Church Revival in Wales. A Paper read by the Dean of St. Asaph at the Church Congress, Rhyl, October 6, 1891 - - - - -	145
VII.—1. Reports from the Select Committee on Forestry. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed on 24th July, 1885, 6th September, 1886, and 3rd August, 1887.	
2. Reports from the Select Committee on Woods, Forests, and Land Revenues of the Crown. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed on 26th July, 1889, and 30th July, 1890.	
3. Manual of Forestry. By Wm. Schlich, Ph.D. Vol. I, 1887; Vol. II, 1891. London - - - - -	177
And other Works.	
VIII.—Silva Gad-elica : a Collection of Tales in Irish, edited from MSS. and translated. By Standish H. O'Grady. London, 1892 - - - - -	195
And other Works.	
IX.—Memorials of Old Haileybury College. By Sir M. Monier-Williams and other Contributors. Westminster, 1894 - - - - -	224
X.—1. Charakter und Geist der politischen Parteien. Dargestellt von J. C. Bluntschli. Nördlingen, 1869.	
2. Deutsche Kern- und Zeitfragen. Von Albert Schäffle. Berlin, 1894.	
3. Die nationale Rechtsidee von den Ständen und das preussische Dreiklassenwahlssystem. Eine social-historische Studie von Rudolph von Gneist. Berlin, 1894.	
4. De la Liberté politique dans l'État moderne. Par Arthur Desjardins. Paris, 1894 - - - - -	244
XI.—1. Voyage au Soudan Français (Haut-Niger et Pays de Ségou). 1879-1881. Par Le Commandant Gallieni. Paris, 1885.	
2. Campagne dans le Haut-Niger. 1885-1886. Par Colonel Frey. Paris, 1888.	
3. De Saint Louis au Port de Tomboukton. Voyage d'une Canonnière française. Par Lieut. E. Caron. Paris, 1891 - - - - -	264
And other Works.	

# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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- ART. I.—1. *The Christian Social Union.* Papers.  
 2. *Lombard Street in Lent.* A Course of Sermons on Social Subjects organized by the London Branch of the Christian Social Union. London, 1894.  
 3. *A Social Policy for the Church.* By the Rev. T. C. Fry, D.D. London, 1893.  
 4. *Vox Clamantium, the Gospel of the People.* London, 1894.  
 5. *Two Present-Day Questions.* By W. Sanday, M.A., D.D., LL.D. London, 1892.  
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 8. *The Economic Review.* London, 1891–94.  
 9. *The Social Doctrine of the Sermon on the Mount.* By the Rev. Charles Gore. London, 1892.

**R**ATHER more than four years ago the British public was greatly moved by a bold project for curing the ills of society by diverting to the service of secular undertakings a great organization which owed its existence and its influence to faith in the life eternal.

'General' Booth, in the fascinating and fantastic proposals which, as the ostensible author of 'Darkest England and the Way Out,' he then made, gave significant expression to a tendency which is active not only in the ranks of the Salvation Army, but also among the members of every Christian denomination, not excepting the Church of England. The familiar distinction between 'Individualism' and 'Socialism' has revealed itself in the course of this tendency, which is clearly working in two directions—towards a jealous regard for the individual, and a frank contempt of him. The Christian Socialism that inspired the philanthropic undertakings

of which the University Settlements in East London are conspicuous examples, makes the duty and the claim of the individual the basis of its action: the Christian Socialism of the new Christian Social Union advances rather the duties and claims of society. Individual responsibility is indeed strenuously proclaimed by both; but while it is believed in by the one, it is by the more headstrong and extreme members of the other set aside for various measures and types of physical and moral State-coercion. Voluntary co-operation was the logical outcome of that individual responsibility which the older Christian Socialists asserted, and it is still advocated by their more faithful representatives. State-socialism is the logical outcome of that suppression of the individual which the more advanced Christian Socialists now habitually preach. The extent of the divergence may best be realized by contrasting the attitude of representative men of both sections towards what is conveniently but enigmatically styled the 'Social Problem.' Let Canon Barnett's recent sermon on the unemployed be read side by side with Canon Scott Holland's Ash-Wednesday oration on 'National Penitence,' or the Dean of Ely's 'Democratic Creed,' and it will be immediately manifest that the remedies which commend themselves to the first are accounted as little better than aggravations of the evil by the last.

Christian Socialism is represented in some quarters as the logical outcome of Catholicism, and there is, of course, an obvious connection between belief in the value of ecclesiastical organization, and belief in the value of economic organization. In fact, however, the movement appears to commend itself with equal success to Protestants and Roman Catholics alike. The English Dissenters eagerly cultivate friendly relations with the 'New Unionism'; some of its principal leaders, including the founder of the 'Labour Church,' are ex-Dissenting ministers; and not a few of the best-known Dissenting preachers are avowed Christian Socialists. It is, however, within the Established Church that Christian Socialism now finds its ablest apologists and missionaries.

The Christian Social Union, a body entirely composed of Churchmen, and very largely consisting of clergy, has been in existence, if we are not mistaken, about four years; and it has already attained considerable proportions. The theologian of the Union, and its official chief, is a prelate of saintly character and wide reputation, the Bishop of Durham. The prophet is one of the most eloquent of English preachers, Canon Scott Holland; the philosopher, the most independent of English divines, Mr. Charles Gore, of 'Lux Mundi' fame; the missionaries are a host

host of young clerics, of whom Mr. J. Adderley may be taken as the type and, in some sense, the leader. Mr. G. Russell, M.P., represents the Union in the Government; and Alderman Phillips combines with his membership the presidency of one of the newest labour combinations. Its official organ, the 'Economic Review,' seems destined to secure a permanent place in current literature. In the more popular journalism, the Union may be said to enjoy the regular patronage of the 'Daily Chronicle.' The Christian Social Union is especially strong in the ancient Universities, where many names of weight are found in the list of members. This may be, perhaps, to some extent due to the neutral character of the Union, a character which we sincerely trust may not be forfeited by its conversion into a fighting organization through the mistaken zeal of the London branch, which has already figured prominently in municipal contests, and may be led to do so still more prominently in the future.

There are all the signs of life and prosperity about the Union, and neither economist nor Churchman can be indifferent to the direction in which so much learning, enthusiasm, and self-sacrifice are to be bestowed. We propose, therefore, to examine a few specimens of its literature, with the view of appreciating its position, and of stating with necessary brevity some of the reasons why, both as economists and as Churchmen, we regard it with considerable misgiving. Any tendency, however unauthorized it may be, to link the fortunes of the Church of England with those of the New Unionism, and to pledge the support of historic Christianity to the cause of State Socialism, may well move the anxiety of Churchmen, and compel their severest scrutiny. We trust that our criticism will not be misunderstood. We deplore, as sincerely as the members of the Union themselves, the reality of many of the evils which they combat. We clearly recognize the good objects for the furtherance of which they have banded themselves together. We warmly appreciate the excellence of motive, the disinterested ability, earnestness, and energy which they bring into the conduct of their cause. But the more elevated the enthusiasms which inspire the Christian Socialists, the more dangerous they may become, if they are directed towards unwise ends or lead to an imprudence of speech and writing which identifies the Union with aims and methods that lie outside their sympathies and range of action.

We begin by reminding ourselves that the increased interest in what are called Social questions arises from causes at once adequate, obvious, and creditable. That the spirit of Chris-

tianity should imbue and guide our business and economic lives as well as our private conduct is, we imagine, an incontrovertible proposition. The infusion and extension of this spirit into relations where it formerly did not enter is the end to which the characteristic movements of the century—political, social, ecclesiastical—have uniformly tended. Statesmen and Churchmen have thus from their respective standpoints found an increasing attraction in social questions. For the one, the wide diffusion of political power has invested with a new importance the circumstances in which the masses of the voters live. For the other, this political cause has synchronized with a great awakening of the religious sense and a consequent quickening of the social conscience, which, perhaps, will in the long run be seen to constitute the principal glories of the nineteenth century. However it may be explained, the fact is certain: social questions have forced themselves to the front, and now exact from both politicians and Churchmen a measure of attention which can scarcely any longer be secured for the familiar subjects of party conflict and ecclesiastical ambition.

That the Church should concern herself with the material condition of the multitude is neither astonishing in itself, nor unwarranted by the experience of the past. The impartial historian of society counts the Church as one of the most potent promoters of that material well-being which is on the whole distinctive of Western civilization. The novel element in the existing situation is the tendency which has manifested itself with very marked results during the present century, and which, as we have seen, seems likely to affect very powerfully the younger generation of English clergy, to abandon the attitude of reserve which the Church has generally taken up towards schemes of social change, and to embrace with enthusiasm the ideals, and even the practical proposals, of Socialism. This tendency derives strength from a reaction, which if extreme is not altogether unjustified, from the hard theories of economic science, inadequate rather than mistaken, which held sway in England far into this century. The humanitarian sentiment of the upper classes, at once eager and ignorant, has found the benevolent professions of Socialism supremely attractive. Veterans may shake their heads over projects that depend for their success on the masses of the population possessing resources of character which human experience has never yet acknowledged; but the general attitude of philanthropists is something more than sympathetic. The clergy have reasons of their own for regarding with kindly eyes a movement which combines an undoubtedly 'democratic' character with a liberal

liberal profession of unselfishness. They are sadly conscious of the wide gulf which now severs the Church from the main body of the artisans. They are not disposed to criticize with excessive severity a policy which may bridge that gulf, and reconcile to religion the alienated multitudes. Thus circumstances are favourable for a resuscitation, under somewhat altered conditions, of that interesting blend of religion and economy which Frederick Denison Maurice conceived and defended under the name of 'Christian Socialism.' But the new movement is far more revolutionary than the old. Scientific Socialism has little in common with co-operation.

It is perhaps natural that much of the literature before us should be disfigured by exaggeration. The authors are generally either preachers or popular writers, and exaggeration is the recognized privilege of both. Yet it must be allowed that, though easily explicable, this trait is not therefore the less unfortunate in discussions which above all things demand self-restraint and sobriety of judgment. And it will be found that, even in descriptions of the evils which it is proposed to redress, wide discrepancies of observation exist. Where the imagination of Canon Scott Holland beholds nothing but hideous anarchy working out in oppression and squalor, the at least equally experienced gaze of Canon Barnett sees redeeming elements of comfort and hope. Thus while the former speaks\* of 'the intolerable situation in which our industrial population now finds itself,' and demands 'urgency' for the 'social question,' the latter bids† us remember that 'the majority of the people are occupants of happy homes'; that 'excessive poverty is no more common than excessive wealth'; that 'there is more of good-will than of ill-will among men'; that 'unhappiness, like disease, is the exception: happiness, like wealth, is the rule'; that 'there are few sweeter sights on earth than a workman's home, and there is a sort of blasphemy in the exaggerations which speak of universal wretchedness.' It is well to remember this significant divergence between men who are both endeavouring to describe the same conditions of popular life.

The literature of Christian Socialism is thus very unequal in merit: it would not be difficult to establish against it a charge of self-contradiction; it is almost always disfigured by an excess of rhetoric over argument. In many cases the ardour of the writers' feelings, rather than the soundness of their judgment or the strength of their intelligence, is most conspicuous. In all this, however, it but corresponds to the familiar type of philanthropic

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\* Christian Social Union Papers. † 'Lombard Street in Lent,' p. 85.



and propagandist composition. Exaggeration may be pardoned to earnest men, who feel strongly about great evils, and are entirely free from self-seeking or other personal motives. We may remind ourselves that no crusade can be successful which is not preached with the enthusiasm of strong convictions, and that the inseparable adjunct of such enthusiasm is exaggeration. But exaggeration is not the most serious defect of the Christian Socialists. They are open to the graver accusation of perilously misconceiving the problem, of which they propose the solution. There is underlying the fervid rhetoric and forcible argumentation of these writings a mistaken conception of the ultimate origin of the evils which unquestionably afflict modern society.

'Moral' law is continually opposed to 'economic' law as in some sense its superior, and always its antagonist. Thus Canon Scott Holland describes,\* as the bases of membership in the Christian Social Union, these 'two convictions: first, that the present situation is intolerable; and, secondly, that its solution must be found in the *unfaltering assertion of moral as supreme over mechanical laws.*' This sentence enshrines the cardinal fallacy of Christian Socialism. It explains the copious abuse of the 'dismal science' of political economy, and the righteous wrath which a reference to its 'inexorable laws' never fails to arouse. The fallacy consists in the assumption that 'moral' and 'mechanical' laws admit of comparison. They operate within different spheres: they deal with different subject-matters. Neither is above or below the other, since they have no relation. The loftiest moral purpose may not alter the axioms of Euclid, or over-ride the laws of arithmetic. Equally futile is it to suggest a moral control of economics, or a 'Christian organization of industry.' The morality of economics can only mean truth; the Christianity of industrial organization can but mean its soundness. There are manifest objections to the discussion of one class of subjects in the distinctive terms of another. A visionary economical project will not become practicable because it is labelled Christian. No amount of morality can confer value upon goods for which there is no market. The singular conception of economic law as subject to moral law came prominently into view during the recent coal strike, when it inspired the demand for a 'living wage.' The Christian Socialist leaders endorsed the cause of the miners with fiery zeal. No serious attempt was made to define a 'living wage,' but it was none the less declared to represent the requirement of Christianity itself. Wages, it was

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\* Christian Social Union Papers.

affirmed, *ought* to determine prices ; and not prices wages. It was forgotten that prices are but the convenient registrars of the ever-varying desires of men ; and that the claim to fix wages by an ethical standard, independently of the market, really involves the assertion that human desires can be, and ought to be, unalterable in direction, and constant in extent. This aspect of the question never seems to have occurred to the enthusiastic Christian apologists of the Miners' Federation.

In other directions, however, the same temper is apparent. An almost pathetic belief in the efficacy of exhortation is strangely linked to an overweening confidence in the power of organization. Organization is Canon Scott Holland's formula of battle ; the 'free labourer' is his *bête noire*. If only the workers were organized, the abominations which constitute the 'Social Question' would speedily cease. This ample faith in organization inspires his indignant demand that the Church shall not only tolerate, but sanction, advocate, and, in a manner, enforce the programme of the 'New Unionism.'

'No! It is not the mood of one adopting an appropriate attitude that we should look for in the Church. Rather it is the eager and active movement of one who instinctively apprehends what is forward, and comes forward with both hands to greet what is so intimately congenial to his own temper.'\*

So the Church is to add her influence to the other forces which are driving the workman to join the Union.

'Labour which would be free must be combined labour. Isolated labour means enslaved labour. The Church should know this by her native instinct.'†

Lack of skill and character are the real conditions of that powerlessness to obtain employment which Canon Scott Holland means by slavery. The additional disqualification of 'isolation' is the creation of the Unions, which now use it as an argument for their own necessity. 'Combination would cure sweating,' we read, but this statement is almost immediately contradicted by the assertion that 'labour combinations . . . fail to touch the most serious and terrible evils incident to our present system—the evils of the unskilled, sweated population.'‡ Thus the eloquent Canon does not after all carry us very far ; and the article from which we have quoted concludes rather helplessly with a renewed profession of faith in 'combination.'

'An unorganized trade is a demoralized trade ; it opens the door to the sweater ; it creates an unhappy population of casual workers,

\* 'Economic Review,' vol. ii. No. 4, p. 442.

† Ibid. p. 446.

‡ Ibid. p. 450.

who

who will always abide at the lowest level at which life can exist. What will you do to cure this? Whatever you propose, it must mean some form of combination.\*

It is not necessary to dispute the power, or even, for certain purposes and within certain limits, the beneficence of labour combinations in order to dissent from the assumption that the lack of such combinations is the cause of the complicated and obstinate evils which are familiarly described as 'the sweating system,' or to reject the proposition that by labour combinations those evils may be destroyed. Canon Scott Holland himself hints at a more formidable fact than lack of organization as the true *fons malorum*—the inexorable fact of population. That fact is the rock upon which the attractive proposals of Socialism, whether Christian or not, are invariably wrecked. Labour combinations extended to the utmost could only present the same portentous problem in a slightly different form. By rigorously prohibiting work to all non-Unionists, they could define the area of incompetence, and hand over the incompetent to be maintained, or executed, by the State. But they could not stay the causes which create incompetence. Over-population—the tendency inseparable from human progress for the race to multiply beyond its means of subsistence—unites with moral and physical deterioration to create the social problem. Canon Scott Holland will certainly not deny that there are moral as well as economic elements in the sum of circumstances through which the social quagmire engulphs thousands of men, who, but for conditions created by their own characters, might have held their place in the ranks of society. Trade organizations can no more provide work than labour combinations can deal with the idler, the drunkard, the thriftless, and the lawless. Let exclusion from the Trade Unions mean exclusion from all means of subsistence save those of the work-house and the gaol, and what then? The burdens of society are not removed, but slightly redistributed. In effect, what will have been gained? The skilled, temperate, industrious workman will be secured in his position, so long as there is demand for his work, but that is substantially his case now. In the future, as in the present, the unfit, guiltless or guilty, will suffer, whether in the poverty-stricken haunts of the 'sweated,' or in the prisons of the State.

Labour combinations, moreover, have dangers of their own which may well make the reflective citizen pause before he

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\* 'Economic Review,' vol. ii. No. 4, p. 451.

assists in extending their range and power. It may be true that membership in a 'new Union' confers what may be called 'economic liberty' upon the individual workman. He is enabled to make terms with his employer which, standing alone, he might not have been able to insist upon. It is, however, not less true that this 'economic liberty' will be purchased by a considerable forfeiture of civic freedom. The 'new Unionism' does not confine itself to the negotiations of the labour market. It professes to be a religion, and claims on that score to direct the entire life of its votaries. Of course, where it is really this to any man, it compensates for the violence by providing the consolations of fanaticism; but otherwise, it is an onerous and pervading tyranny: and this is the common case. The admitted difficulty of holding the Unions together in time of economic peace very largely springs from the resentment with which the best, because the most independent and intelligent, of their members regard their irritating and arbitrary interferences in the ordinary concerns of civic life. It is difficult to over-estimate the mischief thus inflicted on society. The educating influence of local politics is destroyed when all elections are treated, as it is the avowed purpose of the Labour leaders to treat them, as mere elements in a wider political contest. Civic harmony, which is the natural result of neighbourhood, is rendered impossible when the kindly influences of neighbourhood—mutual knowledge, common interest, sympathy, agreements in taste, in opinion, in religion—are set aside for the requirements of some central and alien body, which issues mandates not less contemptuous of local needs, and even more regardless of personal inclinations than those of an Oriental despot. Those who know the working classes well know also that the principal affliction of their lot is not the insufficiency of their wages, but the insecurity of their tenure of work. A great and, it would appear, an increasing proportion of artisans is continually shifting from place to place as the stream of work requires. Thus they are never able to form the ties of normal citizenship. This inability is more severely felt wherever the workman is gifted with the civic temper. Fixity of tenure in the matter of employment, far more than increase of wages, is the real want of great sections of English working men; and the new Unionism is, in reference to this, in direct opposition to their interests. The Unions desire to have their members so completely under control, that at very short notice they can organize pressure upon employers: it is their policy, as fighting organizations, to have their forces ready for action. Thus they regard with marked disfavour schemes for lengthening  
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ing contracts, which would tend to remove the workman from under their control, but would contribute far more stability to his position. Apart from this grave divergence of interest, the new Unionism is committed to methods of warfare which hardly commend themselves to the approval of reflective citizens. Boycotting is not the exception, but the rule. It is used vindictively when the battle is over, as well as during the progress of the fighting. In districts where the bulk of the population consists of working men the pressure which can thus be brought to bear upon shopkeepers is indeed cruel. A direct result of the dominance of the new Unionism is civic hypocrisy. We notice with regret that Canon Scott Holland permits himself to use the odious term 'black-leg,' applied by the trade-unionists to those fellow-workmen who, often for the most excellent and honourable reasons, decline to accept the control of the Labour leaders.

Boycotting, indeed, may be said to be recognized, though it is not practised, by one branch of the Christian Social Union. The Oxford University Branch, of which Canon Scott Holland is President, and Mr. Gore one of the Vice-Presidents, endeavoured to provide 'for the use of members' a 'list of Oxford tradesmen who not only keep the laws affecting the comfort and welfare of the working people, *but also recognize the reasonable rules of the Trade Unions.*'\* The reference to the trade-unions was originally more direct, their rules being proposed, without the saving condition of reasonableness, as equally binding with the law upon the tradesmen of the University city. The proposition, even in its mitigated form, was sufficiently monstrous. Our principal objection, however, lies against the implied sanction of boycotting. We have no doubt that the members of the Union repudiate boycotting; indeed, Leaflet No. 11 warns us that 'black-listing' is 'a more than doubtful method.' But the experience of Ireland has established the practical identity of 'white-listing' and 'black-listing.' It equally brings unfair pressure upon the individual, whether he is proclaimed a scoundrel or excluded from the authorized list of honest men. No ill-consequences followed the boycotting procedure we have censured, because, as we understand, the preparation of the proposed 'white-list' was abandoned as impracticable, owing to the difficulty of procuring reliable information. But one thing is plain. The principle thus affirmed by the Christian Social Union is capable of very wide application, and has before now produced

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\* Christian Social Union. Oxford University Branch. Memoranda.

results which no Christian man can contemplate without abhorrence.

The abandoned rule of the Oxford Branch originates in a disposition, apparent in all the publications of the Union, to magnify unduly the power of circumstance. Even the Bishop of Durham, whose moderation is in marked contrast with the tone of several members of the society over which he presides, seems to speak of circumstance in terms which hardly match with the tradition of a Church which has canonized the Martyrs. He seems to assert that there are social surroundings which make Christian discipleship impossible:—

‘I do not suppose that material improvements can regenerate men, or that outward well-being can satisfy them. . . . *I do say that certain outward conditions must be satisfied before a true life can be enjoyed*; that our life is one and that each part affects the whole; that if the conditions of labour for the young are such as to tend necessarily to destroy the effects of a brief and crowded education, if the energies of men are exhausted by a precarious struggle for food and shelter, if there is no quiet leisure for thought, if the near future is clouded as often as thought is turned to it, *it is vain to look for a vital welcome of the Faith which deals with the Future through the present, and claims the life that now is as well as that which is to come.*’\*

Certainly, if this were the case, there would be no need to discuss the inability of the Church to ‘reach the masses.’ The multitude live, and have always lived, ‘from hand to mouth’: their future is ever ‘clouded’ by the uncertainty of provision which that condition involves. It would follow from the Bishop’s dictum that ‘a vital welcome of the Faith’ is not to be looked for from most men: but against that conclusion the experience of every Christian generation cries out, and no one who has studied Dr. Westcott’s writings will for a moment suppose that this is the conclusion to which he would lead us. He would be the last to encourage a belief that material poverty constitutes a hindrance to discipleship, when both the New Testament and Christian experience show that it facilitates it. But Dr. Westcott’s words are certainly open to misconstruction, and his apparent meaning is expressed by lesser members of the Union in more positive language. Even Mr. Gore, whom we have ventured to call the philosopher of the Christian Socialist movement, declares that ‘every Christian ought to be able to claim . . . a real opportunity of work and remuneration according

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\* ‘Incarnation and Common Life,’ pp. 67–8.



to his faculties, of spiritual knowledge, of legitimate education, physical and moral': nor is he to rest content with the bare assertion of his rights:—

'Till this is secured in the Christian society in its completeness, and in society as a whole as far as it falls within State functions, the Christian must not rest. But that gives us a great deal to do, through Parliament, through County Councils, as also by more directly ecclesiastical methods.'\*

A favourable social environment being thus connected with discipleship as scarcely, if at all, less than its necessary condition, it follows logically enough that the Church ought to devote herself with assiduity to the cause of social reform. This duty is indeed declared to rest upon the Christian as such; but it is repeatedly asserted, and everywhere assumed, that it more directly rests upon the Christian minister. It is of some importance to appreciate the task which it is proposed to entrust to the clergy.

The Bishop of Durham declares that 'the obligation of bringing the great truths of our Faith to bear on the trials and duties of every day . . . lies on the layman no less than on the clergyman'; but since the latter has 'exceptional knowledge of the poor, and through that knowledge exceptional motives for endeavouring to secure them a stable and honourable position,'† he is primarily responsible. However, as nothing useful can be undertaken without 'full knowledge of the facts,' ascertained by thorough and honest inquiries, which laymen and not clergymen (for they are 'already overburdened') are to undertake, it is not very evident why the Bishop should hold the clergy primarily responsible. Ultimately his Lordship exhorts them 'to promote mutual understanding between different classes,' to form 'little bands of Christian workers united for common service,' and, if they are shareholders, to 'apprehend and enforce, as far as they are able, a juster view of the obligations of shareholders.' The Bishop has more in mind than the words seem to suggest. He advises, and the counsel is the more weighty as it comes from one who has done more than any man living to promote the study of theology, that the clergy should bring to bear the results of their studies on the solution of social problems. Thus, at the Hull Church Congress, he read a paper on Socialism, in the course of which he begged the younger clergy

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\* 'The Social Doctrine of the Sermon on the Mount,' p. 12.

† 'Incarnation and Common Life,' p. 59.

‘to think over these things; to discuss them with one another reverently and patiently; to seek to understand and not to silence their adversaries; to win for themselves the truth which gives to error what permanence it has; to remember that bold and sweeping statements come more commonly from doubt or ignorance than from just conviction.’

As might have been foreseen, the part of this counsel which has secured most attention from the ‘younger clergy’ of the Christian Social Union is that which they have misunderstood to authorize their abandonment of the unpopular studies to which the Christian ministry is believed to devote itself. A cursory inspection of the heterogeneous collection of essays issued under the sounding title ‘*Vox Clamantium*,’ will immediately reveal the wide gulf which parts the anxious caution and sober sympathy of Dr. Westcott from the ‘Stalwarts’ of the organization which his Lordship’s great reputation mainly commends to the regard of the public. A London clergyman of pronounced Christian Socialist opinions, who contributes to the volume we have just mentioned an essay which purports to set forward the ‘Social Teaching of the early Fathers,’ recently boasted that he had abused the opportunity of giving religious instruction in an elementary school in order to teach the children that ‘wicked men’ had ‘robbed’ them of the land of England, which God had promised in the fifth commandment to give them! Grotesque as this is, we have but too good reason for thinking that Mr. Marson does by no means stand by himself either in the theories he advocates, or the methods of his advocacy.

The social duty of the clergy is the principal subject of a small volume by the Head Master of Berkhamstead School. This book is dedicated ‘with much sympathy’ to Mr. G. W. E. Russell, M.P., and its general drift coincides very well with what are understood to be the sentiments of that advanced politician. Dr. Fry proposes the Irish priest as the model of what a clergyman should be. To do the extreme Christian Socialists justice, they seem not less ready than the priests of Ireland to purchase influence with the multitude by frankly adopting its aspirations, regardless of their character. The assumption is tacitly made that the aspirations of the multitude must be right; their democratic origin sufficiently assures their goodness. To oppose the democracy is to be guided by political motives; to go with the multitude is to fulfil the ‘social mission’ of the Church. There is a refreshing simplicity about this view of things.

‘How much might be done even by a trades-union gathering at Lambeth; a strong manifesto on long hours in shops from Fulham; an occasional address to railway men decisively in favour of shorter hours!’

hours! Surely these things would be possible and not unepiscopal; they would certainly evoke, by but a slight effort, a great deal of enthusiasm.\*

The tendency to accept the *vox populi* as the *Vox Dei* is one of the principal dangers to which the Christian Socialists expose themselves. It brings discredit on a sacred cause; it lays them open to a charge which, in its more familiar historical manifestations, they repudiate with abhorrence. The worship of political power has been the besetting sin of the Christian Church from the earliest times, and will continue to be so, as long as the Christian Church is composed of eager, short-sighted, ambitious mortals. It is from this evil root that the memorable scandals of ecclesiastical history have arisen. What is persecution, but adopting into the service of religion the physical force which belongs to the State alone? The worldly prelates, whose continual journeys to and from the imperial court scandalized the heathen, the astute diplomatists who governed the counsels of the Teutonic kings, the intriguing ecclesiastics who hung about the presence-chamber of the Bourbons and our own Hanoverians, the politic enthusiasts for the people, when the people is supreme, are all types of the same spiritual disease, manifested under various conditions. The political force of the community no longer centres in an absolute Cæsar, or a practically absolute king. The nobility of feudal Europe is politically extinct: here in England the once-powerful middle class, territorial and commercial, is ceasing to be politically important. The dangerous possession of political force has passed from monarchs and classes to the multitude of manual workers: the ancient temptation accordingly alters its direction. The Church, therefore, now inclines to transfer her homage from the ancient idols of the Court and the grove, to the brazen image of the market-place. Let it not be supposed that we accuse the individual members of the Christian Social Union of any conscious servility to the latest possessors of political power. We believe that the highest motives have led, and do lead, the best of men to the most doubtful of policies. It is a commonplace that the mischief of error has ever mainly arisen from the virtues of its advocates. All we are here concerned to urge is the essential identity in moral worth of the latest with the oldest methods of 'seeking the strength of Pharaoh,' and 'putting trust in the shadow of Egypt.'

Apart, however, from these general considerations, what qualifications do the clergy possess for this leadership of social

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\* 'A Social Policy for the Church,' p. 46.

reform to which the Christian Socialists would commit them? They have little, if any, practical experience with commercial life, and the presence of laymen at their deliberations cannot afford any adequate compensation for this important deficiency. It might, indeed, be suggested that a sufficient knowledge of the economics of trade, and the peculiar conditions of each form of commercial undertaking, might be acquired. But for the clerical members of the Union, an obstacle is interposed by that Ordination vow which pledges every priest of the English Church to be 'diligent in reading of the Holy Scriptures and in such studies as help to the knowledge of the same, laying aside the study of the world and the flesh.' Whatever merits the literature of economists, old and new, may possess, not even the most ardent student will claim that it 'helps to the knowledge of the Holy Scripture.' This, however, rather concerns the consciences of the clergy than their competence to reform society. It still remains to be shown what evidence of such competence they can offer to the public they aspire to guide. It is allowed that they have no experience; it is asserted that they have no leisure; it might be thought that they can have little knowledge. In the same breath we are bidden to credit the clergy with spiritual overwork, and to entrust them with the practical solution of the most complex and momentous of problems. But it is urged that the clergy know the wants of the poor, and have access to the rich; that they can therefore present the former before the latter, and ought to do so. This plea may be so far allowed that in the circumstances of modern life many of the clergy have been forced into the position of perennial mendicants, soliciting the wealthy for the sinews of the spiritual conflict which they wage among the indigent. It may further be allowed that some of the clergy possess a very considerable knowledge of the conditions of artisan life, and are therefore serviceable beyond other men as the agents and organizers of philanthropy. But neither the necessity of mendicancy nor their familiarity with social distress qualifies them to decide the difficult questions of economic science, or to determine the rights and wrongs of grave industrial conflicts. Indeed it may be plausibly maintained that for such purposes the very virtues of the clergy constitute great disqualifications. They are tempted to bring to the task of arbitration the distorting sympathies of common life. It is interesting to remember that the late Archbishop Magee did not hesitate to advise the working men of the North against having recourse to the clergy in their trade disputes. To his vigorous sense it seemed nothing less than grotesque to refer to probably ignorant and certainly

certainly inexperienced men questions which cannot usefully be discussed apart from knowledge and personal experience.

Still more serious misgivings arise when we turn from economics to religion, from the market to the Church. After all, it will not yet be disputed, that the primary duties of the clergy are not easily consistent with a regular, active, and prominent share in the controversies of the hour. The due performance of those primary duties is, nevertheless, in our judgment the special contribution to the life of society which the clergy, as such, are required to make, and are alone competent to make. Nor do we sympathize with the common impatience (of which indeed the clergy themselves are presenting the most impressive examples) of the distinctly spiritual and 'other-worldly' character of those duties. The besetting sin of modern civilization is its contempt for the highest aspects and ends of life: its enthusiasms are 'of the earth, earthy'; and being itself grossly materialized, it covets a religion conformed to the same material type. From every side voices cry to the Church to 'divide' among eager claimants the 'inheritance' of secular well-being. The duty of the Church is to repeat the refusal of her Founder, and to echo His protest, 'A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.' The high task of the Church, and notably of the clergy, is to rebuke and resist the prevailing Materialism, whether it be in the ranks of the wealthy, evidenced by the lust for vast accumulations of property and by the taste for extravagant and sensual indulgences, or in the ranks of the poor, not less clearly evidenced by the unscrupulous eagerness of labour conflicts, and the habitual grossness of common life. Upon the clergy, especially, this task is laid; and their competence to perform it depends upon their own superiority to the dominant temper. It is a task which requires for its fulfilment that habitual devotion to spiritual things, which the Church has ever proposed to the clergy as the necessary corollary of the priestly commission. With deep respect for their undoubted single-mindedness, with real admiration for their generous enthusiasm, we venture to commend to the leaders of the Christian Social Union (which we have the authority of Dr. Fry for saying is mainly a society of clergymen) the solemn words addressed to all who present themselves for Ordination.

The explanation of this impatience to endow spiritual persons with economic functions must be sought in the theology and not merely in the politics of the movement. It is indeed the cardinal objection which lies against Christian Socialism that it assumes a radical misconception as to the character and purpose

purpose of Christianity. It must be remembered that Christian Socialism claims to be emphatically the 'Gospel of the Incarnation.' Speculation as to the secular meaning of that mysterious doctrine of Christianity constitutes the most prominent theology of the movement; while the doctrine of the Atonement, which fills so large a place in the theological thought of the Western Church, is relegated to comparative obscurity. This is, perhaps, inevitable: for the doctrine of the Atonement assumes the moral degradation of fallen man, and his incompetence to rise without supernatural help. The *fores malorum* is recognized not in his misfortunes, but in his guilt; not his circumstances must be reformed, but himself. We do not for a moment suggest that the Christian Socialists have lost faith in these truths, or, so far as they are theologians, have ceased to emphasize them. But their semi-Christian allies are more logical in proportion as they are less Christian, and openly denounce the 'ignoble dream' of the Atonement as injurious to humanity. The fact of the Incarnation is apparently made to justify the claim of Christianity, as such, to control directly the entire secular life. We say, apparently, for the vagueness of the language employed makes an exact appreciation of its meaning extremely difficult. Politics and trade, international relations and economic systems, not less than individual morality, are the subjects upon which it is claimed that the Gospel provides true guidance. If nothing more was meant than that individual morality must necessarily express itself in the wider life of society, this language would only express a truth upon which all Christians are agreed. But the followers, if not the leaders, of the Social Union mean more than this, and advance the idea of a perfect terrestrial society.

'Has not God sent a message to men, as well as to each man,' asks Mr. J. Adderley, 'to society at large for the great body of men to adopt and assimilate? Does not God look for a "saved society" as well as a number of isolated "saved souls"? Is there no social Gospel? I venture to think there is such a Gospel . . . *delivered to and to be applied by great bodies of men, by nations, corporations, classes, masses, societies, and neighbourhoods.*' \*

This language is generous in tone, and expresses, though very imperfectly, the Catholic claim of the Gospel. If it only means that the same moral principles which control the lives of individuals must also govern the conduct of Societies, it states an incontrovertible proposition. But it goes beyond

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\* 'Vox Clamantium,' p. 78.

this. The petition in the Lord's Prayer—'Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven'—has become the cry of a political movement. It is continually on the lips of Christian Socialists: it constitutes their principal scriptural 'proof.' The Dean of Ely, whose 'Democratic Creed' rivals the Creed commonly called that of St. Athanasius in obscurity while surpassing it in length, makes this political sense of that prayer an article of faith. The *forty-second* article of the Christian Democrat's Creed runs thus:—

'We believe, finally, that Christ's whole earthly life is a direct command to His Church to spend a large part of her time and energy in fighting against all circumstances and conditions of living which foster disease and hinder health, in delivering people from evil environment and fatal heredity: that, in fact, the whole secular history of the Church should be an endeavour to realize in act the daily petition of her dominical prayer, "Father! Thy kingdom come, Thy Will be done, on Earth."'

The history of Trusty Tomkins and the reign of the Saints is a warning from the past against mixing religion with politics; and no one can forget that, a few months ago, opposition to Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill was denounced in a clerical manifesto as a breach of the doctrine of the Incarnation. This last travesty of religion did not, we are well aware, emanate from the Christian Socialists. But it illustrates a danger from which, we feel assured, that the more moderate of the Social Unionists recoil with abhorrence. For this reason we deprecate an interpretation of the Lord's Prayer which, whether tenable or not, is fraught with peril to the religious life of this country. Of the primary meaning of the words there can be little question. It is determined by the two crucial expressions, 'Thy kingdom' and 'in heaven,' as well as by the general tenor of the New Testament, and the direct testimony of specific passages. 'My kingdom is not of this world,' were our Saviour's words to Pilate. 'The kingdom of God is within you,' He said to the Pharisees.

Throughout the arguments of the Christian Socialists there runs a confusion as to the right sphere within which Christian principles ought to be applied. That the Church and not the State is that sphere is sufficiently manifest to the reflective student of the New Testament; but this is too crude a formula. Church and State are intertwined so closely, not alone in the history of nations, but in the normal procedure of the citizen's personal life, that an allotment of spheres from outside is

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\* 'Vox Clamantium,' p. 365.

impossible.

impossible. As a Christian every man is bound to practise a law of limitless forgiveness: as a citizen he is bound 'at the commandment of the magistrate to wear weapons, and serve in the wars.' That is a familiar instance of a contradiction which is ubiquitous and inveterate. To apply the name, the authority, and the sanctions of Christianity to acts which are purely civic is to create confusion, and to open the door to evils destructive alike of the liberty of the State and the purity of the Church. This is not unrecognized within the ranks of the Christian Social Union.

Professor Sanday, a Vice-President of the Oxford Branch, has raised against such application a timely protest, in which he anticipates the main argument of Mr. Kidd's 'Social Evolution.'

'Society existed before Christianity, and apart from it, and it has been developed hitherto upon lines which are not specifically Christian. It is, I suppose, coming to be recognized that the great dominant force in the process which has made Society what it is is Evolution, in the shape of the survival of the fittest, and the adaptation of the organism to its surroundings. This is no doubt a law of the vast Providential ordering of things; it is an expression of the one great Sovereign Will, which in its sleepless care watches alike over the meanest and the greatest of the creatures it has made. But it does not come within the range of those Divine activities which are specially revealed to us by Christianity. . . . If I may speak my own thought, it is that Christianity stands over against Evolution as its one main corrective. . . .

'The question then is, how we are to apply this to Society and to movements for its reform. Society itself, as I have already said, seems to rest upon a basis of evolution. Here, too, Christianity has supplied a corrective; but a corrective is a different thing from a foundation. Christianity has come in to mitigate the fierceness of the struggle for existence; but the struggle has gone on all through Christian times, and is going on still. If we look at the fundamental causes why things are as they are, these causes are to be traced rather to the inherent impulse given to the course of the world by its Creator than to that further supplemental and redemptive impulse given to it by the Incarnation.' \*

Professor Sanday proceeds to strengthen his argument by adducing the unquestionable acquiescence of our Lord and His Apostles in the social and political arrangements of their generation, and the general attitude of non-interference maintained towards society by the Primitive Church, and conspicuously illustrated in connection with the institution of slavery. He concludes by briefly discussing 'the part which the Church and

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\* 'Two Present-Day Questions,' p. 58.



clergy should bear in social movements.' He decides against the 'tribune of the people' theory of the Christian ministry, and discourages uninvited and especially ill-informed intervention in industrial conflicts. We are not surprised to find that Professor Sanday has brought down upon himself the wrath of the more militant members of the Christian Social Union. But he sticks to his guns, and still further developes his argument in the 'Economic Review'; where he joins issue with a brother-professor of Cambridge, Dr. Stanton.

The practical result of the theory which provokes Professor Sanday's protest, is to infuse into social politics the ardour and bitterness of religious conviction. Certain proposals of social reform are declared to be 'Christian': their advocacy is proposed in the sacred name of Christ. To oppose them is to be guilty of sin. We are directly led to the very situation which proved intolerable in the Middle Ages, and which is being proved to be intolerable in Ireland to-day. That we are not over-stating the facts will be easily seen by anyone who will take the pains to read the Dean of Ely's 'Democratic Creed.' Apart from the platitudes, it is little more than the articles of the Progressive programme of the London County Council enshrined in a setting of religious phrases. The servility of the Christian Socialists to the self-styled 'Democracy' works itself out very curiously in reference to the cardinal matters of a State Church, and religious education in State schools. It seems sufficiently obvious that the natural disposition of believers in an earthly kingdom of Christ would be favourable towards every direct assertion of religion in government. Certainly the ardent advocate of State action might be expected not to exclude from the application of his political theory two such important elements of the national life as Religion and Education. It is well known that a large section of the more moderate members of the Christian Social Union are still reluctant to accept the proposals of the Liberation Society. But the divine democracy, speaking through the recognized channels of the Radical Caucus and the Trade Unions, appears hostile both to Church Establishment and to religious education. The result is that several of the leaders of the Christian Socialists have endeavoured, so far without success, to link the movement, even in this respect, with the party which advocates what are euphemistically described as a neutral State and secular schools. It is difficult to see any limit to the humiliations which may be inflicted on the Christian conscience which is pledged to endorse the politics of the Newcastle programme, and the political methods of the new Unionism.

Unionism. At present the infatuation obscures the peril. Even the leaders of 'Labour' seem to the entranced vision of their clerical admirers to be imbued with the Christian spirit, in spite of their abstinence from the recognized evidences of Christianity, and, to do them justice, their frank contempt for their flatterers. Mr. Tom Mann, who was recently credited with the intention of taking orders, bluntly declares that 'parsons, clergymen, and ministers are, for the most part, a feeble folk,' who are 'undoubtedly at a serious discount as advisers.'\* This distinguished agitator extends his contempt from the preachers to their Gospel, and his words are worth noting, in spite of their crude folly, because they assist towards an understanding of that essential Christianity of the new Unionism, of which we hear so much. The following sentence gives the measure alike of the tolerance and of the orthodoxy of a representative Labour leader:—

'A million times over is the same story told—personal salvation by faith in Christ. It seems to me it would be a truly religious act if all such (sc. preachers) received a severe castigation for wasting so much time trying to assuage the sorrows primarily brought about by a vicious industrial system, instead of boldly tackling that industrial system itself.'†

Mr. Llewelyn Davies, a singularly impartial observer, wrote in 1885 that 'Socialists are for the most part persons alienated from Christianity,' which 'many of them regard with bitter hatred as being identified in history with the privileges of the rich.'‡ His words are equally true in 1894.

Mr. Gore, like Professor Sanday, is conscious of the serious breach with the New Testament which is involved in accepting the State (i.e. non-Christian society) as the sphere within which the principles of Christianity ought directly to control conduct. No one could affirm more forcibly the important truth that Christ proposed the 'laws' of His 'kingdom' to men not as men but as disciples; but no sooner does he pass from the statement of principles to suggestions for their practical application than he forgets his own argument, and refers the Christian to Parliament and County Councils. Yet he himself has declared that 'real social reform will proceed not by the method of majorities, but from small groups of sanctified men.'

Mr. Gore, however, does not altogether trust to victories at the polls. He would 'concentrate Christian influence' by

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\* 'Vox Clamantium,' p. 293.

† Ibid. p. 300.

‡ 'Social Questions,' p. 236.

're-organizing

're-organizing definite Christian centres of moral opinion, where Christ's principles are simply acted upon.' But this assumes that the application of those principles is clearly seen. Therefore, a 'new Christian casuistry' must be provided. This suggestion strikes us as so singular that we must let Mr. Gore speak for himself:—

'The new casuistry will be a formulating in detail of Christian moral duty with a view to seeing, not how little a Christian need do in order to remain in Church communion, but how a Christian ought to act. It will need combined labour of experienced men, who are before all things Christians, in the different walks of life. I think it would be possible, perhaps for the Christian Social Union, to form small circles of representative men in each district, where special occupations prevail, or within the area of special professions, to draw up a statement of what is wrong in current practice, and of the principles on which Christians ought to act. A central body would meanwhile be formulating with adequate knowledge the general maxims of Christian living. I do not see why ten years' work should not give us a new Christian casuistry; that is, a general and applied statement of Christian moral principles. To what better work could the Christian Social Union devote itself? When it was done by private means, it might come under more official sanction.

'So far as we have our Christian code now, or are on our way to get it, we shall league ourselves together to observe it. I do desire that the Christian Social Union shall become a widely ramifying league, through all classes, of persons anxious before all else to prove to themselves, and so to others, that they really own Jesus Christ as their moral Master. They would, therefore, be bound to protect one another in cases where loyalty to principle means loss of work. And masters and men anxious to serve Jesus Christ would be drawn together.'\*

No objection can be taken to individuals allying themselves in any union which has legitimate objects and adopts legitimate methods. Christians are certainly free to combine in furtherance of Christian living, or to decide together on a particular attitude towards any complicated question which appears too intricate for one man to solve alone. Our objection rather lies against Mr. Gore's conception of Christian ethics. To us the supreme distinction of the Gospel seems to be that it illuminates and strengthens the moral perceptions of individuals, and refrains from propounding an elaborate casuistry of conduct which shall relieve the individual from the dignifying, if difficult, task of forming his own judgment on the manifold and complex issues of life. To us the proposal to formulate such

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\* 'Social Doctrine of the Sermon on the Mount,' p. 14.

a manual appears not only a retrograde but a dangerous step. A significant comment on it is afforded by the words of the Bishop of Durham: 'For the inspiration of conduct we require to consider what a quickened sense of duty prompts us to aim at rather than what a code forbids.'\* Mr. Gore especially guards himself against the use of the word casuistry in the Jesuitical sense; but he cannot protect his proposal from evils inherent to the system. The provision of ready-made solutions for every moral problem tends to discourage the independent exercise of the individual conscience. The habit of dependence on external direction blunts and even destroys the sense of personal responsibility; but it is personal responsibility which constitutes the sense of duty. Casuistry conflicts with duty, because it dethrones that arbiter of conduct which the Creator has established in the heart of every man, and sets up instead an artificial, external authority of the Rabbis, whether Jewish, or Christian, or pagan.

Moreover, when we attempt to realize the effect of Mr. Gore's proposal, we are not disposed to regard it with greater favour. The 'reign of the saints' would probably prove as little beneficial to genuine religion in the nineteenth century as in the seventeenth. It would certainly encourage hypocrisy; it would probably stimulate a very offensive form of *espionage*; it would easily lend itself to odious social oppression. The experiences of the Commonwealth would be repeated under the new conditions of ecclesiastical organization and democratic coercion. A large importation of technical religious expressions into the language of society and commerce would be among the least of the evils of a 'Christian organization' of society. It will be noted that Mr. Gore contemplates official sanction for the 'new Christian casuistry' which the ten years' work of the Christian Social Union will provide. But, whether officially approved or not, if the new casuistry is to be practically effective, it must have behind it some coercive sanction. What that sanction will be it is not hard to guess. The confessional may be put on one side as hardly available in England. The law will not very speedily add to its task of keeping the peace the more formidable labour of enforcing the Gospel. There remains that force of organized public opinion which is already a familiar fact in democratic life, and which is clearly capable of almost infinite application. The 'new Christian casuistry' threatens society with a despotism of a book, not now the Bible, or Calvin's 'Institutes,' but the 'Christian Socialist's

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\* 'Incarnation and Common Life,' p. 13.

Authorized Manual of Applied Christianity,' enforced not by the Ironsides, nor by the Kirk-Sessions, but by the silent severities of exclusive dealing.

It is a sound assumption that no movement ever enlisted a large measure of sympathy and support without possessing some genuine excellence. Assuredly the Christian Socialist movement is no exception to this rule. No one who has observed at all closely the normal life of modern society can greatly resent an indictment, however extreme and mixed up with misconception, of its astonishing and truly humiliating selfishness. It is a commonplace among philanthropists that the area of response to their appeals is severely limited, that the much-vaunted charities of Great Britain are maintained by a mere fraction of the wealthy classes, and that the exceptional success of one charitable undertaking is regularly conditioned by the exceptional misfortunes of some or all of the rest. For the most part, the connection between wealth and charity, between leisure and public-spirited work, is precarious and occasional. The conspicuous examples of that connection, never absent from English society, and never perhaps so numerous as at this moment, may conceal but cannot alter or neutralize the general fact. Of this melancholy social selfishness Christian Socialism is the stern indictment; and so far, however unfortunate the methods, however mistaken the proposals, and, we may add, however suspicious the connexions of some of its more extreme members, it justifies itself to the awakened social conscience as in the main a movement making for righteousness. To it belongs the peculiar fascination which attaches to all Socialism. Its influence generally on the Church will not be wholly injurious. True as it unquestionably is, that advocacy of democratic politics, simply because they are democratic, is alike irrational and unchristian, it is not less true that there have been, and still are, many influences at work which tend to blind the clergy to the intrinsic justice of many democratic aspirations, and so to put them dangerously out of sympathy with their flocks. If a popular character cannot sufficiently authenticate a policy, it ought certainly not to condemn it; yet what student of the post-Reformation history of the Church of England will deny that, in the main, an anti-popular prejudice has pervaded the ranks of the clergy?

The Christian Socialists demand from the Church frank sympathy with the aspirations of the multitude. Hitherto, they say, the sympathies of the Church have been with the leisured, propertied, educated classes, and the labouring masses have had to extort, as it were at the point of the sword, her reluctant acquiescence

escence in their demands. The position ought to be reversed: the sympathy ought to be for the multitude, the reluctant acquiescence for the comfortable classes. In this demand there is much justice, but there is also much misconception. What the people can claim from the Christian ministry is, not political sympathy but spiritual service. The last, however, involves that frank association with the popular life which is almost inevitably expressed by political sympathy. The essential thing is that the political sympathy should be chastened by loyalty to the supreme spiritual interests, of which the clergy are the exponents and guardians. The Dean of Ely struck a false note when he said that 'Christianity arose out of the common people, and was intended in their interest.'\* It is the essence of heresy thus to appropriate to some the grace that was intended for all. The Gospel is not democratic, it is catholic. There is no virtue in poverty, there is no crime in wealth: the poor man and the rich man can but be disciples, to whom the principle of greatness is service. Christianity must not shrivel to a class religion. The normal issues of political and industrial conflict are not in such sense moral that partisanship is obligatory on Christians. It is the cardinal blunder of the Christian Socialists to assume the contrary. Those issues are for the most part morally neutral: the antagonism is between the prejudices and self-interest of classes, not between right and wrong. We think the duty of the clergy is to urge upon both combatants those principles of justice which both are likely to forget. Of one thing we are positive: the clergy fatally hamper their power of spiritual service when they enter the ranks of contending parties. The social value of their position is precisely conditioned by its independence. As partisans they will be popular, but their popularity will be purchased by their power. The influence of the Church upon Society is not the less beneficent because it is indirect. Christianity does not propound political systems and a true ordering of industry, but it does create that type of character, at once independent and self-suppressing, which may be called the raw material of sound politics and just industry. It works through individuals upon society. The Christian citizen is frankly subject to normal civic conditions. He advocates political schemes, not as being Christian, but as being politically sound; but his conception of political soundness will be determined by his Christian principles. Politics are concerned with men, not as Christians, but as citizens: but the Christianity

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\* 'Lombard Street in Lent,' p. 167.

of the citizens will inevitably mould that conception of civic well-being, which will be enshrined in their legislation.

The Christian Socialists are wont to make frequent reference to the Hebrew prophets. In borrowing their stern rebukes of social wrong, let them not miss their principal teaching. The national history of those great men had taught them the impotence of external conditions to secure civic righteousness; they looked forward to a future in which the securities of national well-being should be found within the hearts of the citizens. So the formula of social hope was a promise of individual regeneration, 'I will put My Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in My statutes, and ye shall keep My judgments, and do them.' This lesson, learnt by Ezekiel through the calamities of his nation, is affirmed by the Gospel. The first word of the New Dispensation declares the necessity of inward change. 'Ye must be born anew.' The regenerated individual influences society. This, in our opinion, is the Christian method of social regeneration. It is a gradual method, and therefore does not readily commend itself to human impatience; but it is sure. The unlawful use of religious authority produces woful results on religion; these are yet in the background; the immediate injury is to society. The forces of reform are wasted. We trust that the Christian Socialists may learn this danger in time, and will not allow their cause to be ruined, and their great opportunities for usefulness wasted, by the hot-headed zeal or exaggerated language of the more extreme section of the Union. To subordinate Christianity to any political schemes or social changes is to frustrate their object, and discredit their professions. There are not wanting signs that moderate counsels still hold a preponderating weight in the administration of the Union. The result of the recent discussion on Christian Education in Board Schools was the defeat of the extreme party. If that victory is followed by others, a wide sphere of useful work is opened out to the Christian Socialists, without trespassing on territory in which their intervention is more noxious than beneficent.

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ART. II.—*Mediæval Military Architecture in England.*

By G. T. Clark. London, 1884.

THE half-a-century of patient labour, of which the fruits have happily been collected in these two portly volumes, has earned for their author, among archæologists, the honourable distinction of 'Castle' Clark, and has done much for a branch of study which had remained in a singularly backward state. To borrow a metaphor from his own subject, Mr. Clark had first to collect his materials before he could raise his structure: in more homely language, he had to make his own bricks. It was only from prolonged examination *in situ* and comparison of the results thus obtained that general principles could be worked out, and the development of the castle in England scientifically studied. Broadly speaking, our noble series of national and private records only begins when the great castle-building era had come to a close. Although, therefore, it is of great value for the Edwardian period, it cannot help us just where help is, for our purpose, most needed. The darkness of the preceding age can only be lightened by the study of material remains. Allusions by chroniclers afford at the best fitful assistance, and, as we shall see, have hitherto served only to mislead those writers who have misunderstood their meaning. In an excellent introduction, Mr. Clark reminds us that the architecture of this period has been studied almost always from an ecclesiastical standpoint, the church having retained its interest for ourselves, while the castle has long been wholly severed 'from the current sympathies and interests of humanity.'

To this comparative neglect is due that ignorance of its history to which we have referred. Without underrating the isolated studies of Mr. Hartshorne, Mr. Parker, and others in England, of M. de Caumont (the Clark of France) and M. Viollet-le-Duc abroad, we find in these volumes the one systematic work that has yet appeared on the subject. The only writer, in England, indeed, who had previously approached the subject as a whole was Mr. Edward King, whose papers were published about a century before Mr. Clark's volumes. The latter writer speaks with justice of its 'absurd theories, misplaced learning, and fanciful and incorrect descriptions'; but we would supplement this by illustrating the beliefs that used to be seriously held. The keep at Norwich, late in style, was deemed by Mr. King 'a most noble specimen of Saxon architecture,' for 'certain it is that all its ornaments are in the true Saxon style'; and he held, like others, that that of Colchester was the work of Edward



Edward the Elder.\* Even more startling was his avowed belief that the very late tower at Conisborough 'was built, and in use, in Pagan times,' and his discovery in it of a niche for an 'idol'! Guildford, he thought, was probably constructed in the time of the Heptarchy; and Restormel was 'even of more early date than Conisborough itself.'† But so recently as 1852, a paper was read by Mr. Duesbury before the British Archæological Association, contending that Rochester keep (which was built after 1126) was 'a striking case' of early construction, its Anglo-Saxon origin being a matter of mathematical certainty. Roman origin has been claimed in England for Exeter and the Tower of London; in France, for Provins and other keeps; and Colchester, which the learned Stukeley believed to be a Roman granary, has been strenuously represented, in our own days, as originally a heathen temple.

It is necessary to realize the chaotic beliefs that had prevailed on the subject of our castles before we can justly estimate the work which Mr. Clark has done, and appreciate the change he has wrought in our knowledge of military architecture. That his conclusions are not final, we may at once admit: indeed we shall have to correct them, on some points, ourselves. And in using his volumes it is well to remember that their historical side is the weaker, and distinctly inferior to the architectural. Nor is it only on this ground that a revised edition of this great work ought some day to be issued: the collection of scattered papers, 'written at very long intervals of time,' leads, as the author confesses in his preface, to 'occasional iteration,' and, we may venture to add, confusion; while the want of an index involves the most tedious investigation, if we would ascertain all that the author has said on any given point. Nor can we be sure, even when we have done so, that we have Mr. Clark's final verdict. In these volumes, for instance, the gloomy keep of Newcastle—past which the traveller is whirled by the East Coast express—is always assigned to 1080, a date which places it among the earliest examples of the 'tower': yet the very year this work appeared, Mr. Clark was assuring the Newcastle Congress that it was a distinctly late type, of the days of Henry II. Such a change not only destroys all corollaries of his previous conclusion, but makes us fear that he is hasty at times in his estimate of the structural evidence. So also do certain quite contradictory statements in his great paper on the Tower of London. The importance of the 'fixed point' in all such researches as this cannot be over-estimated: if erroneous,

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\* 'Archæologia,' vol. iv.

† Ibid. vol. vi.

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there is no limit to the mistakes and contradictions to which it may lead. To take a somewhat different instance, Mr. Clark asserts that 'the burh at Wigmore' was built by Edward the Elder in 921, and unsuccessfully assailed by the Danes the same year (i. 5, 22, 42; ii. 526-7). Now a glance at Florence is sufficient to show that Edward built this 'burh' not in the extreme west of England, but in the east, while warring against the Danes. This is no mere correction of fact: it may be of the utmost importance in its bearing on the earliest Norman castles. For their problem, we shall see, must be studied in Herefordshire, the cockpit, in the eleventh century, of England and Wales. Again, in his study on Rochester Castle, Mr. Clark holds that 'Henry II.' (but he confuses him with Henry I.) 'alludes to the castle in his confirmation charter,' and deduces from this that 'the arx, or citadel, was then in progress' (which would place its construction after 1174). But when we find that this charter only refers to the old formal *trinoda necessitas*, the deduction falls to the ground. Lastly, we may mention that Mr. Clark, like others, estimated too highly the accuracy, while rightly admiring the enthusiasm, of Professor Freeman. He declares him, in his preface, to be 'a master of mediæval architecture,' and dedicated his work to him, as an unrivalled authority on English military buildings. Mr. Freeman, in return, described Mr. Clark as 'the great master of military architecture'; and their close connexion will compel us, occasionally, to consider the views of both writers.

Perhaps the most fascinating feature in the study of English strongholds is their gradual change and development in the hands of successive races. It is almost startling to find that at the very end we stand where we stood at first, and are now reverting, in our entrenched camps, to the earliest of all defences, the earthwork. As Mr. Clark begins his studies with 'Post-Roman and English Earthworks,' we have not his guidance for those 'British' camps which still crown in massive grandeur many a lonely height. We have lately had from Mr. Hardy's pen a study of one of the vastest and most impressive of these works, that of Badbury. Far more widely known, however, are the marvellous defences of Old Sarum; 'a very noteworthy place, in some respects the most noteworthy in Britain' (ii. 448). Associated by some with the great Reform Bill, or 'the name of the elder Pitt,' Old Sarum for those who have seen it will remain the greatest of hill-citadels: 'The Norman fortress, the city, the cathedral church have all vanished; . . . and here, as at Stonehenge, the memory of the Briton is once more predominant.' Mr. Clark holds that

Badbury

Badbury is the work 'most worthy to be compared' with it; but the central hill at Old Sarum, 500 feet across at the summit, has no parallel there. Mr. Clark leans to the view that this was an English addition, but he has not, we think, allowed for the vast scale of the defences. The earthen rampart of this inner hill makes it of itself a British camp which may fairly be compared with that at Exeter, which was utilised by the Romans, and was eventually turned into a Norman castle. Place Exeter within Badbury, and you obtain the double defences of Old Sarum.

Dover Castle, 'the key of the kingdom,' is probably the most perfect example of continuous development that we have. A British hill-camp, 'following the figure of the hill,' was occupied—but not adapted—by the Romans; it was afterwards, in days before the Conquest, so strengthened that Guy could write:—

'Est ibi mons altus, strictum mare, litus opacum.  
Hinc hostes citius Anglica regna petunt,  
Sed castrum Doveræ, pendens a vertice montis,  
Hostes rejiciens, litora tuta facit.'

Further strengthened by the Conqueror, it received from Henry II. its stately and familiar keep. Fresh towers and walls were continually added to its defences, till it eventually became a concentric fortress, more or less of the Edwardian type. In recent times 'the ancient earthworks have been scarped, extended, retrenched, and tunnelled, barracks and magazines have been built, the keep has been converted into store-rooms and water tanks, and in its basement are two powder-magazines.' Thus its use as a place of arms down to the present day has somewhat obscured and confused its successive stages of development.

Roman stations, like British camps, have been turned to accounts, in their own way, by English and Normans in succession. There is not much danger of our confusing them; for while the latter stood on hills, and followed in their lines, as a rule, those of the ground, the former were normally rectangular, besides being slighter in construction. The Romans did not restrict themselves to the hills, nor did their gateways at all resemble the tortuous and curiously guarded entrances to a British camp. Two admirable instances of a castle on a Roman site are Pevensey and Porchester. Mr. Clark holds that the former 'is, in some respects, the most interesting place in the south of England'; while of our remaining Roman fortresses, 'none are to be compared for completeness of preservation, and but few for extent

extent of area, with Porchester.' At Pevensey the massive walls and towers of the Roman *castrum* were destined to contain an English stronghold, afterwards adapted as a Norman castle, and finally developed, early in the fourteenth century, into an Edwardian fortress. Porchester, of which one side was, as at Pevensey, washed by the waves, was similarly occupied by the Normans, who eventually raised within it one of their rectangular keeps, whilst Pevensey received the other type. At both places the strong Roman gatehouses were, with some alterations, made use of by the Normans.

The third style of fortification in which our castles had their origin has an interest peculiar to itself. This is assigned to the dark period following the departure of the Romans. The natives seem to have adopted the rectangular lines of their conquerors, but to have carried them out in earth, as if incapable of constructing them in stone. To this period are assigned the works at Wareham and at Tamworth, and, with some probability, those at Wallingford and Cardiff. To them may be added the earthen extensions of the Roman defences at Lincoln and at York. We have an impression that the massive earthworks of Lincoln and Colchester castles may also belong to this period, though in this view Mr. Clark, we gather, would not agree with us.

It is not, however, to such defences, but to those of the Anglo-Saxon period that Mr. Clark has devoted special attention. He claims to have been 'the first to set forth' the right explanation of those moated mounds, which formed, he holds, their distinctive feature. Neither British in date, nor sepulchral in origin, they were, he argues, 'thrown up, in England, in the ninth and tenth centuries,' and were introduced by 'the Northmen,' when they penetrated into the interior. That they may be traced to the Danish wars we think highly probable, especially from their being so often placed on the banks of rivers; but we wish that Mr. Clark had made it clearer to whom he really assigns them. In his chapter on the subject the 'Northmen' reappear as 'the English people, that is the Northern settlers generally, as distinguished from the Britons and the Romans'; and he traces back these strongholds to the Anglo-Saxon settlement. So too he treats the *burh*—'a moated mound with a table top and a base court, also moated, either appended to one side of it, or within which it stands'—as the typical residence of an 'English lord,' or *thegn*. Now, either these mounds were an English institution before the 'Danish' invasions, or they were not. For our part, we think that their prevalence in Normandy, on which Mr. Clark rightly insists, points

points to their Scandinavian origin; and the Irish evidence, which is not within his province, would strengthen this conclusion. Giraldus speaks of the forts and ditches erected by the invaders in the ninth century as yet to be traced in his own day, and on the Barrow, at St. Mullin's, in Carlow, there is, we believe, still 'a fine Danish mote'; while the 'Thingmote,' by the Steine, at Dublin, was also a work of the Northmen. We imagine that the English adopted from their foes this peculiar method of defence, just as they seem, in turn, to have handed it on to the Welsh. Having done so, they placed the mound, with a timber stockade round its summit (as we see it represented in the Bayeux Tapestry) within Romano-British, Roman, and even British lines, till it needs all the acumen and patient care of Mr. Clark to disentangle the component parts of the stronghold. On these mounds, in later days, arose the 'shell-keeps' of the Normans; and in tracing their origin, in showing us how they were 'timbered,'—and how this enabled them to be 'burnt,'—above all in demonstrating their numbers and importance, Mr. Clark has made his chief addition to our knowledge of the habits of our forefathers and of early fortification.

His theory as to these moated mounds is based on a careful study of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. No one can read the stirring story of these Danish raids that scourged our land in the latter part of the ninth century, and the earlier years of the tenth, without being struck by the peculiar tactics uniformly employed by the invaders. Their base of operations was essentially the sea, and when they landed their first thought was to throw up works to which one might apply the words of William of Poitiers on the landing of the Conqueror himself: 'Quæ sibi receptaculo, navibus propugnaculo, forent.' As they began to push their way, in their long shallow keels, up the creeks and the rivers into the heart of the country, they steadily adhered to the same precaution, and wrought a 'work' at every point where they took up a position. From it they darted forth—on horses where they had them—to scour and pillage the country; to it they withdrew when the people rose, knowing that its shelter would enable a small band of warriors to defy a far more numerous force of raw levies. It was only in the days of Edward the Elder that the English adapted themselves systematically to these tactics, and began to oppose *burh* to *burh*, garrison to garrison. While Edward pushed his posts eastwards, his sister, the Lady of the Mercians, fortified her land towards the north, either throwing up a *burh* on a new site, as at Warwick, or adding it to pre-existing defences,

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as to the Roman walls of Chester or the probably Romano-British lines of Tamworth. Just so, to take an instance from France, the mediæval *motte* is at Châteaumeillant in the Département du Cher, a subsequent addition to a Roman or Gallo-Roman *castrum*. Now, it is Mr. Clark's contention that many a *burh* mentioned in the Chronicle can still be identified, and stands a silent witness to the struggle of eleven centuries ago. The strongest case, in our opinion, though it is not [appealed to, we think, in these volumes, is that of the mound at Kennardington, in Kent, which may safely be identified with that which the Danes are recorded to have raised at 'Apuldore' in 893. But some of these instances are puzzling enough. There is, no doubt, at Towcester a typical mound—down by the river, as usual—but was it, as Mr. Clark assumes, the work of Edward? That king was keenly alive to the value of Roman sites, and at Towcester, as at Colchester about the same time, he clearly repaired the Roman walls around the town. Was the mound, as at Chester, an addition to these defences? We cannot tell. Again, the fortified mound was destroyed as easily as it was formed. We read, in some cases, of this being done: we have ourselves seen it done in the case of an interesting mound on the right bank of the Lea—halfway between Bow Bridge and the 'Old Ford'—within the last few years. Thus it is difficult to be sure about the *burh* now standing at Tempsford, an advanced post of the Danes, which was stormed by the English in 921 (i. 22, 78), not, as Mr. Clark has inadvertently stated since, erected in that year by Edward.\* How closely all this warfare was connected with rivers is seen also in the system of twin mounds, one on each bank of the stream, employed, it would seem, at Buckingham, Hertford, and York. We cannot but think that the existence of such *mottes* in Flanders is similarly due to the presence of the Northmen on the sluggish rivers of the Low Countries, and that everything points to these strongholds, in England, dating only from their invasions. Mr. Clark has demolished the view that assigns them to the Britons or the Romans; but he has not, we venture to think, gone far enough. The only instance he vouches for their use, before the coming of the Northmen, is that of Taunton, where the earthworks are assigned to Ine the lawgiver, 'nearly two centuries earlier than any other fortress mentioned in the Saxon Chronicle.' But when we seek, at Taunton, for the mound 'as the leading and typical feature,' Mr. Clark, though he tells us † that 'there is reason to

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\* 'Arch. Journal,' xlv. 200.

† Ibid. xlv. 211.

suppose that there was a mound' (i. 22), and that 'the mound has been removed,' is compelled to admit, in his monograph on this interesting castle, that there seems to be no 'record or tradition of a mound in the technical sense,' and that 'the absence of a mound is rather peculiar.'

There is one point which, it seems to us, Mr. Clark does not explain. Why is the castle mound in many cases not, as we might expect, within the city walls, but just outside them? One of the most notable of these is at Rochester, where 'the Boley Hill' stands by the river south of the castle enclosure and of the old town walls. The occasional confusion of which we have spoken as inseparable from Mr. Clark's system of publication, is seen in the statement (i. 19) that the 'work' wrought by the besieging Danes in 885 is 'no doubt the great mound that still remains outside the castle and the Roman area' (i. 19); for, in his able monograph on Rochester Castle, the writer argues against the supposition that this mound was a work of the Danes (ii. 406, 420). The case is a test one, for Florence of Worcester distinctly speaks of an *arx*, a *castellum firum* raised by the Danes in their siege of 885. On the other hand, the Boley Hill was included in the city defences by projecting earthworks, just as, we may add, was the 'Danejohn'—a moated mound was still spoken of as a 'Dongeon' in the seventeenth century—at Canterbury, 'older even than the bank and ditch of the city, which were laid out at an angle to include it.' Chester is a striking case in point. The mound there stood by the river outside the Roman lines, which must, Mr. Freeman suggested, have been extended by the Lady of the Mercians to take it in. At Leicester, again, in Mr. Clark's words, the mound stood 'between the Soar and the Roman Ratae' (i. 83), though he elsewhere (i. 18) classes it among those 'within Roman enclosures.' The mound of Oxford Castle, close, as usual, to the river, seems to have similarly stood beyond the line of wall. All we can say of this disposition is that it points either to the work of assailants coming from the river, or of defenders anticipating attacks from that quarter.

The other important point established by Mr. Clark is the essential distinction between the two types of keeps in our English castles. These he terms respectively the 'rectangular' and the 'shell' keep. We cannot say that these terms strike us as satisfactory. We have, on the one hand, 'solid towers' (i. 139), square, or at least rectangular, in form; on the other, a hollow space enclosed by a 'ring wall' (i. 140), circular or polygonal. The names given them would scarcely make

make this distinction clear. It is pointed out, with justice, of these two types, that 'the shell-keep was the most numerous of the two; but the tower type, being of a more solid and more durable character, has lasted longest, and is at this time so much the most common that it has been designated by writers of authority as the type, instead of as but one of two types, of a Norman keep.' We would add that, while the 'shell' was a mere development of the Anglo-Saxon stronghold, the timber stockade of the latter being replaced by a wall of stone, the 'rectangular' keep, on the contrary, was a wholly new form. Yet those who love to detect evolution in all things may trace some resemblance between the earthen mound, on which the Englishman wrought his stronghold, and the lower half of a Norman 'tower,' above which was the true dwelling. In the chapter devoted to the 'shell' keep we are shown how its shape was necessary for an artificial mound, which would not have supported the great weight of a solid tower. Within its wall, some ten feet thick and at least twenty feet high, was an open court, with timber dwellings round it built up against the wall. 'Durham Keep is said to have been originally open, but to have been closed to accommodate the bishops, who were forced, by the disturbed state of the country, to reside within it.' Windsor and Belvoir are familiar examples, but have been too completely reconstructed to serve any purpose of instruction. Arundel remains practically unspoilt, and Tamworth, of much interest in many ways, illustrates the erection of domestic buildings within the 'shell' of masonry. But better still is Berkeley, which, as Mr. Clark observes, 'has been inhabited from its foundation to the present day,' and 'is as little altered as is consistent with modern usages and modes of life.' The space within the shell, 45 yards in diameter, is there still partly occupied by the domestic apartments, and the shell stands, in Mr. Freeman's words, on 'the mound on which the great Earl of the West-Saxons had once dwelled.' It is a remarkable feature of the shell-keep on its mound that it usually stood on the actual *enceinte*, or line of outer defence of the fortress, which was thus broken by it. The curtain wall consequently was carried up the mound on both sides till it abutted on the actual keep, which consequently stood half within and half without the fortress. The original approach to these structures was by a timber bridge raised on posts, as is seen in the famous Tapestry of Bayeux, and is well described in a passage belonging to the early years of the twelfth century, which is appositely quoted by Mr. Clark from the 'Acta Sanctorum.'



Although, writes our author, the rectangular keep 'must be confessed to be inferior in grandeur and in completeness of outline' to the rival type, yet, in describing it, he is led to style it, 'of all military structures, the simplest in form, the grandest in outline and dimensions, the sternest in passive strength, the most durable in design and workmanship, and, in most cases, by some years the earliest in date.' To those who have made a study of these magnificent structures there will seem no exaggeration in so high a eulogy as this. For perfect adaptation of means to end, for the marvellous combining of actual strength with the effect produced by what Tacitus would have termed an '*arx æternæ dominationis*,' it would be difficult to surpass the Norman *turres*, those 'towers that frown' over town or valley, those grim survivors, in places still, of an age when a conquered people trembled, in impotence, at their sight.

In its typical form, this structure was raised upon a solid platform of masonry of which the sides, sloping outwards, formed a battering plinth for the walls, and not only gave them a sure foundation, but raised them out of reach of the miner's pick or the strokes of the assailant's ram. The walls diminished in thickness at each stage, usually by an internal set-off. Their most distinctive feature is the flat pilaster, broad but of slight projection, though in rare cases developing into tower buttresses, as at the peculiar keep of Colchester. The ground-floor, as we may term it, of the keep, was little more than a cellar for the stores that would enable the garrison to stand a siege. Its walls, at the Tower of London, are from 12 to 15 feet thick; at Colchester, thicker still. A few narrow loopholes, splaying on the inside, could do little more than make darkness visible, but they were, skilfully, so constructed as to enable an archer to shoot from within, while virtually excluding the enemy's missiles and, above all, the dreaded firebrand. Over this was the first floor resting on mighty timber balks. Here the walls became a foot less thick, the loops a trifle wider and less sparingly bestowed. On this floor, it is thought, were the quarters of the garrison. Above this usually came the state or principal floor of the keep, tenanted by its lord or commander. But, at the Tower, it was the fourth and uppermost stage that fulfilled this function. In these two upper floors windows became possible; and mural galleries, in many cases, threaded the walls. In some keeps, especially in those constructed for a private owner, the walls are honeycombed by chambers evidently meant for sleeping in. In the noble keep of Hedingham, which Mr. Clark does not describe, this domestic arrangement is specially well seen. Where the third stage was the principal one,

one, the floor above it is supposed to have formed a kind of fighting deck. In some cases, mainly in the small keeps, there may have been originally, in all, only three stages. Essentially military structures, these keeps, especially the early ones, offer little in the way of architectural detail: a *garderobe* here, a fire-place there remains to speak of human habitation; but gloomy, cold, and comfortless they must always have been, in spite of their stately grandeur. Passive strength was the object the builders kept before them: they sought to enable a handful of men to keep at bay, for an indefinite period, a considerable force. Against such a keep the artillery of the time was, practically, powerless: it was only by mining, as at the great sieges of Rochester in 1215 and Bedford in 1224, that these formidable strongholds could be assailed. The mediæval mine consisted of a gallery driven under an angle of the building, which was propped up by timber: this was fired, by the miners, when complete; and the weight of the superincumbent masonry, when deprived of support, caused the walls to crack and the angle to topple over. But if the foundations were strong and the masonry above them compact, the keep might yet hold together above the chasm.

The protection of the entrance to such a stronghold was a matter of anxious care. So far as is at present known, the practice in the earliest keeps was to place it at the first floor, as at Colchester, or, if below, at least above a high plinth, as at Malling, so that it could only be reached by a wooden ladder or staircase, which, in case of investment, could be removed. Within, the entrance was so arranged that a very few men could, generally, defend it with ease; and it was usually placed as far as possible from the main staircase and from the precious well. There was a further development known as the 'forebuilding,' of which the details, as Mr. Clark reminds us, 'have been but little studied.' This was a covered staircase outside the keep, passing through towers and doorways, and leading to a vestibule at the entrance of the keep, often with a prison beneath it. Although belonging to the 'rectangular' type, it has been applied to Berkeley, which is a 'shell,' but peculiar, and of late construction. A forebuilding may, in our opinion, prove valuable for determining, when doubtful, the probable date of a keep. 'It has been supposed,' Mr. Clark admits, 'to mark a late keep, but there is a forebuilding at Arques, usually regarded as a very early one.' If, however, as we hold certain, M. Deville, Mr. Freeman, and Mr. Clark are all alike mistaken about this famous keep; if it was built, not by the Conqueror's uncle, in 1039-1043, but by Henry I., about 1123, the above objection

objection disappears. Of the four cases named by Mr. Clark in which it remains perfect, Dover and Newcastle are, it is now admitted, 'the work of Henry II.,' and therefore late Norman, while the other two are Norwich and Castle Rising. Norwich, like Newcastle and Dover, is 'more ornate than usual,' while Castle Rising, which has much in common with it, is 'the most highly-ornamented keep in England.' If it was built, Mr. Clark wrote, 'by the architect of Norwich keep, it must be early Norman, for Norwich was besieged, 1076, at the revolt of Earl Guader, and Harrod supposes the present keep to have been then standing; but the ornamentation of Castle Rising looks much later.' Here again, as at Arques and Newcastle, the word 'castrum' has misled our author against his own judgment, and the inference he ought to have drawn was that Norwich must be later. An admirable paper on this castle was read before the Norwich Archæological Congress of 1889 by Mr. Hartshorne, who showed that its original form was that of a typical *burh*, and that the existing rectangular keep must, from its style, be dated 1120-1140. He claimed for it a marked resemblance to the keeps of Hedingham, Rochester, and Castle Rising; and we may note that all four were built for private lords.

It is by no means clear when these noble 'towers' began to be raised in England. Mr. Clark holds that they date from '1078, when the White Tower was begun' (i. 138). But this too lightly accepted date is mere conjecture. We know, from the singular Rochester story, that Bishop Gundulf was skilled in castle-building, and we also have a curious reference to his staying with a citizen of London, when 'ex præcepto Willelmi Magni præesset operi magnæ Turris Londoniæ.' This incident must have happened between 1077 and 1087: more than this we cannot say. But if even London had to wait for its Tower till the latter part of the Conqueror's reign, it would seem improbable that provincial towns, and still less rural lords, should have had towers before it. We, therefore, lean to Mr. Clark's view that these towers were not introduced till 1078 (or even later), and that timber defences, on moated mounds, were alone available till then. Only we hold, as he does not, that, where a castle was needed, and there was no mound, the new settlers made one. When the 'Tower' had once been introduced, its superiority over the timbered mound must have been so great that it would always be employed where time and means permitted. But, doubtless, where the latter was already in existence, the fortress, as Mr. Clark points out, would remain a 'shell-keep.' In any case, we read:—

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'The rectangular and the shell keep never occur in the same castle; and, as a rule, where there is a mound, there is no rectangular keep; the only known exceptions to this rule are at Christchurch, Guildford, Clun, Saffron Walden, Mileham, Bungay, and Bramber.'

As to the placing of a rectangular keep on an artificial mound, Mr. Clark tells us (ii. 62) that 'Guildford, Christchurch, and Clun are the only recorded examples'; and of these Christchurch alone stands fairly on its summit. But the mound on which stands Norwich keep is, we believe, mainly artificial, and should, therefore, be added to the list. Bramber does not belong to the class of towers built on a mound: it has a mound and a tower standing apart in one area. We should, therefore, be inclined to compare it with Oxford, as a case in which the mound was abandoned for a tower. Mr. Clark insists that the tower at Oxford was 'not the keep'; but it was certainly the 'tur' from which the Empress Maud was let down, we read, by ropes on the night of her marvellous escape. Nor can we pass over 'the once celebrated and very strong castle of Bedford' (i. 217). It is true that the author of the 'Gesta Stephani'—an excellent observer in such matters—describes it as 'editissimo aggere vallatum,' but Mr. Clark has omitted to mention that he speaks of an 'inquassabilis turris,' which was, we believe, the 'old tower' of the great siege under Henry III. (1224); the tower which was mined and split asunder, and from the summit of which the besieged, in their despair, displayed at length the king's standard. After that siege the earthworks were ordered to be levelled with the ground, and three quarters of the 'old tower' to be taken down. It is then clear, in spite of Mr. Clark, that Bedford had a tower apart from the mound. Lincoln, again, had 'a rectangular tower about 25 feet by 40 feet' apart from the shell-keep on the great mound: it was as large as the keeps of Clitheroe or Malling, and therefore entitled to rank with them; and it has a special interest as being very probably the tower, though Mr. Clark denies it, that the mysterious Countess Lucy is known to have built. Still, in spite of sundry 'sports,' the general conclusion holds good that the rectangular and the shell-keep are not found in combination.

We do not propose to treat at length of Mr. Clark's studies on castles of post-Norman date, because his work for the earlier period is more original and striking. But we must not pass over his valuable chapters on castles of the Early English period and those of the Edwardian or concentric type. The first great innovation was the use of the cylindrical in place of the rectangular tower, corresponding, as he observes, with the middle period of the Early English style in ecclesiastical architecture.

ture. Of this the best known types are Conisborough—the source of as wild speculations as the round towers of Ireland—and abroad, the celebrated Coucy, the seat of the proudest of barons. Of the quatrefoil tower, the keep at York, assigned by Mr. Clark to Richard I. or John, seems to be the only surviving example. That of Warwick is said, we know not on what authority, to have once resembled it. So energetically had castle-building proceeded throughout the twelfth century that few fresh keeps were erected in this Transition period, and attention was given rather to the strengthening of the surrounding defences. The cylindrical type was gradually applied to the mural towers of the curtains, new wards were added, and strong gatehouses erected. Thus arose the ‘concentric’ fortress, of which, at Dover and the Tower of London, we can trace the gradual growth. As the *enceinte* increased, the keep dwindled, in importance, till at the accession of Edward I. the time had come for discarding the latter altogether. It was at this date that Caerphilly, ‘the earliest and the most complete example in Britain of a concentric castle,’ was built by the head of the mighty house of Clare. The author’s skilful monograph on this fortress was written so far back as 1834, and its admirable illustrations, here as elsewhere, enable us to follow his description. As ‘consummate’ as Château Gaillard, Caerphilly deserves attentive study, for it formed the style of those Welsh castles, so familiar a feature to the tourist, which Edward, building on new sites, erected in the Principality. They were adapted to a system of defence different from that of the Norman fortress, because relying less on mere passive resistance, and more on active opposition. The assailants had now to fight their way from ward to ward, exposed, at every stage, to the fire of the besieged. The greater space secured by the concentric system allowed also of the erection of a residence more convenient and elaborate than the donjon keep. In England, however, we can only study the adaptation of this late style to castles already existing. With military as with ecclesiastical architecture, the perfection of development was but the prelude to degeneration and decay. The demand for comfort, the elaboration of ornament, the increase of order and security, and lastly the introduction of artillery, were all unfavourable to the true castle, which became less of a fortress as it grew more of a dwelling-house. Those in the hands of the Crown began early to be neglected; and the Wars of the Roses practically closed the era of their use by private lords, though they lingered on, in slow decay, to form centres of makeshift resistance in the confusion of the Civil Wars.

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We would rather specially address ourselves to the problem of the introduction of castles into England. Mr. Freeman, of course, could not neglect a subject so closely connected with the Norman Conquest: with characteristic confidence he faced and settled the question. It was in or about 1050 that was built the first castle we hear of in England: \* 'The fortress itself has vanished, but its site is still to be marked, and the name of Richard's castle, still borne by the parish in which it stood, is an abiding witness of the deep impression which its erection made on the minds of the men of those times.' †

We must quote *in extenso* the passage which follows, as it well sets forth Mr. Freeman's views:—

'Both the name and the thing were new. To fortify a town, to build a citadel to protect a town, were processes with which England had long been familiar. . . . But for a private landowner to raise a private fortress to be the terror of his neighbours was something to which Englishmen had hitherto been unaccustomed, and for such a structure the English language had hitherto contained no name. But now the tall, square, massive donjon of the Normans, a class of buildings whose grandest type is to be seen in the Conqueror's own Tower of London and in the more enriched keep of Rochester, began, doubtless on a far humbler scale, to rear itself over the dwellings of Englishmen. . . . Such strongholds, strange to English eyes, bore no English name, but retained their French designation of *castles*.' ‡

We see how strongly Mr. Freeman held that the 'castle,' introduced under Edward, was something wholly new, that it was constructed of stone, and that it was a 'square donjon.' So too, the castle of Hereford, destroyed in 1055, was built, he deemed, 'according to the latest continental patterns': he even pictured 'the square mass of the Norman donjon, an ominous foreboding of the days which were soon to come.' § Now he was not ignorant, when he thus wrote, of Mr. Clark's theories, for he mentioned our author's conclusions that 'the *agger* or *mote* was commonly an earlier earthwork made use of by the builders of the eleventh and twelfth centuries,' and that its fortifications 'were commonly of wood,' only to dismiss them. One point, however, remains: we may certainly assert of Richard's castle, and virtually of the *mota* of Hereford, that neither of them was ever crowned by a 'square donjon.' They were both shell-keeps.

Right or wrong, the Professor was at least consistent in his

\* 'Norman Conquest,' vol. v. p. 649.

† Ibid.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 137.

§ ii. 392.

view :

view : we cannot say as much of Mr. Clark. In his introductory chapters, he writes of shell-keeps that

‘a tolerably close examination has failed to discover, either at Arundel or elsewhere in England or in Normandy, any masonry of very early character, probably none that can be safely attributed to the eleventh century. The fact seems to be that the early timber structures, which are known to have been erected originally on the moated mounds, were found to be very defensible, and so were retained by the Norman lords until they were able to replace the timber by masonry\* . . . . They seem to have been content to repair the existing works, usually of timber only, and to have postponed the replacing of them with a regular shell till a more convenient season, which in many cases did not occur for a century.’†

In this important conclusion we concur, after examining the evidence. But, in his detailed account of Richard’s castle, Mr. Clark tells us that the English, under Edward the Confessor, ‘could not but have regarded with dismay the lofty walls and towers which made impregnable a place already strong’ (ii. 402). In the next paragraph, however, he admits that ‘the masonry, of which vast fragments still remain, is apparently of rather a later date’; while, in one of his introductory chapters, he pronounces it improbable ‘that the keep was constructed before the reign of Stephen, if so early’ (i. 102). Now if, as Mr. Clark maintains, ‘Richard fitz Scrob’ did but occupy an existing earthwork (ii. 401), and if, in accordance with his theory, he fortified it in the English manner, where was the novelty that so excited the terror of the people?

The fact is that here, as elsewhere, the writer was under Mr. Freeman’s spell. His remark that ‘the name of Richard’s Castle shows how deeply the fear of its builders was impressed upon the people’ (ii. 110), does but echo the words of the historian. For our part, the name of Richard’s Castle is no more eloquent of terror than that of Bishop’s Castle—‘the residence of the Bishop of Hereford’ (i. 102)—in the adjoining county of Salop. Indeed, though Mr. Clark follows the late Professor throughout, in dealing with Richard and his castle, we believe that the whole story was a singular delusion of Mr. Freeman, and that Richard’s castle is not even mentioned before the Norman Conquest.

Adopting Mr. Clark’s general conclusion on the subject of shell-keeps, we hold that a change in fortification did not take place till after the Conquest, when the characteristic rectangular keep was first imported from Normandy. On the other

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\* i. 139.

† i. 42. Cf. p. 47.

hand, he has not, we think, conclusively made out his case for the very early origin of all the fortified mounds. We concur with Mr. Freeman in holding that the words 'erexerunt aggeres,' applied by William of Jumièges to the strongholds raised by the Norman nobles in William's early days, imply that, at this date, such mounds were still being made; and the Norman settlers, under Edward, may therefore have raised some in England. Indeed, we read in Domesday of Rayleigh, with its typical moated mound: 'in hoc manerio Suenus fecit suum castellum.' The words imply, though they may not prove, that he raised the mound in William's reign. Of Wigmore also, Domesday states: 'Willelmus comes fecit illud castellum' (Mr. Clark, we have seen, had assigned it, in error, to 921, and thereby destroyed the force of this entry). It is obvious, moreover, that both before, and immediately after the Conquest, Normans would have need, in many cases, of rapidly constructed strongholds. Now, as Mr. Clark points out (i. 43), a castle of masonry 'required both time and money: the architects, overlookers, and probably the masons had to be imported from Normandy, and, in many cases, the stone for the exterior': the new settlers, therefore, if they found no mound to their hand, would have no alternative but to construct one for themselves, a task which only required unskilled labour. Nor is this a matter of conjecture. The Bayeux Tapestry shows us such a mound being actually raised at Hastings, and crowned by its timber defences. This fortress it terms a 'castellum,' and Wace a 'chastel.' But we venture to go further still, and to assert that more than a century later the *motte* was still thrown up, where a stronghold was needed in a hurry. In the curious Anglo-Norman poem on the Conquest of Ireland, we read that Richard Fleming, on receiving the barony of Slane, 'Un *mot* fit jeter Pur ses enemis grever.' So too when Hugh Tirel was forced to abandon the castle he had raised at Trim, the Irish, we learn, 'la *mot* firent tut de geter, Desque a la terre tut verser,' after setting fire to the wooden buildings that stood on it. This description of levelling the 'mote' is conclusive as to the character of the fortress.

Therefore, rash though it may be to differ on such a point from Mr. Clark, we hold it proved that these fortified *mottes* were, at least in some cases, erected in the Conqueror's days; and if this is proved of some, it becomes probable of many. Indeed, so far as what we may term private castles are concerned, there is actually, we think, a presumption in favour of this late origin. Mr. Clark, it is true, argues (i. 23) that they were usually the *caput* of some great estate, even before the Conquest.



Conquest. But we must remember that it does not follow from a *motte* forming the *caput* of an extensive Norman fief, that it occupied a similar position before the Conquest. For the fief might, and did, represent an aggregation of English estates. Let us take the case of Castle Acre, the subject of a brilliant paper by Dr. Jessopp, and of one of the latest, if not the last, of Mr. Clark's monographs.\* It is, as he observes, 'an excellent example' (i. 18) of the moated mound, combined with a rectangular Roman encampment, inside which it stands. We may note that, as at Pevensey and Porchester, only a portion of the Roman enclosure is occupied by the later stronghold. Now, Castle Acre, Mr. Clark observes, 'is best known to antiquaries as the *caput* of the 140 lordships held by Earl Warenne at Domesday,' in Norfolk. But careful analysis of that priceless record reveals the fact that the manor had formed part of a comparatively small estate, which had belonged, before the Conquest, to 'Toche,' and had then passed to Frederic de Warenne, on whose death—at the hands, it is said, of the famous Hereward—it had been added to the great fief of his brother. Castle Acre, therefore, was not an old seat of wide dominion, so that in this instance Mr. Clark's theory fails. It is only our reluctance to differ from so great a master of his subject, where we cannot be certain of our point, that has led us to admit, for the majority of these mounds, the early date claimed by Mr. Clark. At Pevensey, for instance, it is quite possible that the existing mound is not English, but was thrown up at the Conquest.

Another point that has been left in doubt is the alleged weakness of England, at the Conquest, in castles. Orderic, as Mr. Freeman rightly points out, not only asserts this weakness, but assigns to it the inability of the English to offer prolonged resistance. Mr. Clark, however, denies the fact:—

'Every part of England, much of Scotland, and the accessible parts of the Welsh border, were covered with strong places, which were, no doubt, defended, and well defended, with palisades, as more suitable to made ground than work in masonry. . . . If, at the Conquest, no English stronghold held out, it was not that such places were less capable of defence than those in Normandy, but that England was broken up into parties. . . . The conquest of England was made possible, not by the absence of strong places, but by the want of organization for their defence.' †

But this view directly contradicts the plain words of Orderic: 'munitiones (quas castella Galli nuncupant) Anglicis provinciis

\* 'Archæological Journal,' xlv. 282-5.

† i. 90.  
paucissimæ

paucissimæ fuerant.' Mr. Freeman, of course, held that Orderic referred to the new 'class of buildings,' donjons of masonry, and urged that 'they seem to have been new inventions in Normandy itself.' Yet the words of William of Jumièges—'aggeres erexerunt'—on which he relied, do not imply this; and the Tapestry pictures of the Breton campaign, in which Harold accompanied William, show still the old type, the palisaded mound. So, too, Mr. Clark tells us that no shell-keep or masonry has been found, in Normandy, as old as the Conquest; while of the rectangular type, 'not above half a dozen examples can be shown with certainty to have been constructed in Normandy before the latter part of the eleventh century, and but very few, if any, before the Norman Conquest' (i. 35). We are inclined to differ from both writers as to the solution of the problem, and to hold that, while Mr. Freeman was mistaken in supposing that Orderic referred to a new type of castle, Mr. Clark has failed to explain away the chronicler's words. Without insisting on our own suggestion that many of these moated mounds may be actually subsequent to the Conquest, it is possible to reconcile all the facts by supposing that a long period of peace had done its work, that the old strongholds had been neglected, and the timbered mounds—where they existed—abandoned, like the keeps of later days, for more pleasant dwellings below. An earthwork, till it was stockaded, was not deemed a 'castle'; and even when it was, its fortification would probably be less elaborate than in the troubled Norman land. Englishmen could still fight in the field, but they had had no recent experience of a war of sieges. In towns, moreover, we strongly suspect, 'the long long canker of peace' had done its worst. At Lincoln, for instance, where a rising trade must have led to an increase of houses within the walls, we read in Domesday that no fewer than a hundred and sixty-six dwellings were destroyed 'propter castellum.' Mr. Freeman assigned this wholesale destruction to 'the building of the castle and its outworks'; but Mr. Clark holds it 'certain' that the houses 'were not removed to allow of the extension of its area, for the Norman walls stand upon the English banks.' He therefore believes that the area of the fortress had been invaded by houses for the citizens; and this view, we think, is strengthened by a comparison with Colchester, where the existence of a similar castle area within the town walls involved no removal of houses, the local trade being small, and the town not extending. But if at so important a place as Lincoln the castle could be thus treated, one may fairly maintain, as against Mr. Clark, that—except in exposed border districts—the castles  
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of England, at the death of the Confessor, had, as in later times, become mere obsolete relics of a stormy past.

On the whole we lean to the view practically held by Mr. Parker, in his preface to the work of Viollet-le-Duc (1879) and elsewhere. According to this, the tower (or 'rectangular' keep) was not introduced into England till after the Conquest, indeed till towards the close of the Conqueror's reign. Mr. Parker holds that these structures really originated here, being probably invented by Gundulf, whose tower at Malling, he tells us, was examined by French antiquaries in 1840, and acknowledged by them to be earlier than anything of the kind in Normandy. But we hesitate to go so far as this, in view of the early and authentic mention of the Tower of Rouen. As to the mention of 'towers' by such later writers as Wace, or even William of Malmesbury, we must remember how apt were mediæval writers to carry back too far the practice of their own day.

The conclusion at which we have arrived makes it the more necessary to insist that the Tower of London, so far as we know, cannot have been built earlier than 1078. It may, indeed, be somewhat later, and, as we have said, it is likely to have been one of the earliest 'towers' built. At the Newcastle Congress (1884) Mr. Clark contrasted it with the local keep, assigned in these volumes to 1080, but now known to have been built about 1172-4. The Tower, he observed, 'was the work of the Conqueror immediately on his arrival, the other was the work of his grandson (*sic*) rather above a century later.\*' This would date the construction of the Tower about 1066-1070, but we think that this can only be a slip, and is not Mr. Clark's real opinion.

Although the author has, in these volumes, given us two elaborate descriptions of the 'White Tower' at London, and one of the keep at Colchester, it does not seem to have occurred to him that the two should be classed together. Colchester keep, as he truly says, 'is a peculiar and, in many respects, a very remarkable structure.' Many archæologists have tried their hands at it, both in this and in the last century. In the words of Mr. F. M. Nichols, who has published an excellent account of it in the '*Essex Archæological Transactions*,' it 'is distinguished from every other example of its kind in this country by the magnitude of its area, as well as by the singularity of its form, materials, and mode of construction.' In some of his conclusions we cannot concur, but he has at least the merit of having seen that 'the keep of Colchester

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\* '*Arch. Journ.*,' xli. 419.

cannot be dissociated' from the Tower of London. 'No one,' he writes, 'who compares the ground-plan of these two buildings can treat them as independent designs: the architect of London must have had Colchester in his thoughts, or the architect of Colchester must have imitated the keep of London.' For size these mighty structures exceed all others; but the strange thing is that Colchester keep covers about half as much ground again as the Tower of London, an area of some 20,000 feet as against one of 14,000 feet. It is the south-east angle of these buildings in which they so closely resemble one another. As Mr. Clark writes of London:—

'The south wall terminates eastward in a half-round bow of 42 feet diameter, projecting on the east wall. This marks the apse of the chapel, and is the great peculiarity of this tower.'

But this is also the great peculiarity of Colchester. It is strange that the resemblance should not have received more attention from our author, but stranger still that Mr. Freeman saw, not resemblance, but contrast. Of Colchester keep we find him writing:—

'No one would think of calling it a tower. Its vast rectangular mass is broken only by the apsidal projection for the chapel in the east wall, as in the example at Kidwelly; in the Tower of London the apse is made in the thickness of the wall.'\*

Of this astounding paragraph one can only say that, in records, it was duly called a tower ('turre'); that Kidwelly was not a keep at all, but an Edwardian castle, 'a court surrounded by four round towers,'† which had no more in common with Colchester than Monmouth with Macedon; and that—as every one who knows the Tower must be aware—the apse is a bold projection, and is not 'a mere recess' in the thickness of the wall. One is reminded of what Mr. Freeman wrote of 'the double range of shops' at Chester:—

'That it should often have been likened to the arcades at Bern only shows how many people there are who are quite unable to take in any real likeness or unlikeness.'‡

Mr. Clark is less successful, at Colchester, than usual, probably because, like all archæologists, he has been wholly misled by the 'chapel.' Comparison of these extracts from his own

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\* 'English Towns and Districts,' p. 411.

† Ibid. p. 32.

‡ Ibid. p. 135.

work will show that this chamber was not the chapel, but corresponded with the 'crypt' at London :—

'LONDON.

'A door leads into the crypt of the chapel, 13 ft. 6 in. broad by 29 ft. long, having an apsidal east end, and 17 ft. high to the crown of its very plain vault.' (i. 209.)

'COLCHESTER.

'The chapel is composed of a nave and apse and of four lateral recesses or side chapels. It is in length 45 ft., and in breadth 15 ft., and 17 ft. 6 in. high to the crown of its barrel vault.'

The two chambers, as inspection will show, are precisely similar in character, and there is quite unconscious humour in Mr. Clark's comment on the Colchester vault that 'this is a very curious and rare example of a castle chapel.'

Glancing at the material employed in these early keeps, we find that, at Malling, the masonry is rude, and the material 'roughly but decidedly coursed, with a slight tendency to the herring-bone pattern. The joints are very open, and the mortar has been very freely used.' So too the Tower, 'built in great haste, is of rubble, rudely coursed, with very open joints.' At Colchester also we have rude rubble roughly coursed, 'and with a very free use of mortar.' But we do not value very highly the evidence of masonry, and have seen experts puzzled and misled by it. The circumstances of the locality, and those of the erection, must have had considerable influence. This makes it the more important to date as many keeps as possible that they may form a groundwork of study. The citadel, for instance, of Holderness—'famosum illud et nobile castrum, quod dicitur Scartheburch,' as William of Newburgh termed it—which has been carefully studied by Mr. Clark and figures on the cover of his book, can be dated with certainty. The Pipe Rolls of 1158–1169 record an expenditure of some 300*l.* on the 'turre' and the 'castellum,' so that the keep is of the same period as those of Newcastle and Bamborough. The story of this 'arx magna et præclara' is curious and instructive; and Mr. Clark seems hardly to have grasped what William says in his chapter 'De situ castelli Scartheburch.' The Earl of Albe-marle, we read, had built it, surrounding the summit of the rock with a wall, and placing the keep at the very entrance to the stronghold ('turrim in faucium angustis fabricavit'). This 'tower' in course of time fell down ('processu temporis collapsa'); and Henry II. then raised the existing keep on its site ('in ipsis autem faucibus'). Mr. Clark has overlooked this 'collapse,' which is a fact of importance, as suggesting a similar fate for other towers. It is, we believe, the only recorded case of the kind

kind in military architecture, though there are several ecclesiastical instances, as at Winchester under Henry I. (1107), Worcester under Henry II. (1175), and St. Edmund's under John (1210), when '*turris fortissima absque omni impulsu turbinis aut tempestatis magis prodigiosaliter quam causaliter cecidit.*' Indeed, Professor Willis went so far as to say that such a collapse was 'a circumstance of such common occurrence that there is some evidence against a tower being Norman work if it had not fallen down.'\* This may not always have been due to 'jerry-building,' as at Peterborough Cathedral: in castles, haste may have sometimes been the cause, when the builders, as at Bridgnorth, worked day and night, with the fear of interruption before their eyes.

Mr. Clark, though he has done so much to advance our knowledge of his subject, would not, we feel assured, claim to have made it perfect. His chief deficiency is his failure to distinguish between '*turris*' and '*castrum*.' Unless this distinction be grasped and kept in mind, mediæval military architecture cannot be really understood. Of this Rochester affords a most striking instance. Mr. Hartshorne had proved that its noble keep ('*turris*') was built by William Archbishop of Canterbury between 1126 and 1139. It could not, therefore, as had been supposed, be the '*castrum*' built by Gundulf under William Rufus. But what that '*castrum*' was no one was able to explain. Mr. Parker and Mr. Freeman looked about for some 'tower' to represent it; and Mr. Clark persists that Gundulf built a 'castle, *that is a tower* of some sort,' but cannot solve the mystery. Now what Gundulf really built was not a tower at all, but a '*castrum*,'—that is, a stone wall round the castle enclosure; and this conclusion is proved to be right by the actual remains of the wall, which correspond with the style he employed. This discovery has its corollaries; such, for instance, as the fact that a castle could exist without a keep, if, as at Rochester, it had a good wall round a strong position. This was also the case at Exeter, and probably at Newcastle and Conisborough. It was, again, because he had missed this essential distinction, that Mr. Clark has gone so far astray over Newcastle and Arques, allowing his misunderstanding of a word to overcome his own better judgment. It was thus again that he was led to assert that Gloucester 'had a mound and a shell-keep,' though the '*turris*,' which occurs in all our records, proves its keep to have been of the other type. The

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\* '*Gent. Mag.*,' Sept. 1862.

tower of Bristol and the tower of Gloucester were names once as familiar as is to us the Tower of London.

One of the results of this failure to distinguish between 'turreis' and 'castellum' was that Mr. Freeman invariably confused the moveable wooden tower used by besiegers at the time with the entrenched posts constructed for a blockade. Thus, at the blockade of Arques in 1053, a 'castellum,' we read, was raised by the Normans at the foot of the heights. This he rendered: 'A ditch and palisade at the foot of the hill protected a wooden tower,' for 'this tower,' he held, was 'doubtless of wood.\*' So, writing of the siege of Domfront, a few years earlier, he rendered 'castella circumponit quatuor' by 'surrounded the town with four towers'; † and he also spoke of 'the temporary towers which were often used in the military art of the time and which are sometimes called castles.' ‡ This misapprehension became more serious when he reached the siege of Bamborough under William Rufus. Of this he wrote:—

'The castle of Bebbe was not to be taken by any open attack. William therefore took the slower means of warfare. He made one of those towers § which were so often made in such cases, to act as a check on the besieged castle, to form in fact an imperfect kind of blockade.' ||

In this case, we may parenthetically observe, a 'tower' would have been peculiarly useless, as the blockading post is known to have been occupied by cavalry. But there is something more to come. William, in grim humour, bestowed on his fortified post the name of 'Malvoisin,' as an 'evil neighbour,' to the rebel stronghold. He called it, says the Chronicle, 'on this spæce *Malveisin*, þæt is on Engliſc *yfel nehebur*.' The Normans were apt to bestow on one another nicknames which clung to them closely; and they carried the same tendency into operations of war. Henry I., in 1119, gave the offensive name of 'Mateputain' to a castle he erected oversea, just as Richard I., with equal offensiveness, bestowed on the castle in which (1190) he held his Christmas feast, in dangerous proximity to Messina, the name of 'Mate-griffun.' The mysterious 'matfelon' of a London church has, we suspect, a similar derivation.

But, oddly enough, taking 'Malvoisin' as a generic, not as a proper name, the historian proceeded to apply it broadcast.

\* 'Norm. Conq.,' iii. (2nd ed.) 129.

† Ibid. ii. 281.

‡ Ibid. p. 606.

§ It is 'castel' in the Chronicle, and 'castellum' in Florence.

|| 'William Rufus,' ii. 51.

'The Malvoisin at Bridgnorth,' we read, 'comes from Florence . . . "castellum firmare cœpit"'; while the 'castris constructis' of Orderic gives rise to the remark:—

'The Malvoisins before Arundel seem to have struck all our writers. . . . We get them in the Chronicle; . . . castelas. . . . They were doubtless of wood.'

Mr. Clark evidently accepts Mr. Freeman's view; he follows him wholly in the case of Bamborough,\* and he tells us that Bridgenorth was besieged by Henry I., 'who brought the wooden turret known as a malvoisin to bear upon its walls' (i. 202). Need we repeat that the 'castrum' of Florence can have no such meaning, and that the 'yfel nehebur' was a name as purely local as that of the 'evil hedge'?† Mr. Freeman, however, continued thus:—

'The *Malvoisin* was clearly such a tower as we often hear of, temporary and of wood, but still not moveable, as is implied in Florence's word "firmavit." But the name seems afterwards to have been transferred to moveable towers; see Du Cange in "*Malveisin*," where he refers to the passage about the siege of Dover in Roger of Wendover (iii. 380): "*Misso prius ad patrem suum propter petrariam que 'Malveisine' Gallico nuncupatur, qua cum machinis aliis Franci ante castrum locata muros acriter crebris ictibus verberabant.*"'‡

In this passage the Pelion of error is piled upon the Ossa of confusion. Du Cange gives no authority for supposing that moveable towers were called 'malvoisins'; on the contrary, he wrote under 'malveisin,' '*petrariæ speciem facit Mathæus Paris.*' And the *petrariæ*—'tormenta quæ vulge perreriæ vocantur'—were well-known engines of war for casting stones. But though Du Cange was guiltless of confusing them with moveable towers, we cannot acquit him, or his latest editor,§ of mistaking 'malvoisin' for a generic instead of a proper name. In the authority he gives, quoted by Mr. Freeman, we merely read of a notable *pierrière* (*petraria*), that was nicknamed 'Malvoisin,' just as a certain gun was known as 'Mons Meg.' That this is certain is shown by the story of the siege of Acre (1191), where the '*Itinerarium*' tells us that the Saracens and the French had respectively nicknamed their favourite engines 'the bad kinsman' and 'the bad neighbour.' Yet, here again, Mr. Freeman's error is duly adopted by Mr. Clark (i. 118), who describes the '*petraria*' of Louis as 'a "malvoisin" to overtop the walls.'

\* 'Arch. Journal,' xlv. 98.  
Ibid. ii. 608.

† 'William Rufus,' ii. 446.  
§ Ed. Favre (1885).



But there was a real name for the moveable towers; and that was *berefridum* (in various forms), which Du Cange renders: 'machina bellica lignea in modum excelsioris turris exstructa . . . rotisque quatuor vecta, tantæ proceritatis ut ejus fastigium oppidorum et castrorum obsessorum muros æquaret.' Such a tower is mentioned at the siege of Courcy (1091), though Mr. Freeman held it to be there 'not a moving tower, it would seem, but one of those of which we have so often heard.'\* It must, however, have been a moveable tower, for Orderic speaks of it as 'ingens machina quam *berfredum* vocitant.' These machines have a special interest, not only because they gave its name, by transition, to our own 'belfry,' but also because we find them employed from at least the days of the Emperor Leo to those, incredible though it may sound, of our own Civil War. The system of attack, like that of defence, in mediæval times, had its roots in a distant past. It was Vegetius, *De Re Militari*, that Geoffrey of Anjou studied during the siege of Montreuil, where he raised three of those blockading forts of which we have spoken. But to return to the *beffrois*. We find them mentioned not only at Courcy (1091), but at the taking of Jerusalem (1099), the siege of Dyrrhachium, that of Damietta, that of Bedford, and others. At the taking of Constantinople (1453) by the Turks, 'a wooden turret,' in Gibbon's words, 'was advanced on rollers . . . incessant volleys were securely discharged from the loopholes . . . as high as the level of the platform a scaling-ladder could be raised by pulleys to form a bridge, and grapple with the adverse rampart.' But most remarkable was the Royalists' device against Canon Frome in 1645. 'The machine,' writes Mr. Webb, 'which was called a "sow," was considered to be the largest that had been hitherto employed; it was a tower of wood, mounted on wheels, and drawn by oxen, with rooms loopholed and musket-proof one above the other, high enough to overlook all the works.' The writer adds that a similar machine had been used against Gloucester 'at the recommendation of the learned Chillingworth,' and that there are other traces of such 'sows' during the Civil War.†

It is impossible even to glance through Mr. Clark's volumes without being made aware of the very prominent part played by the castles he describes in our mediæval history. The keen eye of Mr. Freeman and his strong democratic instinct combined to make him quick to discern the importance of the

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\* 'Will. Rufus,' ii. 520.

† 'The Civil War in Herefordshire,' ii. 240.

castle to the Normans in their subjugation of England. We should, indeed, follow him rather than Mr. Clark, where the latter endeavours to minimize the number of actually new castles constructed by William and his followers. The evidence of Domesday has, in this matter, been strangely misunderstood : it was a national land register, not a guide-book for mediæval tourists ; and the fact of its not mentioning a castle is absolutely no proof of that castle's non-existence. Its entries relating to castles are uncertain and incidental, but the language in which it speaks of Wigmore, or such a phrase as 'Ipse comes construxit castrum, Muntgumeri vocatum' cannot be explained away. So, too, we read that 'de manerio Chingestone habet rex I hidam in qua fecit castellum Warham.' Of this entry Mr. Bond has shown, in his able monograph on Corfe Castle, that it refers to that famous fortress ; and though Mr. Freeman stubbornly refused to own himself mistaken in the matter, the fact was fully recognized in Mr. Eyton's well-known work on the 'Domesday Survey of Dorset' (pp. 43, 111). We regret, therefore, that Mr. Clark should have ignored this important discovery, as Corfe is remarkable for the early date of its keep and, in places, of its curtain walls. There is also reason to suppose that Corfe, not Wareham, was, in the same way, the real scene of certain events assigned to the latter.

But the very policy of bridling the people by strongholds erected up and down throughout the land was doomed to become a standing menace to the Royal power itself. Each of the first five kings who reigned after the Conquest had in turn to face revolt that found in the existence of castles its opportunity and its strength. Norwich, in 1075, stood a siege of three months from the forces of the Conqueror himself, in the cause of its rebel Earl. William Rufus, at the outset of his reign, had, for seven weeks, to lay siege to Pevensey, then to assail stubborn Rochester, and lastly the castled mound of Tunbridge, before he was free to march to the north, recover the 'new castle' that his father had founded on the Tyne, and blockade, at Bamborough, a stronghold too formidable to storm. With the accession of Henry I., the opposition of the great feudal nobles, relying on castles now increasing in number and in strength, became intensified. But so also did the willingness of the people to support their king against them. The seizure and imprisonment of the hated Flambard placed Henry at once in possession of Durham—

'half church of God, half fortress 'gainst the Scot'—

where, as at Worcester, Rochester, Hereford, and Lincoln,  
castle

castle and cathedral grouped together. It was Flambard, also, who founded (though not, in our opinion, till later) the great border fortress of Norham as a bulwark against invasion; and it was he, we may add, whose escape from imprisonment in the Tower of London—suggesting that of the ‘rope-dancers’ of Antioch or of the Empress Maud from the *tur* of Oxford—throws a gleam of light on the state of that fortress at the time.

A very noteworthy accession to the strength of the Crown was the only result of the feudal outburst under Henry I., for the lords were banished, and the castles in which they trusted were placed in the king’s power. The typical case of the Earl of Shrewsbury—he whom Mr. Freeman loved to term ‘the Devil of Bellême’—is, in many ways, so instructive that we need not hesitate to dwell on it. Possessing in the south Arundel and Chichester, both of them shell-keeps, in Wales the ‘castellaria’ of Montgomery, named after his house, in Shropshire the castled mound, of Shrewsbury and the tower of Bridgenorth, and in Yorkshire the fortress of Tickhill, appendant to the Honour of Blythe, he felt himself strong enough, when accused of treason, to defy the king in conjunction with his brothers, of whom Arnulf held the newly founded castle of Pembroke. Henry, establishing a blockade of Arundel, which he was not strong enough to attack, hurried northwards to Shropshire, despatching the Bishop of Lincoln to besiege Tickhill. Here we may note that, in his paper on that castle, Mr. Clark ignores this episode, and imagines that it was only Earl Robert’s death that gave the king possession of this stronghold. Meanwhile, the Earl, we read, was straining every nerve to strengthen the ‘towers’ and ‘walls’ of his fortresses. The interest of the struggle culminates at Bridgenorth, and Mr. Clark’s description of that castle and its neighbourhood deserves the most careful study. It seems to be established that Earl Robert abandoned his father’s seat on the low ground at Quatford for the steep of Bridgenorth, where he built the stern rectangular tower that even the mine of its Puritan assailants has only injured, not destroyed. If, as there seems no reason to doubt, we have here the work of Earl Robert in 1101–2, the keep becomes of special value as an early example of known date. But the chief interest of Mr. Clark’s paper lies in his skilful treatment of the neighbouring earthworks. He discovers in Oldbury, on the right (not, as he says, the left) bank of the Severn, the site of the *burh* ‘timbered’ by Æthelflæd in 912, and at Quatford, on the opposite bank, the actual *geweorc*, in all probability, wrought in 896 by the Danes, whose name is still preserved in Danesford. This conclusion is opposed to Mr. Freeman’s conviction that Bridgenorth itself had

had been 'the stronghold of Æthelflæd'; \* but we think that here Mr. Clark is right.

The policy of Henry, both in England and Normandy, was to entrust to faithful adherents those strongholds which fell into his hands, and which he did not either destroy or annex directly to the Crown. But with the accession of Stephen his work was all undone: for the late king's officers, the men on whom he specially relied, became, if they espoused his daughter's cause, rebels against the reigning sovereign; and, on the other hand, the lawless feudal nobles revelled in the contested succession and the consequent weakness of the Crown. Thus assailed on every side, Stephen, throughout his reign, was confronted by the castle difficulty. Within a few months of his accession, his endless warfare begins. His siege of Rougemont, the citadel of Exeter, '*muro inexpugnabili obseptum, turribus Cæsarianis inscissili calce confectis firmatum*,' taught him how powerless were the means of assault against the castles of the day. The author of the '*Gesta Stephani*' had a keen eye for this warfare: he shows us Stephen attempting in vain to storm the place by sheer valour, and employing, with equal lack of success, the wooden *beffroi*, the ram, and the mine. Neither money nor ardour was wanting; and yet the garrison only surrendered, after a siege of three months, because the water in their wells had failed. It is difficult for us to realize how strong these castles were; but the case of Exeter proves the fact. Thenceforth we find the king baffled by sieges at every turn, till while striving to reduce Lincoln he was himself defeated and made prisoner. It is usual to imply that he made no effort to stop the erection of 'adulterine' castles, but there is evidence that he clung, in this matter, to the prerogative of the Crown, and that here also the anarchy of his reign has been exaggerated somewhat. His great *coup d'état* against the bishops formed a useful precedent for the practice of enforcing the surrender of obnoxious castles by the threat of hanging their owner—if he could be kidnapped for the purpose. It was thus that the famous Geoffrey de Mandeville was forced, at last, to part with the strongholds on which was based his extraordinary power, and that the citadel of Lincoln was wrung from the Earl of Chester. It was the siege of Wallingford, whose impregnable mound had proved a thorn in Stephen's side throughout his troubled reign, that brought about the final crisis. Young Henry gallantly relieved it, and was gaining possession of castle after castle when Stephen at length came to terms. The treaty of Walling-

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\* '*William Rufus*,' ii. 153-7.

ford was largely concerned with the all-important question of castles; its careful distinction of *turris* and *mota* throws light upon their nature; and its provision for the destruction of all those erected since the death of Henry I. testifies to the keen jealousy with which they were regarded by the Crown. Henry, indeed, had occasion to complain that Stephen was remiss in the work of destruction; but when his rival's death gave him the throne, his own vigour in enforcing submission showed the nobles what they had to expect. The castles which had almost threatened to make all government impossible were brought more and more under the control of the Crown, and the last feudal outburst (1173-74) had for its inevitable result the removal of a standing source of danger to the realm.

In offering certain criticisms on Mr. Clark's great work, we wish it to be clearly understood that they are intended only to lead to a further study of the problems he has done so much to solve. As he has observed, with perfect justice:—

'The histories and remains of these fortresses are full of interest to the antiquary, whether his branch of study be legal, social, architectural, or military. Almost all the most important of our English castles date, in some form or other, from remote antiquity, and their associations were of slow growth, and deeply rooted in many centuries of the national history. Most were the centres of estates which had become great in the course of many generations, and for the protection of which they were established; and the tenure and services of the tenantry had grown up gradually, so that the castle, or rather the fortified hall, was closely connected with the institutions, laws, and customs of the estate, or it might be the shire, wapentake, rape, or hundred, of which it was the defence.'

We might supplement this by alluding to a connexion between the Sheriff and the county castle—of which there are traces at Exeter, Salisbury, Worcester, Gloucester, Winchester, Bedford, and perhaps Lincoln—which seems to have been introduced from Normandy at the Conquest. Nor have these buildings an interest only for the antiquary or the historical scholar. 'Majestic though in ruin,' their very contrast with the modern life around them appeals to the artist, to the poet, with an almost irresistible force. The donjon wrought for Norman taskmasters by the hands of toiling Englishmen, the grim tower, which, in the sight of our forefathers, was 'filled with devils and evil men,' has become pathetic in decay:—

' Fallen at length  
Is that tower of strength  
Which stood foursquare to all the winds that blew.

The

The mighty keep of the house of Ferrers has been so utterly destroyed that only since this book was written have there been discovered at Duffield foundations which prove it to have once ranked among the vastest of Norman 'towers.' At Dunster, the 'Tor' of the Lords Mohun, 'the only trace of its keep is the fragment of a drain.' And as with the castles, so with their lords. In the words of Lord Chief Justice Crewe:—

'And yet time hath his revolutions; there must be a period and an end to all temporal things, an end of names and dignities, and whatsoever is terrene. And why not of De Vere? For where is Bohun? Where is Mowbray? Where is Mortimer? Nay, which is more, and most of all, where is Plantagenet?'

But how do we treat these relics of the past, these national monuments which our neighbours in France would cherish with jealous care? Utilitarian to the core, we turn them, as Mr. Clark complains, into jails, into barracks, into powder-magazines. At the Tower, the exquisite chapel of St. John was formerly crammed with records, 'in one confused chaos, under corroding and putrefying cobwebs, dust and filth': they were actually dangerous, Prynne tells us, by 'their cankerous dust and evil scent.' At Canterbury, the enterprise of a gas company turned the keep, we have read, into a gigantic coal-hole; at Bridgenorth, Mr. Clark describes the tower as 'in a state of great filth and neglect, and with putrid carrion suspended from the walls'; at Hedingham, the singularly perfect stronghold of the famous house of De Vere, we have found the lowest stage occupied as a cowbyre. To such 'base uses' may they come. Nor is the conversion of a Norman keep into a brand-new provincial museum a process we can contemplate without dread. 'Time has moulder'd into beauty many a tower,' if only the hand of man would leave it reverently alone. We trust that the lifelong labour of Mr. Clark and the publication of these valuable volumes may increase an interest in these relics of the historic past, and lead to their careful preservation for generations yet to come.

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- ART. III.—1. *Icelandic Pictures*. By Frederick W. W. Howell, F.R.G.S. London, 1893.
2. *A Ride across Iceland*. By Rev. W. T. McCormick. London, 1893.
3. *The Oroefa Jokull*. By F. W. W. Howell, F.R.G.S., in 'Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society.' London, 1892.
4. *Geographische Workingen der Eiszeit*. In 'Verhandl. d. vierten deutschen Geographentages zu München.' Berlin, 1891.
5. *Jón Sigurdsson, the Icelandic Patriot*. By one of his Relatives. Reykjavik, 1887.
6. *The Story of Egil Skallagrimsson; an Icelandic Family History of the Ninth and Tenth Centuries*. Translated by Rev. W. C. Green. London, 1893.
7. *Across Iceland*. By Karl Grossman, M.D., F.R.C.S.E. In 'Geographical Journal,' London, April 1894.
8. *The Iclander's Sword; a Tale of Oroefa-dal.* By S. Baring-Gould. London, 1894.

THIS old-world island, partly situated in the Eastern, partly in the Western hemisphere, is but a burnt-out cinder, more akin to a bit of the moon than to anything on this planet. Its northern coast touches the Arctic Circle, and it is six hundred miles from the coast of Norway, five hundred from Scotland, and about half as much from its nearest neighbour, Greenland. The North Atlantic surrounds it in rough and turbulent fashion with great dark-green rollers, that rival in size those of the Indian Ocean east of the Cape of Good Hope, and that try the landsman as severely as any waves that can be encountered within a week's sail of England. Still, year by year Iceland is growing more attractive to the tourist. The works of Ida Pfeiffer, Lord Dufferin, and others, besides a host of Scandinavian and German writers, have brought the spirit of the country home to us. It is not yet flooded with tourist-ticket holders; it has no 'Grand Hotels,' and waiters and 'tips' form no institution there. But it is by no means inaccessible: trading steamers run from Newcastle and Leith, and twelve times a year the Danish mail-boats come over from Copenhagen to Granton (Edinburgh) to complete cargo and to take on board the English mails before departing for the run to these northern regions. If none of these means of communication serve, there are, from March to September, a fleet of fishing-boats belonging to all nations, but especially to Norway and France, and an increasing number of trawlers from Grimsby.

From

From the Faroe Islands, where the mail-boats call, to Iceland is about forty hours' steaming. No part of the voyage is out of soundings, seeing that it follows the line of submarine plateau which, in the cretaceous period, existed as dry land right on from Norway to Greenland, and at that time shut out the waters of the Arctic Sea from mixing with the warmer Atlantic. This barrier gave Southern Europe a warm and moist climate, while it evidently afforded to Iceland itself something of the weather of Naples to-day. The greatest difference lay in the extremes of winter cold rather than in the extremes of summer heat, and this difference was maintained geographically along to the mouth of the great Siberian rivers, as recent geological recoveries of the mammoth prove to a certainty. But even in that remote past the flora of Iceland could not compare with that of the now treeless Orkney and Shetland Isles, where (as well as in Caithness and Sutherland) oak forests luxuriated in the vales, and the Scotch fir held undisputed possession of the hill-sides. The great ice sheet that subsequently enveloped Central Europe swept all before it, and vegetation became almost limited to the sphagnum, or, in favoured spots, to the diminutive birch or *salix*, which are still found within the Arctic Circle.

Most tourists see little of the approach to Iceland, having to remain below while this last piece of rough sailing is traversed, for the waters of the Arctic Sea welcome the warmer Atlantic in tumultuous, if sportive, mood; but throughout the summer months the sea is full of life and activity, even before sighting the east coast of Iceland. Here lies the chosen haunt of the most gigantic cod in the world, and a Catholic country like France, with its special needs, is fully alive to the fact. The Bretons in particular, from Paimbœuf and St. Malo, are strongly represented, while Tréport, Boulogne, and Dunkirk send their contingents. As the steamer makes her way among these broad-beamed roomy tubs of ponderous size, each with the image of the Virgin Mary in its cabin, the unvarying monotone of the fisherman breaks upon the ear:—

‘Jean François de Nantes,  
Jean François,  
Jean François’;

reminding the traveller that the singer's heart is far off, along the shores of La Manche, or on the Biscayan coast. The boats now reeking of bilge-water and salt pickle will be laden to the gunwales by August, when the fogs and mists come down, and the shortening days and driving hurricanes warn them to make  
for



for more favoured regions.' But the warning does not come to all. This Iceland sea, generous in her gifts, exacts blood-money in lavish fashion. A bit of consecrated ground up one of these fiords, where the lava blocks and the glaciers hug the land, receives the bodies that are washed ashore; and every fishing centre of the west of France also has a tablet to those 'Lost at Sea, off the coast of Iceland,' with blank spaces left for those that are to follow. A national cruiser is sent North by the French Republic to maintain order, to deliver the fishermen's letters, and to superintend a commercial undertaking which annually produces for France a liberal harvest during the short summer that it lasts. The labours of the fishermen are all but incessant. There is little to remind them when night comes round; only the crow of the watchful cock that they have on board tells when it ought to be morning at home. The almost unending day varies somewhat in its moods; 'night' (by the clock) gives a pale cold light resembling no other, until again the sun hastens up boldly, after his brief dip in the Arctic Sea, and the true morning at last appears in an orthodox and proper manner.

The story of the discovery of Iceland requires to be retold. The Irish monk, Dicuil, wrote, about the year 825, a book '*De mensura orbis terræ*.' In the 7th chapter he relates how some clerics, with whom he had conversed about thirty years before, described to him Ultima Thule, a land in the Northern Ocean. The description applies accurately to Iceland. Seventy years later the Norwegian Viking Naddod (Naddoð) was blown out of his course upon the shore. He gave the country the name of Snowland (Snæland). Shortly after him Gardar Svavarson, a Swede domiciled in the Danish island Sealand, sailed round Iceland, and from his name it was called Gardar's-Holme. A third discoverer was Floki, Vilgerda's son, who gave the island the name in which it sadly glories to this day. The dates of these discoveries must lie within the decade 860-70. Four years later Ingolf Arnarson took up his abode on the barren shore of Reykjavik, where now stands the capital of Iceland. The work of colonization, thus begun, was completed about sixty years later. Fair-haired Harold of Norway so oppressed the old independent tribal rulers that many of his subjects fled,—men of good family and position,—to seek a home and freedom in Iceland; and, while the tenth century was but in its second decade, the colonists established a free republic, which lasted for over three hundred years. At this time the Althing met for two weeks each summer, and under its own independent government a considerable

considerable degree of national prosperity was attained. But quarrels which arose in the beginning of the thirteenth century between the ecclesiastical and secular authorities, on the fateful question of the immunities of the clergy, brought about interference by the Metropolitan of Drontheim, and also by the King of Norway, who suborned chief against chief in the island, and kept a civil war alive for nearly half a century. The exhausted country then joined Norway in a personal union, 1262-64, and remained united till 1380, when both countries were joined to Denmark through the marriage of Hakon VI. of Norway with Margaret, Queen of Denmark.

Various attempts, subsequently made, to incorporate the island with Denmark have failed, though at times the lamp of national life has burnt so low as nearly to be extinguished. It would be difficult therefore to say whether Iceland is now regarded at Copenhagen as a colony, a province, or a dependency, and the Icelanders wisely content themselves with carrying their assertion of autonomy only as far as existing laws and obvious expediency warrant. After 1850 much bad blood between the island and Denmark was created, chiefly from the fact that the measures which Christian VIII. had adopted for settling the position of Iceland in the new constitutional empire of Denmark were immediately after his death faithlessly suspended. Disaffection was at once fanned into a flame by the dispersion, in 1851, of the Constituent Assembly, accompanied by a foolish threat of military interference with a country where it is penal to bear arms, and where the whole population represented the very ideal of loyalty. Especially were the people indignant at the attempt to make a country, which enjoyed special laws, customs, and privileges, into a province of Denmark; and at the proposal to send the customs and indirect taxes direct to the Danish Exchequer, without allowing the Althing to have a voice in the raising of the levies. The principle contended for by the early colonists in America soon showed itself here; namely, that 'taxation and representation go together.'

Reykjavik salutes the traveller with an ancient fishy smell; and it is, as a harbour, difficult of approach, for every vessel from the south or the east has to round a rather extensive peninsula, and to skirt the volcanic rock of Eldey. Still, it is partially sheltered on the landward side, and it has a few islands stretching out to break the surf seaward. Fish predominates there; fish in every stage of salting and drying; fish waiting to be cured; stacks of fish ready for transport; great packages of fish loading the ponies. Fish is indeed a prime  
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necessary of life for the whole people. No true Iclander ever tires of stock fish. Every part, almost, of the animal is useful; even the bones are preserved and dried for fuel.

The capital, with nearly 5,000 inhabitants, boasts of one square, in which stands the statue of Thorwaldsen, whom the Icelanders are proud to claim as one of themselves. In point of fact, he was of Icelandic lineage, but was born in the longitude of the Faroes, his parents being on board a Danish ship bound for Copenhagen at the time of his birth. The font he presented to the cathedral and dedicated to his native land (*terre sibi gentilibæ*, as the inscription on the pedestal runs) is one of the few art treasures of the island. Aristocratic society is represented by the Governor, the Bishop, the Masters of the Latin, Medical, and Ecclesiastical Colleges, the Mayor, the Judges of the High Court, and perhaps by a few of the wealthier visiting merchants, who spend five months of the year in the superintendence of their stores scattered about at various settlements, and then return 1350 miles to Copenhagen. Cut off for months from the outer world, the inhabitants have to be a world to themselves, and in such primitive conditions 'folk-lore' always abounds. Though their half-dozen newspapers supply them with information on European affairs, they are not greatly interested in such topics, and changes of governments or of dynasties are little regarded. What happens in Seydisfiord on the extreme east, or at Akureyri in the north, is of greater moment to them than the government of Ireland, or the passing of our Parish Councils Bill. There are few amusements and no national pastimes; hearty laughter is seldom heard; life is always taken seriously, and to the outsider it seems tame and joyless. Yet poor and hard as are the ordinary conditions of his life, the passionate love of the Iclander for his home cannot be over-estimated. It is this patriotic passion which inspires their national song, wedded to the tune of our 'God save the Queen.' Here is the closing stanza, which we quote from the rendering of Mr. A. J. Symington:—

' Old land of ice,  
Dearly beloved native land,  
Fair maid of the mountains!  
The best luck attend thee  
Ever, we pray,  
As long as shall last  
All the years of the world!'

An atmosphere of singular clearness and purity is secured by the dryness of the summer, and by the winds that sweep the island

island clear of all miasma. Owing to the remarkable rarity of the air, distances are deceptive to a degree not witnessed elsewhere. Not even the Mediterranean itself in early autumn can, in this respect, match the perspective. To the eye a snow-mountain, which by the map is some fifty miles distant, appears within an easy ride of thirty miles. But when two weary, laborious days have passed, and the traveller is but beginning to ascend its spurs, the reality dawns upon him. In the brisk and bracing air, however, the spirits cannot droop, and actual distance is forgotten. As the head of one fiord after another is passed, each opening out a panorama equal in extent to that which is gained by looking northwards from the summit of the Simplon Pass, a feeling of the grandeur of Nature is produced which could hardly elsewhere be obtained.

Björn Gunnlaugson mapped the whole island with as much precision as is attained by our own Ordnance Survey on the larger scale; and, unless there are days and nights of continuous mist or fog, there is less danger of losing the way than there used to be in ascending Ben Nevis before the path from Fort William was completed. If, however, it rains in Iceland, it rains in such torrents that one inch is often recorded in an hour. When the pitiless icy sleet comes down, a rain-gauge is useless, and records are at the best imperfect. The fearful tempests of an Iceland winter root up everything. They rage for days together with a force and fury that makes a storm on the Jungfrau Alps a plaything in comparison. The perennial snowline is lower than in more southern latitudes. In Iceland it may be marked off at 3,000 feet; in the Alps it is 9,000 feet; and among the summits of the Apennines it is 500 feet higher.

To go to Iceland too early in the season is a mistake. Ponies fit to carry are seldom to be had before June, and there is little grass for them to live on before that time. In spring the fishermen, who act as guides, are at sea; the bogs are impassable, and the melting of the snow converts the country into a morass. From July to the middle of September is on the whole the best period for a visit, and July and August are the true summer months. No traveller should fail to take a suit of yellow oilskins and a 'sou-wester'; umbrellas are useless. Christmas too has its charms, even though the Arctic night is at its darkest, and the cold at its sharpest. There is then often a spell of settled weather; the *aurora borealis* is in its fullest splendour; and the indoor employments of the people are in their most vigorous activity. Fishing-nets are repaired, socks and mittens knitted, shoes made; and the spinning-wheel and the

the weaving-loom are never silent. But the closeness and unventilated atmosphere in the houses, the rancid smell from the oil lamps, and the overcrowded rooms, offer serious drawbacks to enjoyment. Were fuel more plentiful, no doubt ventilation would be more encouraged; as it is, conservation of warm air, however heated, is a prime necessary of existence.

This land, poor in all else, has in the auroræ of its long winter nights, a wealth of riches that the gorgeous though short sunsets of the tropics cannot equal. No grander sight for the human eye exists on earth than these streamers, 100 to 150 miles long, pushing towards the magnetic zenith; or, anon, changing into magnificent coronæ with a colouring that no brush can depict, and that the truest artist can but faintly attempt to reproduce. Waves upon waves now cross each other, leaping rapidly to and fro with ever-changing form, or dart singly towards the pole-star, only to sink into a temporary thick darkness, which seems all the darker for the previous blaze of light. Attaining a maximum of development at the time of the winter solstice, this mysterious phenomenon of nature—for science has yet done nothing more than speculate and theorise about it—gives no light of any value to the Icelanders. Its actual illuminating power is not greater than that of a quarter-old moon, and it is invisible when the moon is near the full. It refuses to be caught by the camera; spectrum analysis, so useful a witness-bearer with distant heavenly bodies, is helpless in its presence; and it lasts so short a time, when at its very best, that tracks over the snowy wastes are never travelled by its help. It counts almost as a by-product in the economy of nature, though we have come within measurable distance of truth when we state that it is intimately connected with terrestrial magnetic phenomena. The *aurora australis* of the South never approaches the magnificence of that which is witnessed on the verge of the Arctic Circle. Still further polewards, it may be added, the aurora has a tendency to decrease in brilliancy, at least in many of its individual types. Is there, it has been often asked, any sound associated with the appearance? Popular belief avers that there is an audible noise; but Tromholt's scientific investigations, the fullest, the longest-continued and most searching that have been made, tell us that absolute silence reigns.

As in Switzerland, so in Iceland, the advance in winter and the retrogression in summer of the ends of the glacier fields, the glacier body all the while moving on, are perfectly established facts. A cool summer produces less retrogression, and this is followed by a more severe winter and a greater advance, though  
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the open sea which surrounds the island prevents the intensity of cold from passing beyond a certain point. There is rarely floe-ice of any consequence, as on the Greenland coast opposite. The statement that the land was covered with forest growth as late as the tenth century wants corroboration; but the size of the birch trunks which are found in the bogs is in its favour. No remains of the pine tribe, it is to be observed, have been discovered, and this piece of negative evidence implies that the soil or climate in previous centuries did not materially differ from its present conditions. The Sagas repeatedly refer to the forests, and the outlaws and wild cattle that they harboured; but the woodland areas of which they speak are geographically now covered by bogs. No doubt the vast tracts in the south, that have been covered at different times by volcanic eruptions, to some extent account for the hideous wastes which confront the modern traveller. Grossman says of his last year's journey, that existing evidences prove that Iceland was at one time covered with an ice-cap similar to that which Greenland still possesses; and Mr. Thoroddsen ('Proceedings of the Geogr. Soc. of Berlin') is equally positive that 'during the Glacial Period Iceland was totally covered with an ice-cap of a thickness of about 1000 metres.'

Roads, in our sense of the term, and bridges, are among the great wants of the country. The former are often mere tracks, from which, where there is much traffic, the stones are taken off, never, as with us, laid down. When the track wears so deep that riding becomes impossible, a parallel line is adopted, and thus many 'roads' are found running side by side. The Icelandic travelling-box, which supplants the Gladstone bag and the solid leather portmanteau, is 15 inches high, 10 inches wide, and 22 inches long; it is a necessary institution of the country, two of them being slung across a pony's back. The art of packing is only acquired by experience. Every article must be wedged in so tightly that none can move.

Iceland depends on its ponies. Without its shaggy friends inland communication would be at a standstill. To these Northern dwellers they are the very 'ship of the desert'; they are ubiquitous; they meet one everywhere; there is almost nowhere that they cannot go, and almost nothing that they cannot accomplish. Ladies must however be prepared to adopt native ways; they must either ride man-fashion, or else use the women's special saddle, which is practically a chair with a high back, set sideways on the horse. The English side-saddle is less suitable for Icelandic roads and travel. Madame Pfeiffer, who was not a clever *équestrienne*, tried it with painful results.

'I do not know,' she sadly says, 'how often I sell and cut my hands'; that is, on the jagged points of lava. Those, however, who accept the teaching of experience find these ponies comfortable and easy to ride, whether at a canter or gallop. It is not every horse that can be taught the former gait, and hence a good canterer fetches an exceptional price, and is never exported. As stallions run loose all the year round, there is no choice in breeding; and until this haphazard fashion is altered, there cannot be the improvement of which the race is capable.\*

Good fishing may be had for the asking. Of course near the Canneries, the salmon are strictly preserved; but the rules of the Reykjavik Angling Club are not such as would quite pass muster with the Conservators of the Thames. In other respects sportsmen find little encouragement to visit Iceland, for the Arctic fox is more easily stalked in Alaska than here; and the few herds of reindeer now keep themselves to the least accessible part of the inland plateau, where it is difficult to carry a rifle. The wholesale slaughter of the numerous sea-birds is not sport, while half the creatures that fall to the gun are either too coarse for food, or cannot be recovered when killed.

The centre of Iceland is chiefly occupied by a plateau, averaging 2,000 feet above the sea-level, broken in places by the Jokulls, that send their spurs down into it, and by the broad and rapid rivers that are met in the most unexpected places. Here and there rise low hills, holding between them valleys that at least are grassy during the brief summer. In such spots are set down lonely homes, separated by vast distances from their nearest neighbours; most of the accessible part of the farm consisting of bog and marsh, where the abundant cotton-grass only makes the monotony more profound. The same description applies to many of the farms situated forty or fifty miles up the fiords, with this advantage in their favour, that the water forms a more convenient mode of external communication, and they are also nearer the fishing-grounds.

But even this great central plateau, corresponding in its way to the Bog of Allen, could be made more accessible were the Danish or the Local Government equal to the task of forming a few arterial lines of road, and spanning the rivers with bridges. The latter task is not such a difficult undertaking, for the Olfusa Suspension Bridge, lately put up by English engineers, shows what can be done even in the excep-

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\* The prevailing colours are black, grey, or chestnut; they run from 10 to 13 hands in height; those sent to this country are generally five years old, and they realize 6*l.* or upwards at port of arrival.

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tionally short summer that allows work to proceed. A couple of spans, 252 and 126 feet respectively, with a roadway of  $9\frac{1}{2}$  feet, now ensures a safe crossing, where formerly it was but a hard pony-swim at the best of times. The planting of birch, willow, or mountain ash for protection, must be left till a later day. It is possible that no plantation would survive, for the hurricanes sweep off everything from the poor foothold that is obtainable. The climate cannot be altered, but the drainage of bogs and morasses, with the excellent fall which can generally be obtained at no great distance, is wholly within reach. Nature will do the rest; better grasses would in a short time take the place of sedges and morass-growth that are displaced. And, with more hay, the Iceland farmer would be a prince indeed. The lakes are numerous, but, with one or two exceptions, small; they are commonly surrounded with a marshy expanse, resembling in general features the alluvial tract where the Rhone enters Lake Geneva. These stretches of land would produce excellent crops of grass, if even the slightest efforts were made at cutting open ditches, and mowing down the ranker vegetation for a year or two. At present many of them are practically unapproachable during the summer months, owing to the infinite swarms of gnats and midges which abound, and which make even a temporary halt disagreeable in the extreme. Although unable to boast of the possession of ferocious mosquitoes, yet Iceland possesses in these countless and bloodthirsty legions a very fair equivalent to the insect troubles of the tropics. Wherever there are bog and morass, they swarm to a certainty; and smoking and similar devices seem only to aggravate the trouble. The average Icelander, inured to the woe since childhood, makes little account of it; but the finer-skinned Englishman, or, worse still, Englishwoman, speedily becomes disfigured by the poisoned arrows of the enemy, and often suffers seriously.

For the fauna, the botany, and the geology of the island, by far the best work is that of Professor Paijkull of Upsala, who spent 'A Summer in Iceland' some thirty years since, and whose work, translated by the Rev. M. R. Barnard, B.A., ought to be consulted by everyone desiring acquaintance with these subjects. He has, in fact, left little for other observers to note. Plovers, teal, snipe, ptarmigan, the snow owl, snow bunting, curlews, and wading birds are comparatively abundant; geese, wild swans, and occasionally an eagle may be seen. Our common crow cannot stand the conditions of life imposed, but his place is fairly filled by the raven, to whom everything comes handy. Young lambs, eider-duck eggs, or any other



other tasty morsels are just as acceptable as the refuse and garbage that he does so much to put out of the way. Hence the raven is tolerated for the good he does; he is the chief sanitary official of the island. Flocks of tern and some of the family of gulls make their spring breeding haunts on the most desolate wastes imaginable, where they are seldom disturbed by the foot of man or by any of their natural enemies. On the terrible cliffs of the coast, the families of birdcatchers (and this dangerous work is kept very much in families) realize large sums of money at what seems the hazard of their lives. Safety as well as reward depend on the strength and quality of the ropes in use, and on the nerve and readiness displayed.

A birchwood undergrowth which averages six feet in height, is crossed at the head of some of the fiords near Akureyri. This town, the northern capital, boasts great antiquity, though it consists of but a single row of houses; and it bears the palm over every other part, seeing that it possesses a few mountain-ash trees, that attain the respectable height of 20 to 30 feet. There were formerly more of these trees than now—some severe seasons having told on them—but they are jealously cared for, as among the sights of the island. They were planted and nourished by one of the traders of the place, whose name is held in grateful remembrance; and it must be noted that the fiord at the inner extremity of which Akureyri nestles, is of greater absolute length than any other inlet. It is circuitous also, and is protected on either side by ranges of hills varying from 2,000 to 3,000 feet in height. Still the sea-blasts rage with such violence near the coasts, that it would be impossible for trees, if planted, to take root without protection, and it is only on the holms of a few sheltered fiords that this can be obtained. Even in the renowned 'Forest,' which is crossed on the three days' ride to the Geysers, the willows are but a foot or two in height; and the birch-trees, monarchs of all, little taller than a walking-stick at their best, can be readily pulled up, roots and all, and carried in the mouth by the hardy steed that munches them as he goes along. Several varieties of the *salix* are met with, but only in dwarfed specimens that are hardly worth recognition. The native flora is limited, though it includes a wild strawberry that never fruits, blue violets that are scentless, and some ferns that hold their own bravely in the fight with adverse conditions.

The Iceland moss of commerce (*Cetraria islandica*) is collected but to a limited extent, and that more by way of a holiday employment for the women and children. It is seldom eaten by the people save when hunger pinches hard; although, being richly amylaceous  
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in character, it is not devoid of wholesome nutriment. Amsterdam claims the chief part of it, where the Dutch value it as a cheap and safe adulterant for the less costly qualities of cocoa. The low moorlands of the North-West peninsula produce it abundantly; when dried, it is preferred boiled in milk and used as a soup. It is a soft, glutinous dish—useful for bronchial sufferers—but has rather a sickly flavour to stomachs used to stronger viands.

The mountain summits of Iceland do not attain the height of even a respectable pass in the Alps—seldom rising beyond an altitude of 4,000 feet. But, springing, as many of them do, from the very sea-level, they are more imposing in character than many mountains of greater elevation. Hecla runs to 4,961 feet high, and Oroefa-Jokull, the highest summit in the island, reaches 6,241 feet. Not only is Iceland a volcanic land, but at sea also eruptions take place. Many of these are recorded, and there is no difficulty in assigning the origin of the Westmann Islands to this agency. The volcanic activity of Iceland is unparalleled elsewhere. More than twenty of its Jokulls have given evidence of vitality since the first colonists arrived, and some of them on a scale of destructive ejection more than equal to Krakatoa. The eruptions are, indeed, paroxysmal, but all the more dangerous from their uncertainty.

Askja is the most dreaded, because the most active and the largest of the living volcanoes. Men of science were puzzled in 1875 to explain the source of the vast drift of meteoric dust that fell in Norway, the Faroe Isles, and even down as far as Shetland. Hecla was, of course, the supposed source of supply. But at that time Hecla was quiet; and it has never given such a spread of ashes as was then recorded. Inaccessible to the last degree—for it lies in the wild-rifted ranges equidistant from the east, northern, and southern coast-lines—few travellers have looked into the frightful crater of Askja, six miles in diameter; and yet there is no part of Iceland more worth a visit, for it affords no ordinary object lesson in the forces that affect the crust of the earth. But these rough basalt and dolomite lavas, outpoured, upheaved in such terrific fashion, forbid any but the most robust from penetrating their secrets. Even the ponies refuse at last to accompany the curious traveller.

Previous to the historic outbreak of Skaptar Jokull, over a century ago, Iceland contained many more inhabitants and domestic animals. Some records say that 200,000 sheep, 30,000 ponies, and 10,000 cattle perished in the deluges of scalding water, ashes, and lava that issued from its crater for more than half a year consecutively. Of lava alone, Bischoff's  
measurements

measurements show that more material was ejected than would equal the whole mass of Mont Blanc from the summit to the sea-level. Mephitic vapours clouded the land and were carried hundreds of miles out to sea; fine dust was sent up in volumes to the higher regions of the atmosphere, giving all over the northern hemisphere the same blood-red sunsets that followed the great eruption of Krakatoa. Franklin, with his keen observation, speculated on the unusual phenomena, and the superstitious foresaw the wars that soon followed, which gave New England her freedom on one side the Atlantic, and deluged France with the blood of the Revolution on the other. This outburst of Nature must be credited with a total destruction of one-sixth of the inhabitants, and of half the total live-stock of the island, for malaria in various forms attacked human beings; and murrain the lower animals—both following immediately in the wake of the eruption. A surprising amount of accurate notes on the phenomena, and the various dates and events associated with the details of the greater outpourings of lava, are recorded by the natives. Pliny the Younger could not have noted things more carefully. When Hudson was making his last voyage to the North-West, where he discovered the great bay that bears his name, his men viewed as a dire portent that ‘Hecla vomited forth torrents of fire down its snowy sides, while sulphurous smoke ascended to the skies.’ This entry was made on the 11th of May, 1610; and it so happens that, while the Englishmen were skirting the coast, an Iceland clergyman not far off was noting every phenomenon as it occurred. Earthquakes, thunders, explosions, floods, aerial distribution of pumice and scoria, are all recorded with an accuracy that leaves nothing to be desired. This makes the work of the geologist easy, as he endeavours to trace the distribution and the successive stages of the lava flood. Paijkull, in particular, has interpreted present facts in the light of past history, to an unwonted extent. He traces *in situ* the course of an eruption, the development of its destructive powers, and the relations of the older and newer lavas with unflinching clearness and precision. Sometimes a river has been changed in its very course by these forces of nature.

Although Hecla is one of the most important of European volcanoes, so far as activity and ejected matter goes, it is not, as we have seen, by any means the king of Icelandic volcanoes, nor has its action done a tenth of the injury to the country that the eruption-system of Vatna-Jokull (which is simply a vast inland glacier, through which volcanoes burst forth) and other less active volcanoes have done. It is almost as difficult to climb as the upper part of Etna itself; the lava being particularly rough and

and the loose scorïæ abundant. It lacks, also, the graceful form and the perennial interest of Vesuvius; but, when it does break forth, it makes itself heard at a greater distance than any other known volcano, while its scorïæ have been carried by the winds as far as Norway and the Orkneys, at thirty miles an hour. Thunder precedes and always accompanies every volcanic eruption, so that some warning is given. The mud volcanoes, and the boiling springs, of which latter the Geyser group are best known, form a feature of no small interest. The Jokulls and their ice-fields occupy at least a quarter of the country, and this area may be put down as wholly unimprovable. The streams issuing from the ice-fields are coldness itself, and possess the same chalky appearance as do the waters that issue from the glaciers in Switzerland. That is, they are full of disintegrated rock, in suspension; and this is carried seaward at a rate which must ultimately tell on the average elevation of the land.

A line drawn from Hecla to the capital (and embracing the region southwards to the coast) covers the most fertile and prosperous part of the island. Its chief settlement, Eyrarbakki, would be a splendid centre for local deep-sea fishing, if the boats in landing were at all protected from the surf which at times beats along this coast with fearful violence. Holding at most only two or three vessels—which must run in at flood-tide—it has proved a death-trap to many a mariner, and even a Danish mail-boat has come to its end here. Whence comes the comparatively even and clean-shaved curve of the south and south-east coasts, as compared with the gnarled east and north, and the deep fiords of the north-west peninsula? The cause is not far to seek; the 'Law of the Eastward Drift' is as noticeable here as on the coasts of Sussex and Kent. Those vast accumulations of shingle, that prevent a ship taking refuge at Eyrarbakki, are but the products (rolled and water-worn as they are) of what the action of wind and tide have wrested from the mainland, and then flung back again to form a defence against further encroachments. For the Atlantic flood-tide, when driven by the fierce gales of winter, has no compensating return volume of water to balance it; the return stream of the Arctic shuns the conflict, and rushes violently back by the north coast, in the channel lying between Greenland and Iceland. The great stretch of the Rangar Sands lying south of Hecla is but an equivalent to our Goodwins, off Sandwich, where an eddy has been produced by the current striking the Westmann Islands, and the tide has consequently to break its pace. The swift flood still lifts a portion even of the

the sea-bed itself, which adds, though slowly, to the 'Chesil Beach' of Iceland. The rest of the great curve is safe enough, for the Jokulls almost send their very roots down into the sea itself, and the conflict between the lashing wave of the storm and the tidal current is fairly balanced by the basalt rock, which just manages to hold its own.

The houses throughout the island are chiefly of wood or of turf, without, in the former case, any taste either in construction or colouring—points in which the Norwegians set them so good an example. One of the great wants of the island is a supply of lime for building; houses of vastly increased comfort and better fitting doors could then be secured. The art of the locksmith is not much in demand; for a locked door is scarcely to be met with, and the loss of valuables is never heard of. Where built, as in the Faroes, of earth and stone in layers, the houses have a turf-green roof, which renders them all but indistinguishable at a distance. The rarity and cost of timber, and the difficulty of transport from the coast, almost prohibit the introduction of baulks or scantlings of any size. The gables, however, of houses of any pretension are often timbered; and as they invariably stand outwards, the approach is, as it were, to the end of the house. Neither roof nor walls are at all damp-proof. Few of the rooms are constructed with a fireplace; and in fact the winter is less intensely cold than the latitude might lead one to infer, for the nearly spent Gulf Stream washes most of the coasts. The farmhouses have a low entrance door, embedded in walls of turf two to four feet thick, with embrasures cut in them for windows. The internal construction is admirably adapted for the exclusion of light; the flooring is damp and bad; while the odour of dried fish, half-cured mutton, condensed smoke, and a great absence of spring cleaning renders a tent (if one can be carried) a great comfort to travellers. The fires of white peat, that never go absolutely out, in the kitchen, give little heat, and a good many changes of garments (and plenty of waterproofs) should be taken, as the drying of wet things is always a difficulty.

To taste coffee in perfection, it is necessary to visit Iceland, though the excellent cream is an element in the quality that is not to be despised. Still, Icelanders are assuredly *the* coffee-drinkers of Europe. The more thoughtful among them say that their land would be tenfold better off if not only less spirits and beer, but also less coffee, were supplied in exchange for the harmless smoked lamb, tinned salmon, and other edibles that they send to Europe. Tallow, train oil, sheep's wool, and cod-fish are ill-paid for in cheap Hamburg brandy, Scotch whisky,

whisky, and German beer. Snuff-taking and tobacco-chewing are universal; smoking is less general.

The smoked mutton, which is served at every meal, is often a very passable dish. Bread is less used than in almost any other country; if supplied, it is unattractive, badly prepared, and not at all equal in quality to that which is bought in open market at Gothenburg. The want is the more felt, as there is nothing else to compensate for the absence of fresh vegetables. The poorer people have preserved fish—cod or ling, split and hand-dried, never cooked, but sledge-hammered and pounded, and then the filaments torn apart—plentifully smeared with sour butter; but it requires good teeth and great skill to extract the nutriment out of them. Like all Northern dwellers, the natives consume a great amount of fat, though not to the same extent, nor in the same gross manner as many others. Curds made from cows' and ewes' milk is a dish that is much in demand. Rye-cake, cooked over charcoal, is eatable when hot and crisp, but soon becomes damp and indigestible.

A few potatoes, carrots, cabbages, and common vegetables are grown, with more than an equivalent of labour and cost; the total area (including gardens) under spade or arable culture, in nearly 40,000 square miles, does not amount to more than 200 acres. Hay forms the important summer crop, the small fields being mown with a short, stumpy scythe; and the 'making,' under the protective methods demanded by the climate, proceeds for not less than two months (Sundays often included) before the crop is saved. The variety of species in an Iceland meadow is limited, and cannot compare with what is produced under somewhat similar conditions in the Alps. Nor is the fine odoriferous result obtained which a richer vegetation affords.

Limited as Iceland is in respect to its fuel supply, the people have not yet utilized what Steenstrup has shown them to have ready to hand, in the shape of a rather poor kind of bastard coal known as 'Surturbrand.' It gives little heat, it is true, as compared with steam coal, being composed chiefly of the carbonised stems of trees, pressed flat by the mass of tufa. It is the product of a vegetation very different to that which now prevails, and includes pines, oak, elm, plane, vine, walnut, and smaller plants. These must have existed in geologic epochs of the distant past, and under conditions of a semi-tropical character. But this deposit is generally found only on the most inaccessible parts of the mountains, perhaps most abundantly in the north-west, and is very limited in extent.

It

It is embedded in rocks which cannot be profitably blasted for the acquisition of the carbonised lignite. The great want, in fact, next to a succession of genial seasons is a better supply of fuel; for the turf that is used compares unfavourably with Irish or Scottish peat. Dried cow-dung (as with the Bedouins and their camels), or dried sea-fowl of the uneatable sorts, can do little to compensate for the comforts of an American wood-stove, or an English open fire-grate. Even fish-bones and similar rubbish have to be carefully treasured for burning. Perhaps they are better off in the Westmann Islands, which lie on the coast, due south of Hecla, where the bodies of the petrel and of the sea-parrot are dried and used as fuel; the breast of the latter bird being alone used as food. The fuel subject is indeed a 'burning' one. But we cannot help thinking that in her illimitable water-power (not to speak of wind-power) Iceland possesses stores of light and heat, that the electrical key of an Edison could unlock. No doubt the scarcity of winter-heating material accounts for the terrible overcrowding that occurs, and the consequent mortality among children and stationary if not retrograde rate of population.

The work of fleecing the wool from the sheep (instead of clipping) is an operation performed with great dexterity, and without any of the cruelty which might be supposed to accompany it. The wool is allowed to remain on till it becomes so loose as to be readily stripped; but with badly conditioned or ill-thriving stock the trouble is much greater—it only comes off in places, and the animal has to be caught again and again, as the remaining patches become fit for removal. It is best to keep at a safe distance from the wool gathering (which is chiefly done by women) and from the wool stores generally; for the Icelanders have no notion of applying tobacco-juice or other washes to the poor creatures, which carry a load of insect life on their backs. Neither is there any preliminary operation of sheep-washing before the wool is removed. At least 60,000 sheep are exported annually (a considerable proportion coming to our shores), and there appears to be no decrease in the perennial supply. In an important case before the Scotch courts, a merchant of Reykjavik pursues a Glasgow live-stock agent for 4,000*l.*, for loss on a cargo of sheep sent south last autumn. He chartered a steamer at Hamburg for the voyage, and the agent was to sell to the best advantage, at a commission of 1*s.* 7*d.* per head, which was to include customs and landing dues. Before they left Reykjavik, however, the agent discovered that they would not be allowed, under existing restrictions, to land at Glasgow, and advised that the destination be changed to Leith.

**Leith.** The same regulations against landing live sheep were in force at the latter port; the vessel encountered bad weather, and many of the sheep died. The rest had to be killed on board, and landed as carcase mutton, the whole proceeds only coming to three or four hundred pounds. Judgment has not yet been given, though the record is closed, and it is likely, under any circumstances, that Icelandic dealers will be careful in future to ascertain that a landing is possible before their consignments are made. Winter deals hardly with the woolly creatures, who instinctively flee to the huts or caves that are provided for them, where they are fed, on rather a starvation scale, with the hay saved in summer. Each man has his own brand for the flocks that mingle promiscuously on what may be called the common grazings; and unmarked animals are usually given, by an unwritten law, to the widows of the district.

Winter finds the farmhouse loom busily at work—click-clack-click! and the antique spinning-wheel is also in vigorous motion. The coarse tweed which the farmer produces from his loom is called *Wadmah*; it has a vast amount of wear in it; but it has, unfortunately, the bad quality of being hard to dry when soaked, and on a December morning it is not agreeable to draw on a garment which is as stiff as board, even though the heat of the body speedily renders it limp and pliant again. At the Danish Exhibition at South Kensington, a few years since, there was a stand with good samples of this cloth, both in the web and as manufactured fabrics. Of course the wool has a more hairy texture than our Cheviot goods produced at Galashiels or Hawick. Better wool would no doubt be produced, if better keep were available for the sheep in winter; as it is, it seems to consist of one-third hair to two-thirds wool. The same cloth is worn by the priests, the members of the Althing, the merchant, and the labourer; but feminine taste claims a wider scope, and the latest fashions from Copenhagen or from Regent Street are eagerly demanded. Living as the natives do in many cases almost on the verge of the possibilities of human existence, it were hard to grudge them the fancies of the dwellers in more favourable climes.

It is pleasant to know that the eider-down collectors had a successful season last year. As this product is necessarily collected in exceedingly small quantities, rigid rules exist against unlimited killing of the goose that lays the golden egg. No nest is allowed to be rifled of its eggs and down (the latter being plucked off by the duck from her own breast) more than twice in a season, and the quantity obtained at each bird-nesting does not exceed from two to three ounces in all. The  
down



down is worth from twelve to fifteen shillings a pound at Reykjavik, and three or four pounds are required to fill a suitable coverlet (ladies will note, not quilted), so that the profits of the industry are considerable. The laws relating to the eider duck are most stringently carried out, and the scientific sportsman who shoots one of them out of season, even for the sake of a museum specimen, is inevitably fined. At low tide the duck leaves her nest, having first carefully covered her eggs with down, to grub for the shellfish that are then found in abundance. The eider duck usually lays from four to six eggs at the first sitting, and when these (with the down) are taken away, she lays three or four more, and plucks fresh down from her breast. When these are in turn removed, she may lay about three eggs more; but this time her mate has to supply the down that forms so splendid a non-conductor as to keep the contents of the nest at an even temperature when the female goes a-hunting for herself. The industry of cleansing the eider-down and fitting it for market is managed by the wife at home, and she is well pleased when a full price is commanded. Mr. C. W. Shepperd, M.A., F.Z.S., who explored parts of the North-West peninsula in 1867, and who devoted much attention to ornithology, tells us of colonies of ducks that are more than half domesticated, and are treated with almost as much familiarity as the cottagers of the Vale of Aylesbury show to their famous ducks at home.

On the banks some twenty miles off the south-west coast, the basking shark (*Selache maxima*), often running to twenty feet in length, swarms in great abundance, and its capture is not unattended with danger, while it is a source of interest and excitement, especially to the younger class of fishermen. Nor does shark-oil, horridly smelling stuff as it is, form an unimportant article of commerce; when highly rectified, it even takes the place of cod-liver oil, and is quite its equal in therapeutical value. The voracity of this creature is unbounded; in the stomach of one was found a reindeer, no doubt washed down by one of the rivers, eight codfish, four haddocks, and several pieces of whale blubber—surely enough to have satisfied him without gorging at the eight or ten pounds of horseflesh with which the 12-inch hook was baited. This food is the favourite shark-bait, and an old pony frequently gets a knock on the head before the fishermen leave for the fishing-ground. Most parts of the shark are useful: its hide as shoes and shagreen; its liver as oil; and its dried fins as a marketable delicacy. In fishing for the Greenland whale, which unfortunately is being sent nearer the Pole year by year through the

the agency of the Dundee and Hull steam whalers, the Icelander has got as far as the use of the deadly harpoon gun, but this implement only helps him the sooner to send them from his fishing-ground. Sharks, on the other hand, give more sport, and seem to hold their own in a reproductive aspect; the vast shoals of codfish, among which they do such destruction, form a happy hunting-ground, only to be matched by the track of the cattle-boats across the Atlantic in bad weather, when scores of carcasses have been shot overboard.

The Governor-General, who receives the modest stipend of 600*l.* a year, is appointed by the King of Denmark; his house, built of stone and of extreme plainness, is the largest on the island. The Althing sits every second year for six weeks; the members receiving a small payment, and their travelling expenses. The Upper House consists of twelve members, half elected by the Althing, and the remainder nominated by the king; while the Lower (thirty-six members), which has the controlling power, is elected by what is equivalent to universal suffrage. Wealthy men, in our sense of the word—that is, relatively much richer than their neighbours—do not exist; yet the influence of a well-to-do farmer counts for something, though he enjoys no great amount of political power or patronage. The men take a healthy interest in the management of national affairs, and evidently recognize that they have the heritage of fully ten centuries of history to sustain. Although a Danish war vessel always patrols the coast in summer, no attempt at arbitrary measures would be tolerated for a moment.

It might be supposed that Christian IX. had experienced enough trouble in the early part of his reign to know that his Icelanders are in the end so certain of having their own way in all matters of Home Rule as to make him hesitate to cross their path again. But the latest intelligence reports that the King, who in person submitted to the confirmation of a comparatively free Constitution at Thingvellir in 1874, is setting his back stiffly against the amendments to the Constitution which are now demanded. He says that he will concede nothing to the Althing in this direction. But the will of the Islanders must necessarily prevail. Coercion is out of the question. Denmark, with her army of 14,000 soldiers and reserve forces, could do no more than annoy the people, and prepare the way for early and complete separation. One thing is certain, the Icelanders, while offering loyal allegiance to the King, totally disown any subordination to the Danish Rigsdag; and in this view they are supported by Danish lawyers of high standing.

standing! Jón Sigurdsson, the most enlightened and patriotic Icelander of the century—an O'Connell, a Butt, a Parnell, a critic, a historian and man of letters in one—urged on reforms, both at Copenhagen and in the Island, and lived to see them partially embodied in the constitutional Charter of 1874. That Charter, modest as it is, the Icelanders now claim to be quite unworkable. The King will only yield, and that ungraciously, to a force which lost him his Duchies; a force which bids fair, in a future close at hand, to give that severance and autonomy which are not even asked for at present.

The Sýslumenn, or judges of first instance, are twenty in number, appointed by the State, and command a salary equivalent to 200*l.* of our money. Their number and the amount of their stipends are certainly more than the country ought to bear, or has any need for. Over the Sýslumenn stand the two Amtmenn, who share the sub-governorships of the country, and whose infinitesimal duties the Althing considers vastly overpaid. In fact Government has a representative of one kind or other at each of the twenty daylight ports of call (for there is but one lighthouse in Iceland), which are entered on the placards of the Danish mail-boats. The civil officers (active or retired) amount to one in a hundred and twenty of the inhabitants; and another feature, demanding the serious attention of the King and his advisers, is the large proportion of paupers, who number one in thirty of the population. Crime is limited, for a recent census showed less than half-a-dozen persons under detention for the whole country; and half of these were foreigners.

One bishop and 144 clergy of the Lutheran Protestant Church attend to the spiritual wants of the community. Dissent is practically unknown. Christian III. of Denmark displaced the Roman Catholic religion, in high-handed fashion, about the middle of the sixteenth century. A strange sight it is to see a church in one of the more exposed places chained down to prevent its being carried off by the gales and hurricanes of winter; still stranger to see the interiors of these edifices so often dedicated to the week-day purposes of a storehouse for the little community around it. An improved taste is certain to make itself felt at no distant date. It is but a limited income that any of the clergy enjoy, though there are always candidates waiting preferment, when a vacancy occurs. Hence the priest differs little in appearance from the common farmer, whose labours he shares; but in the priests' houses, especially in those that are situated on the routes frequented by travellers, may often be found evidences of refinement and literature that are

are singularly at variance with the outer surroundings. A general reputation for blamelessness of life distinguishes the clergy, and the learning of many of them is beyond dispute. To them the country is indebted, in large measure, for the preservation of its language and literature. They are mostly good Latin scholars, and it is possible to converse in that tongue (with the older pronunciation) when other means fail in the more isolated parts of the country. There are nearly two hundred parishes in the island, so that no district can be regarded as outside the attention of the national clergy, even when the distances are most considerable. As the children are taught at home, the State requires the clergyman to do the work of examination, and to see that a certain standard of proficiency is attained, else confirmation would be refused.

The bibliography of Iceland is extremely rich; at least a thousand books, according to Lidderdale, had issued from the Icelandic press between the introduction of printing in 1530 and 1844, when the Government press was finally domiciled at Reykjavik. In the Supplementary Lists of the British Museum some 4,000 titles appear; but the vast collection at the Royal Library, Copenhagen, is inadequately represented on the Bloomsbury shelves. The works include Sagas, Eddas, Law, Theology, Poetry, Romances, Dictionaries, Runic literature, Biographies, Annals, Natural History, and Travels, throwing light on the topography, indigenous products, letters and language of the people. Iceland, like Scotland, has a literature of its own, of which it is justly proud; and buried in its Sagas, some of which have only been fairly understood in the last quarter of a century, are many portions, otherwise missing, of a historical narrative. The introduction of the Reformation, which transformed the literature of Europe, did not produce the same stimulating effect on letters here. It is rare to find illiterate Icelanders, or men who make their 'marks' instead of signatures, for all possess some education. The favourite studies are history, geography, sagas and myths, legends and tradition; for the natives are still a wondering race, and find in their imagination a refuge from their harsh surroundings.

The chief of all Icelandic Sagas is 'The Story of Burnt Nial' (translated by Dasent, 1861),—a work which many critics claim as one of the great books of the world. 'The Story of Gísli, the Outlaw,' ranks lower, though it is one of the best minor Sagas, and has been happily placed within our reach by the same industrious translator. Mr. William Morris and Mr. Magnusson at Cambridge are now engaged in embodying the  
best.

best of Icelandic literature in their 'Saga Library,' of which the fourth volume will soon be issued.

The older or poetic Edda contains songs only, falling into two groups, mythic and heroic, most of them dating from pre-Christian times. The younger or prose Edda is the work of the famous statesman-poet and historian of Iceland, Snori Sturluson (1178-1241), and falls into three parts, which the learned have delighted to follow out in detail. The Clarendon Press rendered good service by the publication of Cleasby's 'Icelandic-English Dictionary,' in 1869—enlarged and completed, as a labour of love, by Vigfusson.

As there is no bank\* in Iceland, the traveller has to pay as he goes in Danish currency. He therefore often finds it difficult to procure ready money. If the leading men realized the wealth that would be brought into the country by an increased number of tourists, they would provide suitable financial arrangements for cashing letters of credit at several of the more important trading stations; fix a regular tariff for guides; and regulate the charges at given stopping places. Many would then undertake a journey from which they now recoil. Exports of wool, 1,300,000 lbs.; fish, 6,000,000 lbs.; eider-down, 7,000 lbs.; feathers, 15,000 lbs.; with horses, sheep, and a few cattle, do wonders for the country. The chief imports are cereals, sugar, coffee (450,000 lbs.), chicory (200,000 lbs.), coal (5,000 tons), and salt (46,000 barrels). Most of the trade is done with Great Britain, which is one of the chief causes of irritation at Copenhagen. The highly-valued Iceland spar is found on the East Coast, in limited quantity. It is simply the purest and most limpid variety of calcareous spar, and is praised for the extreme beauty of its optical effects. When any object is placed on the back of one of the faces of this rhomboid crystal, and is looked at from the opposite face, it is always seen double. The sulphur springs with which Mr. Hall Caine has made us so painfully acquainted, do not now produce any of the mineral worth counting on. It is a mistake to suppose that this substance can be developed as an important article of commerce, for the greater abundance of material, and the far higher facilities of transport, give Sicily

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\* The 'Land Bank,' established by the Government in 1886, has nothing in common with ordinary European banking; it is merely a money-lender of the worst kind, exacting enormous (though cleverly concealed) interest, and its notes are not convertible into gold in the island. Through indiscriminate loans in bad years, it holds immense tracts of farms in mortgage. By firmly twisting the screw, it depletes the nation of metallic currency, which all goes into the market of Copenhagen, and drives the inhabitants by thousands to the American Continent.

a lead which she is likely to maintain in the markets of Europe.

As in the Channel Islands, those who are able to save store up money at home; but they find no strong rooms for their hoards and few opportunities for making investments. A Government guarantee would doubtless bring a lot of Danish crowns out of the old stockings and place them in the way of useful service. The system of long credits and of barter puts the farmer at the mercy of the trader, both as to the price and the quality of the goods obtained. The merchant buys, at his own price, whatever the farmer has to sell, and in return gives him the necessaries of life from the outer world, at his own price also; coffee, sugar, sacks of corn, bar-iron, dried fish, and pieces of timber going to make up the load of the packhorses returning from the settlement. In the bad days when all import and export trade was confined to the tender mercies of the Danish Company, the people lost heart, for their best efforts could never succeed in doing more than make both ends meet. At a still later date (1850), under a semblance of freer trading, the ships of other nationalities might visit Reykjavik, but a 'sea-pass' was required from them, which cost not less than 2s. 3d. per ton on the registered measurement. This was prohibitory enough for all purposes, and it succeeded in so enhancing the prices of imported necessaries that the natives could command but little in the way of exchange. No change in the law of 1850 has taken place, except the abolition of the sea-pass, which has been merged into customs' duties. But previous influences have not yet worn off, and a down-trodden people has not yet attained to the due proportions of an elastic and vigorous manhood. A nation is not born in a day.

Dried codfish, haddock, ling, and shark oil are among the chief exports from the harvest of the sea; half a million pounds of salted mutton is consumed chiefly in North Germany; while two million pounds of wool is taken by the manufacturers in other lands. It was indeed a drag, enough to crush hope and effort, when the Danes prohibited Iceland from direct trading with the rest of the world. Everything had to come through the mercantile company at Copenhagen; and even the fish that then still more abounded on the coasts could only reach France and other Catholic (fish-consuming) countries through this circuitous and costly medium. This enhanced the cost so greatly that the French fishermen, as we have seen, encouraged by their Government, equipped a fleet which year by year visits their shores. Even when a relaxation of commercial restrictions was made, the preference was given to Danish vessels; all others

must first have called at a Danish port. The monopoly worked as badly as monopolies ever do. Besides, in 1807, when Denmark joined against England, she was afraid to put a ship on the Iceland seas, as our privateers were sweeping the Northern ocean with a stiff broom; but England permitted the Danes to do a limited amount of trade, so that the islanders might not be deprived of all supplies from the outside world. This partial suspension of her blockade in favour of Iceland inspired the people with an affection for this country, which is stronger now than at any previous period.

And now, if Danish statesmanship (asserted to be in this case under Russian inspiration) is successful in expatriating many more of the islanders from their loved home, and the exodus for the year has again begun, Manitoba stands with open arms to welcome them. Those who have gone out West have done well to a man, in spite of the greater extremes of temperature which they have to endure. But we hope that brighter days may dawn even at home for the 60,000 people who remain, for the Icelanders have a typical character that ought not to be allowed to die out. They afford us an example of quiet perseverance under unfavourable conditions, and of the adaptation of men to their surroundings (while rising above these surroundings), which are virtues of no mean order. Compared with Greenland, Iceland possesses many climatological and other natural advantages. Yet it is doubtful whether other Scandinavians, under the same parallel of latitude, will subscribe to the native proverb that 'Iceland is the best land the sun shines on.' If to be contented with one's lot is a Christian virtue, the Icelander ranks high in the calendar of saints. He never grumbles at the inevitable, but stolidly, if not very actively, plods along, thinking much and deeply as he goes, and ever showing towards visitors from without a generous and kindly hospitality, which is often considered well repaid by the news brought, or by some addition to the library of the farmhouse. 'You will like this island, I am sure,' says Mr. Baring-Gould's priest, Swerker, who had come from the Cathedral at Skalholt to see a new Norwegian settler; 'for it is a delightful spot—just perfection, I should call it. There is a song we sing about it; it runs thus:—

'The land is fair and free,  
The sun doth brightly shine,  
The skies are blue, and see  
The Silvery Mountains' line!  
The sparkling waters are better than wine,  
On no fairer land doth the sun ever shine!''

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ART.

ART. IV.—*The Life of Edward Bouverie Pusey.* By Henry Parry Liddon, D.D. Edited and prepared for publication by the Rev. J. O. Johnston, M.A., and the Rev. Robert J. Wilson, M.A. Vols. I. and II. London, 1893.

THE appearance of Pusey's Life has more than a personal interest. It is evidently designed to be more than the biography of a devout and self-denying man whose teaching was valued and whose name was revered in Oxford: it is meant to be the story of a movement which influenced deeply English life and thought. Biographies justify themselves in one of three ways: either by their intrinsic interest; or by the dignity of the personage whose tale is told; or else by the public importance of the events with which the subject of the biography was associated. Tried by these three tests, the Life of Pusey, so far as it has been given to us, is abundantly justified. There is sufficient intrinsic interest in the volumes before us; they tell the story of a man whose personal character and influence are worthy of study, and whose name, perhaps more frequently than any other name, was identified with a very remarkable religious movement of modern times.

This movement has been variously described. It has been called the Oxford Movement, because it had its cradle in that renowned seat of learning. It has been called the Tractarian Movement, because of the ninety Tracts in which the early promoters set forth their views. It has been called the Catholic Revival, which term may be taken to mean either that a strong insistence on Catholic usage and Catholic authority distinguished its teaching, or, as in Mr. Ward's book, that the movement had a drift in the direction of that form of Catholicism which we usually and correctly describe as Roman Catholicism. It is the feeling that this latter was the case which leads Mr. Froude to describe it as the 'Counter Reformation.' Descriptions and labels of this kind generally hit off some special characteristic. They are useful in calling attention to some specific feature of a movement; but they are misleading when treated as complete and accurate descriptions of it. When therefore the movement was designated, as it was, the Puseyite Movement, no one will accept this as a full description, but every one will recognize that such an epithet expresses the popular view of the influence which Pusey exerted upon it.

The estimate of Pusey himself, of his influence over this movement, and of its value for good and evil, is even at the present day a matter of great difficulty. There is much that we need to know before an estimate of events and men can be



wise and just. To speak nothing but good of those who have passed within the shadows, to remember what deep truth lies in the saying that to know all is to forgive all, becomes the duty of any one who speaks of the great actors in past affairs. But it is a difficult duty. Our personal bias counts for something in an estimate. None of us look at events or people with achromatic glasses. The dry light of reason may belong to the natural philosopher when he is dealing with things dead and ponderable; but when we study events in which principles of life and faith are involved, we are as those who see through a humid atmosphere, the condition of which increases refraction, even if it does not distort our vision.

It was hard for the biographers of Pusey to write with cold impartiality. We know with what affectionate reverence Pusey was regarded by that distinguished preacher and Churchman who first undertook his biography, and whose premature death none, probably, more heartily deplore than those into whose hands the task afterwards fell. Their best qualification for the duty is in the fact that they share the late Canon Liddon's spirit. They venerate the name of Pusey; and they bring to the task that sympathetic appreciation, without which a biography is tame and spiritless. Absolute neutrality in the treatment of their subject was not to be expected; but having said so much, it is pleasant to add that we find in their work a very clear and earnest wish to write their story justly. There is a self-restraint which, if it costs some effort, is eminently creditable. They do not wish to pronounce a panegyric. They have their own views, and they let us know them, but there is no foolish or extravagant laudation; there is hardly any language which can be called violent. But with all this they have failed, we think, to do justice to some of the eminent men who stood on the opposite side of Church thought. We do not mean injustice to their abilities or capacities, but to their moral sincerity. When, for example, Pusey defends the attitude taken up by Ward in his book 'The Ideal of the Church,' it is ultra-chivalry on Pusey's part. When Stanley and Tait oppose the proceedings against Ward, they are scarcely disinterested. And no notice is taken whatever of Frederick Denison Maurice's remarkable pamphlet, 'On right and wrong Methods of supporting Protestantism.' Maurice's protest on behalf of Dr. Pusey was chivalrous, and, what was better, it was not spasmodic or sentimental chivalry, it was consistent chivalry. He claimed toleration as a principle. He was ready to apply it to those from whom he profoundly differed. He was more truly consistent and took in our judgment a more noble part than those  
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who were eager to condemn Dr. Hampden, but who shrieked out when proceedings were threatened against Pusey or Newman or Ward. The biographers tell us that it would be superfluous to point out the many obvious ways in which the analogy between the two cases broke down. We are quite aware that there were differences between the cases. The special forms of heresy charged were different; but the charge in every case was a charge of erroneous teaching. If it was the duty of the University authorities to protect the University against erroneous teaching at all, they were bound to take cognizance of any teaching which might be complained of as erroneous. It was not their part to act as though errors towards latitudinarianism were the only errors. If the tribunal exercised any authority over men's opinions, it must exercise it impartially. It is no defence to say that Hampden's error was vital and Pusey's was not. This is a *petitio principii*: it was the duty of the authorities to determine this on hearing the case. It was no part of their duty to determine the matter beforehand. The principle of this matter of authority in opinion lies not in the question of more or less error, but in the question whether authority in matters of opinion should be exercised at all. If it ought to be, then every man who errs, the least as well as the greatest, must be liable to some control. If it ought not, then Hampden no less than Pusey should be free from the yoke. This was the principle at issue. It was lost sight of at Oxford, where the tumult of controversy prevailed. Panic caused loss of presence of mind. Timidity drove men into injustice. Partisanship was eager for a victory which would perchance annihilate their opponents. Maurice argued that the measures were set on foot to accomplish the purposes of a party and suppress their opponents; and that, like most measures of this kind, it would utterly fail.

'It has been ascertained,' he wrote, 'by the experience of every University, in Europe, that in whatever place it is safe to attempt the suppression of opinion, in schools of learning it is not safe. In Oxford the experiment has been tried again and again by all parties: against Wickliffe—against the Reformers of the sixteenth century—against Laud during the primacy of Abbott—against the Puritans during the primacy of Laud—against Episcopalians during the supremacy of the Puritans—against the Methodists in the eighteenth century. In any case the only persons who have profited by the persecution have been those against whom it was directed.' \*

We think that some reference to this vigorous protest against

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\* 'Letter to Lord Ashley,' p. 21.

intolerance,

intolerance, from the pen of a man who formed no party, but exercised a deep and far-reaching influence over the Church of England and beyond her limits, should find place in Pusey's biography. The fact that in later days they crossed swords in controversy only makes the chivalrous courage of Maurice on this occasion the more interesting and suggestive. Maurice's appearance in the Oxford controversies might have formed a picturesque and effective incident in the story. His appeal for fair play, given in manly fashion, was like a trumpet note heard above the feminine bickerings and trivial personalities of controversy. His warnings were prophetic.

'Young men have felt that there must be something good in that which was unfairly attacked, and, with their usual honesty and impatience, that they might be sure of getting the good, they have adopted the doctrine in the lump.'\*

The words express the entanglement of opinions which prevailed at Oxford during the heat of the battle. The rival cries of backward and forward were heard. It was hard in the midst of the crowd of war to stand firm or to see clearly. Personal character was put to the test in those days. In the fray some grew jaunty and even light-hearted. They felt that the stream of events was hastening them in the direction in which they were ready to be carried, but in which they were not willing to walk. Others grew anxious and perplexed. Some were astute enough to withdraw themselves from a strife which they soon saw to be compromising to their reputation or prejudicial to their prospects. Others grew more and more indifferent to the strife of tongues, and prepared to take the step which was painful and had, in their view, become inevitable.

Men act according to their characters. The interest of such times lies as much in the actors as in the conflict of opinions. The sound of war gives buoyancy to the courage of some; it intensifies the dread of others, and endues them with a patient tenacity and passive endurance which is no less useful in the field than the *élan* of the high-spirited, whose courage finds expression in brilliant exploit or erratic rashness. To understand a man's actions and attitude at such a time we need first to understand him. The true significance of his conduct and the true message of his life are only possible when we know what he was as well as what he did.

Whatever may be said against the real influence of im-

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\* 'Letter to Lord Ashley,' p. 21.

mediate hereditary qualities, no one will deny the power of early environment. Dr. Pusey was brought up in a home in which a 'certain stiffness' or even austerity prevailed. His father, who did not marry till he was fifty-two, had reached an age in which habits had become fixed. The flexibility to new conditions which is the portion of those who marry young, was impossible to him. An almost military exactness was insisted on in all the domestic arrangements. His mother, though twenty-four years younger than his father, had in her nature 'a touch of severity.' She sat bolt upright in her chair. To lean back was the 'mark of a degenerate age.' There was little sentiment in her disposition. She was practical and outspoken. Her life was methodical.

'Her time was laid out by rule: a certain portion was always given to reading the Bible; and another portion to some book of established literary merit. . . . She would read this book with a watch at her side.'

The intellectual range was cultivated, but limited. In his father's library were to be found political treatises, books of travel, and the sermons of Barrow and Tillotson. Later, indeed, the library was enriched, as the father realized the importance of cultivating the literary tastes of his sons. But the backbone of his culture was rigid. 'On this side of a fixed line everything was right; on the other side all was wrong. Whigs and Atheists were classed together; only Tories could be right. The inflexible Tory distrusted emotion; he disliked the Evangelical school because he feared that in their teaching emotion was allowed to take the place of conscience. But with all this severity there was a genuine benevolence. The strict habits of the home entered into the administration of charity; bounty towards the poor was part of the duty of life; and the bounty was dispensed with no niggardly hand. Behind the benevolence thus shown stood the form of religion. The bounty was not the offspring of mere vague feelings of human kindness; it was the outcome of religious principle. There was no ostentation about it. It was right to do this or that, and it was done. There was no superfluous display of affection. Demonstrations of attachment were rare. 'Actions should be in advance of professions.' The mother's life, we read, was a 'conspicuous example of love, disciplined by a sense of duty.'\*

Such was the household. A rigid sense of duty prevailed in it. Natural emotions were sternly repressed. Bountifulness was rather a duty than an impulse of generosity; and religion

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\* Vol. i. p. 7.

found its expression more in rectitude of conduct and method of life than in ardour and devotion. The tendency of these surroundings is not difficult to forecast. Conscientiousness amounting to scrupulousness, self-distrust, self-repression, an admiration for rule and method, a dread of novelty, and, above all, the fear of God, were directly fostered in such a home. Had the children brought under these influences been children of robust, strong animal natures, or possessed of very distinct independence of thought and will, we might have expected in later life some vigorous, and even disastrous reaction. But Edward Pusey was not a child of this order. He was fragile, thoughtful, painstaking, and docile. In appearance 'he was a pale, thin, little child, with light flaxen hair, a somewhat high forehead, and light blue eyes.' 'No child could be more obedient and industrious.' His mother, not accustomed to deal in superlatives, called him her 'angelic' child. In the ripening of such a child's life under such influences there were no violent outbreaks, no painful catastrophes, no perplexing assertions of independence. The days of his life followed one another in calm succession, always more or less under religious influence, 'bound each to each in natural piety.' At Eton 'he never omitted the prayers which his mother had taught him.' The influences of his school life tended to strengthen the characteristics which his home life had nurtured. His schoolmaster at Mitcham, Mr. Roberts, was a severe disciplinarian. 'To drop a pen-knife was a serious offence; and Edward Pusey was once flogged for cutting a pencil at both ends.' The shy, weakly boy went to Eton. He was 'quiet and retiring, grave and thoughtful,' seldom, if ever, joining in sports. 'But he was no loafer.' He was a good swimmer and a good chess-player.

Meanwhile events in European history tended to deepen Pusey's conviction of the awfulness and reality of the Divine government. Among the lads at Eton every stirring and thrilling event of the great Napoleonic wars was eagerly discussed. To Pusey it seemed as though the judgments of the Lord were in all the earth. In the midst of these battles and treaties, which seemed to many to be only the contest of human power and wit, Pusey realized the Divine presence, and his religious convictions gained in depth and vividness. The memory of those days of the campaigns of Leipzig and Waterloo remained long with him, and broke out in later life in his writings and his lectures. We can understand the fascinating awe which those terrible events would exercise upon the timid and thoughtful schoolboy.

That which Pusey was at school, he was at college. Shy and 'pre-occupied,'

'pre-occupied,' he lived on the edge of general society rather than in it. At this time too a trouble came into his life which tended to intensify the gloom natural to timid dispositions when circumstances are untoward. Pusey had fallen in love, and his father disapproved of the engagement. This state of things must have caused Pusey deep and real pain. He stood in awe of his father with conscientious reverence. He realized that there was a certain 'tenor of mind which his father wished him to maintain.' He saw that to the eyes of outsiders his father's attitude on some matters might be viewed as amusingly over-rigid; but he would not presume to criticise a line of conduct which he felt sure was directed to the furtherance of his happiness. Witness his letters written to Jelf respecting the proposed foreign tour which Pusey felt would not be sanctioned by his father. Compare this letter with what would probably have been written by any other young fellow under similar circumstances, and we gain a glimpse of that awed self-repression, that resolute self-distrust and dread of waywardness and wilfulness which seems to have been his dominant characteristic. The letter shows us the sincere endeavour to battle with himself. The effort is not perhaps very successful, but it reveals the distress of a conscientious nature at the existence of 'morbid feelings' which its own timidity and sensitiveness have created. The shadow of these feelings is much with him. When at length he is allowed to go abroad, his feelings colour his view of the magnificent scenery of Mont Blanc. The fading of the rosy light from the summit of the mountain and the chill which follows remind him of his own lot. The language of his friend Neave, bidding him take leave of the Aiguille Peak, finds 'a gloomy correspondence' with his own feelings. He is not in the mood to enjoy much. Lausanne Cathedral has no beauty for him. His interest is a self-absorbed one. Chillon attracts him, but it is because he is passing through the Byronic stage, for Byron, 'the prophet of the disappointed' (as the biographers well call him), appealed to him at this time.

'While it (this Byronism) lasted, it did him harm by leading him to dwell morbidly on thoughts and feelings which would have better been repressed and forgotten, but which in fact coloured his native apprehension of nature and life.'

In much of this criticism of his biographers we agree; but Pusey's spirit at the time was a congenial soil for the Byronic seed. No doubt most young men of that age had their Byronic fever; few encountered it with more ready predispositions than did Pusey.

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Things were against him. He lacked the vigorous self-assertion, the physical buoyancy of other young men. His timidity in the face of opposition became gloom. Neither his spirit nor his conscience would allow him to dream of revolt; but he could surrender himself to the enjoyment of his grief.

'I loved my grief better than any hollow joy; and if my mother, in society when I occasionally forgot myself, expressed to me her pleasure at seeing me smile, it invariably brought again a gloom over my countenance.' \*

This is the mental attitude which can enjoy Byron.

'That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears;  
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice appears.'

But there were elements in Byron which could find no welcome in Pusey's spirit. Coarse sensualism and blatant unbelief had no attraction for him. From one and from the other he recoiled with horror. The home influence which kept at long distance any teaching at variance with the political and religious tenets of the family found a ready support in the very timidity and sensitiveness of which we have spoken. Doubt and unbelief were giant forms of terror; their very shadow made him afraid. Safety lay in resolutely shutting the door against such foes. When he was twenty-two, he had been 'obliged to read an infidel book in order to help a friend who was in difficulties. That was my first real experience of the deadly breath of infidel thought upon my soul. I never forgot how utterly I shrank from it.' †

With this dread of conviction which might jeopardize faith there was joined the devoutness and self-distrust which impressed those who knew him. 'He seems,' wrote Newman, 'he seems growing in the best things—in humility and love of God and man.' It is strange, even startling, to read on the same page Newman's prayer: 'Let me never be eager to convert him to a party or to a form of opinion.' Both these things were nearer to Newman and Pusey than either of them knew. Pusey spent his life in founding a party; and Newman, like an india-rubber ball which, having bounded from wall to wall, falls at length over the wall, withdrew himself from the game and ensconced himself behind the most inflexible of all forms of opinion.

Pusey's acquaintance with advancing thought was increased by his visit to Germany. He was to a degree and for a time fascinated, but with the fascination there sprang up dread. He listened to the lectures of Eichhorn and Pott. The thought

\* Vol. i. p. 30.

† Ibid. p. 49.

flashed upon him as he sat in his room, thinking over the advanced opinions which he had heard:—

‘This will all come upon us in England; and how utterly unprepared for it we are. From that time I determined to devote myself more earnestly to the Old Testament, as the field in which Rationalism seemed to be most successful.’

He came under the influence of Schleiermacher, and probably ‘owed the beginnings of some prominent features of his devotional life to his intercourse with’ him. By him he was reinforced ‘in his dislike of philosophical methods of handling theology.’ Besides these, he met Tholuck, Neander, and Hengstenberg. In a second visit to Germany he met Freytag, Lücke, and Sack. He was also introduced to Ewald, from whom he was widely separated in later times.

During these visits to Germany he learned much and gained considerable insight into the condition of religious thought in that country. In this way he was specially well equipped for his controversy with Mr. Rose. Mr. Rose had delivered some sermons at Cambridge on ‘The State of the Protestant Religion in Germany.’ Pusey considered that Rose was mistaken in some points. He took a larger and more tolerant view of the position than did Rose. In doing so, he disclosed quite unconsciously how far he himself had felt sympathy with certain German teachers. He had recourse to his pen, but the drift of his book was mistaken. His orthodoxy was suspected. His German friends had taught him to speak of ‘the scientific spirit,’ ‘freedom from prejudice,’ and ‘a new era in theology’; for the time he was undoubtedly influenced by them in his statements both about ‘the inspiration of Holy Scriptures, and about the Creeds.’ He recognized later that his language had justified suspicion. On some points he published a retraction, and declared in the most solemn way that he never doubted the plenary inspiration of the Bible. It had been his hope that the labours of men like Tholuck and Neander would result in much fruit, and this hope led him to view the prospects of religious thought in Germany with some measure of favour. But scarcely more than a dozen years had passed, before he had changed his ‘theological attitude.’ He had been ‘too sanguine,’ too little alive to the character and extent of the concessions ‘made to the enemies of faith.’ Between these two periods many things had happened. Events had spoken eloquently of impending dangers. The present generation takes little interest in the Hampden controversy; but the incidents which led to this controversy had many serious results.



results. Pleasant intercourse between men of different schools of thought was rudely broken up. The borders of division became more clearly marked. Hampden attacked the accumulations with which tradition and scholasticism had, in his judgment, overlaid the primitive simplicity and purity of Christianity. In the view of Pusey and others, Hampden had attacked vital and essential truths of Christianity. This is not the place to enter into the merits of the controversy. We can easily understand that the views of Hampden startled and alarmed opinion in Oxford. His teaching was aggravated by his appointment as Regius Professor. Injury was added to insult. Pusey expressed his alarm in a pamphlet. He felt that the evil spirit of Rationalism had entered the University. His fears for the safety of the faith were intensified. Later there came other causes of alarm. The Government of Sir Robert Peel proposed some radical Church reforms. Pusey had been drawn towards the Whigs, but his Whiggism, which had been melting away, now disappeared. His attitude resembles Keble's at the time when the assault on the Irish Church was made—such attacks had in Keble's view been an act of national apostasy. The programme of Sir Robert Peel was to Pusey an act of sacrilege.

The result of all these events led Pusey into a state of mind in which dissatisfaction with ecclesiastical affairs as they were in England began to resemble very closely a yearning for Rome. He certainly cast wistful glances towards the Roman Church. 'Is there quite love enough for the Roman Church?' is his criticism on Manning's charge. 'I only desiderate more love for Rome.' Manning remonstrates. The tone which Pusey adopts seems to him 'to breathe not charity, but want of decision.' 'The Church of Rome for three hundred years has desired our extinction. It is now undermining us.' Manning was perplexed.

The biographers candidly acknowledge that Pusey's 'attitude at this juncture created perplexity in still higher quarters.' Pusey's explanations of his attitude betray to us how near his own vessel was running to the edge of the whirlpool which had drawn others down.

'I cannot any more take the negative ground against Rome; I can only remain neutral. I have, indeed, for some time left off alleging grounds against Rome, and, whether you think it right or wrong, I am sure that it is of no use to persons who are really in any risk of leaving us.'\*

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\* Life, vol. ii. pp. 454, 455.

There is some ambiguity about these words. To the statement of his own attitude towards Rome he adds an explanation of policy. It would be of no service to use positive language against Rome. A negative and neutral attitude suited his own feelings, and also was more politic for the sake of others. It is thus that we read his words; they are not, however, very clear. But in what follows there is no ambiguity. There is a pathetic wistfulness, when he describes the attraction which the Church of Rome had for those who went over. There is

'weight of authority as supported by miracles, the high life of her saints, the tendency of prophecy both as to the visible unity of the Church and the eminence of St. Peter (interpreted as it is, of old, of the see of Rome), their oneness in all great points of doctrine, the depth of their spiritual system, their greater zeal and success in missions, the superior devotion and instruction of the poor, their greater fervour, the greater love and devotion in their spiritual writings.'\*

There is a dissatisfaction when he describes the other side of the case. Rome presents these superior attractions. On the other side there were numberless divisions, the toleration of heresy, fraternizing with Protestants, the tone of the Articles—the want of individual guidance, the difficulty of knowing what is truth; the neologism springing up even in Oxford. She can do nothing to reassure people in the way his correspondent wishes.

'I am afraid lest I fight against God. From much reading of Roman books, I am so much impressed with the superiority of their teaching; and again, in some respects, I see things in antiquity which I did not (especially I cannot deny some purifying system in the intermediate state, nor the lawfulness of some invocation of saints), that I dare not speak against things. I can only remain in a state of abeyance, holding what I see, and not denying what I do not see. I should say that wherein I have changed, it has been through antiquity.'†

Newman's defection took place within three or four weeks of the writing of the above letter. The letter was written on September 14, 1845. Newman resigned his Fellowship, the preliminary step to his secession, on October 3.

'On October 9, Father Dominic, the Passionist, was at Littlemore. The period of hesitation and suspense . . . was at an end. The dreaded event had come at last: Newman was lost to the English Church.'‡

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\* Vol. ii. p. 456.

† Vol. ii. p. 457.

‡ Vol. ii. pp. 460-462.

The secession of Newman had, we think, a steadying influence on Pusey. The step once taken revealed to him its seriousness. Suspense, doubt, perplexity, the consciousness of his own changed position, the fascination of Newman's example, the personal tenderness of affection combined to paralyse for a time Pusey's own mind. But when the long-dreaded hour had come and had passed, Pusey began to recover his presence of mind. The shock had been painful, but proved wholesome. Pusey's affectionate nature does not turn against his friend; he follows him with a loving regard; but he seems to grasp more firmly the sense of the privileges and advantages of his own communion: he realizes the Divine goodness towards him. Perhaps the truest thing to say is that the effect of Newman's perversion was to drive Pusey nearer to God. His friend had gone; but the Divine love was still with him. He realized vividly at this moment the superintending love of God. 'His way is in the sea, and His paths in the great waters, and His footsteps are not known.' He found reasons for comfort. The loss of Newman was a great one, he felt; but he must not despair.

'We may be humbled, but neither need we be dejected. It would seem as if God, in His mercy, let us now see more of His inward workings, in order that, in the tokens of His presence with us, we may take courage. Life shows itself in deeper forms, in more marked drawings of souls, in more diligent care to conform itself to its Divine Pattern, and to purify itself, by God's grace, from all which is displeasing to Him, than heretofore. Never was it so with any body whom He purposed to leave.'

The volumes before us bring the biography of Pusey as far as the secession of Newman. It is the critical moment of the Oxford Movement. Of the Triumvirs who led it so far, one, and he the most unquestioned genius, had gone to Rome: the other two had so far moved along the same path that they had reached an attitude of neutrality towards her. But their charitable attitude was not and could not be reciprocated by him who had left them for Rome. Pusey mournfully admits that Newman 'uses very decided language as to the Roman Church being "the one only fold of the Redeemer."'

We quite agree with the biographers that Pusey fondly hoped that Newman would not go over to Rome: they were like children playing round the edge of a chasm; they did not dream of danger actually befalling them; but when his playmate fell from his side into the abyss, Pusey recoiled, startled, and found pleasure in feeling that there was firm ground beneath his

his feet. His natural piety of disposition saved him from despair. The calamity deepened his sense of God's nearness. It also probably quickened his desire to promote in every way practical Church work.

We have said that Pusey's attitude towards Rome had changed, and that up to the time of Newman's perversion this change was more or less favourable to Rome. We think that as a matter of fact this was the case. In the view of his biographers his mind was unshaken and unshakable in its fidelity to the Church of England. It is difficult to declare authoritatively on such matters. The nearest and dearest friend can scarcely understand those innermost fluctuations of the soul which are mysteries even to ourselves. We think, however, that the biography before us makes it clear that Pusey's attitude towards Rome was not a fixed one, and that up till 1845 that attitude became one of affectionate regard and even wistful envy towards the Roman Communion. But we are far from saying that this implies any conscious insincerity or any insincerity at all towards his own Church. We need the key to a man's nature before we can convict him of insincerity in such matters. The key to Pusey's nature is not, we think, difficult to find. He was a scholar, and a man of studious habits; but he was not a man in whom intellect is developed at the expense of the moral nature. His studies hardly tended to develop the quality of mind necessary for such a result. But more than this, the very direction of Pusey's studies was due to his moral dispositions. It is almost inevitably so. Not one man in a thousand is led by the dry light of reason. He may employ logical processes, but he does not decide by logic after all. Some dominant moral impulse, for good or for evil, is discoverable behind the premisses upon which he erects his argument. If a man's nature be bad, the moral impulse will be an evil one; and disastrous consequences to himself and to others will follow. We believe, of course, that practically many moral impulses combine to work out the result. But there is often some characteristic and dominant moral sentiment which strikes the keynote of a man's after-career. This sentiment is probably due to the combined influence of hereditary or congenital qualities and early training. It forms the canvas upon which all after events are painted, and it sets the tone to the whole picture. We know what this tone was in Pusey's case. The austere atmosphere of the home, its rigid method, its strong insistence on duty, impressed the child's mind with the sense of the solemnity of life, which meant reverence and perhaps even awe more than reverence.

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The child naturally docile, frail in physique, timid and reserved in disposition, grew up in this atmosphere, which gave the sanction of duty and religion to self-repression and submission. Taught to distrust emotions, the free exercise of even natural and innocent affections was looked upon with suspicion. Such a nature is exposed early to disappointment, and to the experience of that free thought which he had been taught to look upon with horror, and from which his docile and diffident nature would almost without education have recoiled. For such an one the world was full of evil shapes, which might lure him from the side of good. Among these shapes none were so evil or so disastrous in their influence as the spirit of independence. The gateway of submission was the only gateway of safety. Self-distrust, and dread of what might befall self-sufficiency or disobedience, stood as the guardian figures which pointed to this gateway of safety. Only for one brief time did hope of any wider road dawn upon his mind; but the remembrance of even the temporary indulgence of this hope was pain and grief to him. All through his life the one ruling emotion was that of humble fear. He saw the world estranged from faith through self-will and self-confidence. Pride of intellect and pride of soul were written upon the portals of those palaces of evil in which the world delighted. Holiness had, as its first feature, docility and submission. Whatever had not this mark was to be suspected. These feelings grew into guiding principles. They unconsciously but very really determined his conduct. They coloured his thoughts. They influenced the view he took of every question. Did domestic misfortune befall him, it was a chastisement for his sins. The advantage of subscription to his mind was its witnessing to the principle that religion is to be approached with a submission of the understanding. Those who subscribed were not to reason, but to obey; and this quite independently of the degree of accuracy, the wisdom, &c., of the Articles themselves. He is easily aroused to misgiving lest the religious ceremonial of his wife's baptism may not have been fitly performed. He keeps her practically excommunicate for a period till he has settled this momentous question. He finally settles it by having her baptized again. The attraction which Rome has had for him is due to his dread of the growing neologism at Oxford. Round his life the spirit of awe kept watch. When he thought of the Eternal, 'clouds and darkness were round about Him, righteousness and judgment were the habitation of His seat.' The wars which fascinated the years of his youth sounded loud with the voice of Him who arose to judgment. The movements of

of the political world were watched lest the signs of national apostasy or sacrilegious measures should be seen in them. The sense of sin was deep. The thought of it deepened into gloom. The awful description of wilful sin, given in the Epistle to the Hebrews,\* was taken as the text of his sermon on sin after baptism, and was made to convey to the hearer the stupendous conception that for sin after baptism there remained no more sacrifice. 'The key-note,' writes Mr. Mozley, who heard the sermon, 'the key-note was the word "irreparable," pronounced every now and then with the force of a judgment.†' The dread of sin, the sensitiveness of conscience which feels the least sin to be a stain and a dishonour, is the sure sign of holiness of heart. But here we have dread raised to the pitch of horror, and sensitiveness in danger of being paralysed by terror. The prevailing characteristic tends to assume an exaggerated position among other emotions and influences, and the result is an unbalanced estimate of life. Reverence has become dread; and dread has adopted a theory which is too narrow for the facts of life. It has created its own dilemma, and is imprisoned in the work of its own hands.

As we pause at this point, we may ask whether the Life of Pusey would have expanded into four volumes, if he had only been Edward Pusey, Canon of Christ Church and Professor of Hebrew in the University? He was not one who sought notoriety, or was even much enamoured of fame. But some men have greatness thrust upon them. It is to the Oxford Movement and the degree in which Pusey was identified with it that we owe so bulky a biography. For Pusey was not a man either of the quality or disposition voluntarily to initiate a new movement. He was no Chrysostom or Savonarola, to whom public activity and prominence in public affairs were congenial. He was a man of studious habits and reserved nature. But the days in which he lived were days of movement; and he was drawn into the current, and once in it he was accorded an eminence which he had neither sought nor desired. It is no disparagement to say that he was not of the stuff of which popular leaders are made. On the contrary, the wonder is that, being what he was, he was so readily conceded the position of a leader. The truth is that in the popular sense he was not a leader at all. He was a recluse. His study was his delight. Here he found abundant occupation and abundant satisfaction; but he had knowledge and attainments

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\* Heb. vi. 4-9.

Vol. 179.—No. 357.

† Mozley's 'Reminiscences,' vol. ii. p. 146.

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which were widely recognized. His word carried the weight which erudition, when united with character, ever commands in England. Such a man, living and teaching in Oxford, could not long keep out of the conflict. He did not in any cowardly way avoid the battle; it was not his nature to seek the field, but the torrent of war swept past his door, and he was compelled at first to side with the rest, and afterwards even to assume a sort of command. The movement soon passed beyond any one's control, but as long as it was restrained within certain limits Pusey was willingly conceded the position of a leader.

There were three men who more than any others will be associated with the movement. Keble, Newman, and Pusey have been called its *Triumvirs*. To each of these has been assigned the glory of a foremost place. Yet none of them was the first to take action. They were brought in after the earliest attempt at organization. They were not present when Mr. Rose gathered his friends at Hadleigh. Palmer, Percival, Copeland, Le Bas, and Hurrell Froude were there; but Keble and Newman did not come upon the scene till later, when meetings were held at Oxford; and only later still was Pusey associated with the movement. But though not the first in point of time, Keble, Newman, and Pusey must be reckoned the foremost men; for each of these in their way contributed some special and prominent influence to the movement.

John Keble was its saint and singer; and yet it was hardly as saint or singer that he first committed himself to the active support of an organized movement. He was rather determined in this direction by the political changes which startled so many at that time. Most men have four grandparents and twice as many great grandparents; and most movements can trace their pedigree to various combinations of circumstances. It argues a shallow acquaintance with human nature and history to reduce any movement of human thought to a single cause or to label it with a single name. There are many progenitors of change and more sponsors. The nineteenth century was a generation old when the Oxford Movement began. Behind it were events which had tested and shaken national life and thought in England. The century had opened with the great Napoleonic struggle. Half a generation had passed before the troubler of Europe was overthrown at Waterloo. The agony of victory followed. The process of the restoration of commercial life and trade circulation was painful. The years which followed the peace were years of doubt and discontent. New forces were at work. Demands which national danger had kept in abeyance now made themselves heard. The Corporation

Corporation and Tests Acts or rather certain objectionable clauses in those Acts were repealed to the relief of many Non-conformist consciences, and with the public approval of the more reasonable Churchmen. The two Archbishops, and the Bishops of Durham, Lincoln and Chester, approved the change. But there was strong opposition among the rank and file of Churchmen. The year following the measure of relief for the Roman Catholics passed. Here again there was a cleavage in Church opinion. William Wilberforce admitted that he hesitated, and, when he resolved to support the measure, regretted that he had to separate himself from his religious friends. But Daniel Wilson and other well-known names among the Evangelical clergy supported the measure, as did Archdeacon Daubeney, an old-fashioned High Churchman. As a rule the party of liberal Churchmen were in its favour. Oxford rejected Sir Robert (then Mr.) Peel on account of his defection from the Tory side on this question. 1828 and 1829 were to be followed by 1832. The Reform Bill was to succeed the two measures of which we have spoken. Meanwhile the position of the Church was violently assailed. Men without the Church were ready to destroy her: her anomalies were paraded in public: her resources were declared to be vast and useless: exaggeration played its usual part in extravagant estimates of her revenues. Within the bosom of the Church there were those who declared frankly that reforms were needed, that the Church should adjust herself to changing circumstances, adapt herself to modern needs, inaugurate new methods and pursue a more comprehensive policy. In the midst of this clamour, the darkest fears of Churchmen seemed to be justified by the action of the Government. In the year which followed the Reform Bill, the Government developed their attack upon the Church. They began with Ireland. They proposed the suppression of two Archbishoprics and ten Bishoprics. Indignant surprise was felt in many quarters. Churchmen felt that their alarms were abundantly justified. This was the fruit of Liberalism. Profane hands had been laid upon the ark, not to protect, but to destroy. This policy was not one of hostility alone: it was a policy of intrusion. It was the sin of Uzziah aggravated by the apostasy of Julian. The Whigs had been guilty of this thing. All the Tory feeling took flame: religious indignation made common cause with political indignation. Toryism cried out against so wholesale an attack upon national institutions. Churchmen asked whether the State had a right to do this thing? 'Half the candlesticks of the Irish Church were extinguished without ecclesiastical sanction.'



Keble was a Tory and of course a strong Churchman. He was a man of rigid views, a devout and earnest believer in the divine mission of the Church. The days of these troubles seemed to him 'days of rebuke.' The nation was committed by the action of the Government. The objectionable Bill had passed through the House of Commons. It was on its way through the House of Lords. Keble was appointed to preach the Assize Sermon at Oxford. It was July; the session was far advanced. The measure appeared to be destined to pass; but the final stage of the Bill had not been reached. Men were about to sacrifice a glorious inheritance for a mess of pottage. Keble delivered his soul in the Assize Sermon. His subject was National Apostasy. He summoned all who loved the Church to protect their heritage, lest those who came after them should say, 'There was once here a glorious Church; but it was betrayed into the hands of libertines, for the real or affected love of a little temporary peace and good order.' The sermon was preached on July 14. A fortnight later (on July 30) the National Apostasy had taken place. The measure passed the third reading in the House of Lords. Keble's sermon was regarded as the first step in the new movement. 'I have,' said Cardinal Newman, 'ever considered and kept the day as the start of the religious movement of 1833.' Keble was then just past forty years of age. He was older than Newman and older than Pusey. He had an assured position in the world of letters as the author of the 'Christian Year'; he had a leading place in University circles as the Professor of Poetry. This established position gave weight to his words. The meetings which had already been held in Oxford had prepared the *cortège*. The action of Keble acted like the signal to advance. In the view of some Keble had been regarded as the real author of the movement. In the sense that his sermon gave an early impetus to it he may be regarded as an author of the movement, but it would be a mistake if we limited ourselves to a mere point of chronology. Keble's right to be viewed as one of the *Triumvirs* is based on more solid grounds than such a trifle. He was one of the little band who projected the idea of the Tracts. He himself contributed four tracts to the series. He was a staunch and valued counsellor through the anxious years which followed. But in none of these services do we recognize the claim to be considered one of the foremost men in the movement. His real claim lies in the 'Christian Year.' We are the fools of fancy still, and fondly believe that causes are advanced by argument and that men are swayed by reason. This is the misfortune only of the few. The bulk of men are  
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appealed to through imagination and aroused through their emotions.

'It was not reason,' said Disraeli, 'that besieged Troy: it was not reason which sent forth the Saracen from the desert to conquer the world, that inspired the Crusades, that instituted the monastic orders; it was not reason that produced the Jesuit; above all, it was not reason that created the French Revolution. Man is only truly great when he acts from the passions; never irresistible but when he appeals to the imagination.'

This sentiment, no doubt, needs modification, but it contains a truth; and the truth is that reason may supply the body of a movement, but if it is to soar, imagination must lend it wings; and if it is to move forward upon the earth, the emotions must provide it with feet to walk. The erudition of Pusey, the dexterous sword-play of Newman's logic, achieved less for the Oxford Movement than did the poetry of Keble. The Tracts found their way into the libraries of the clergy; Newman's and Pusey's more substantial works did not travel much farther; but the '*Christian Year*' stole into every home and found a welcome place at every fireside. Its music soothed, its devotional tone satisfied the heart; it interpreted many a soul to itself, and at any rate provided an utterance for its unworded thoughts. Its reverential feeling and its loving spirit paved its way into the hearts of thousands; and with its charming mysticisms and its graceful piety there entered unconsciously into some people's minds conceptions of truth and forms of teaching which prepared them for tracts and treatises. Above all, the deep and sincere piety of its tone, its blending of evangelical thought with decorous Church order, conciliated and attracted thousands. The author of such a work seemed to them a friend. What the piety of so sweet a singer approved must be good, could not be bad. Professor Dowden has called Keble the poet of Anglicanism. The description is open to criticism. But it will be admitted that he appealed to tens of thousands whom Pusey and Newman never reached; and this wide, special, and unique influence of his poetry was of incalculable advantage to the movement, and gave him an unquestionable position among its foremost leaders.

Newman, in the view of some, was the guiding spirit of the movement. 'Newman,' says Mr. Froude, 'was the moving power.' 'Compared with him, they were all but as cyphers, and he the indicating number.\*' 'The genius of Newman was

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\* Froude, '*Oxford Counter-Movement*.' Short Studies, 4th series, pp. 260, 270.

its strength.\* 'The strong master mind of the whole movement was that of J. H. Newman.'† We are disposed to demur to these conclusions. They can be accepted only with certain important modifications. If it only be meant that there was a certain unique charm about Newman, that his subtlety of intellect, his peculiarly arresting manner, his mode of life, the air of mystery which enwrapped him, his personal appearance, his mastery of expression gave him an ascendancy and position unlike that of others in the movement, we should not dispute the view that the movement gained special strength from the genius of Newman. But if it be meant that he became the heart and head, the real central leader, dominating and directing it by his force of individual will and judgment, then we cannot accept the statement. Newman's mind was not of the order of master-minds in this sense. He was never to his followers what John Wesley was to his; he never inspired the enthusiasm, consolidated the force, directed the energies and organized the capacities of his disciples as did Mohammed, or Loyola. He had no genius in that way. The first and indispensable condition of a master-mind of this character is confidence in himself, in his mission, in his call, in his message. But none of these Newman possessed: neither in quality of mind nor in moral force was he equal to the strain of such a position. He was conspicuously and perpetually a doubter; when his language was strongest, he was nearest to doubt. It was not trust in a doctrine which made him speak strongly, but dread of the arguments which his sceptical mind well knew could be brought against it. Sincerely desirous of finding truth, he possessed a mind which never could have rested on any arguments by which truth could be established. His nimble intellect was like quicksilver, which eluded pursuit and forsook every resting-place as soon as it was found. He could project himself into any theological position, but he could never satisfy himself with any. He never could realize that the shadow thrown by a circle might appear as an ellipse. Morally sincere, he seemed intellectually disingenuous, because every stage of opinion was only provisional. Truth, as it is understood by more robust but less subtle minds, would never have sufficed for him. He longed for an enforced belief; he desired release from the responsibility of thought. He yearned for a sweet compulsion which would bring a rest from the weariness of the sophistry in which, notwithstanding, he took a gymnastic delight. Sentimental, yet logical; astute, yet simple; a sceptic, yet envious of dogmatism; the victim of a thousand

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\* 'Quarterly Review,' vol. 137, p. 544.

† Ibid. vol. 127, p. 124.  
hesitations,

hesitations, yet moving with unconscious self-will unwaveringly to a destined goal, he had qualities which could attract and fascinate, but none that could have constituted him a true leader or a master-mind in a great religious movement. What happened was what must have happened. He drifted whither the incompleteness of his mental grasp and the passive obstinacy of his self-will must of necessity have landed him. He had no flag of strenuous and unalterable convictions to hoist before the eyes of men. His mind and his mood would have led him round every point of the compass, had not his sentimental wilfulness driven him into the refuge of that asylum whose assurances he resolved to take for true.

These three—Pusey, Newman, and Keble—will always hold a peculiar and foremost position in the story of the Oxford Movement; but it does not follow that there were not men of equal earnestness, and equal if not greater intellectual force, who contributed solid and indispensable assistance. Indeed, it is probably true that the men whose contributions to theology are likely to grow in esteem were not the men who held foremost rank as leaders of the movement. We think, for example, that Palmer made more valuable additions to English theology than either Pusey or Newman. In point of brain-power Ward was more than the equal of Pusey or Keble. Others might be mentioned; but, after all has been said, the position of the *Triumvirs* remains unshaken. They exerted an influence unlike that of others; they perhaps embodied more markedly than others the typical character of the movement. Among a great number of men of varying ability, education, and zeal, all united in one great purpose, these three caught the public imagination, as certain peaks in a mountain range, not necessarily loftier than their fellows, catch and reflect the rays of the sun. They stood more fully in the light than their associates, but without their associates they would have lacked weight and conspicuousness.

Round them gathered those who were united by common sympathies and principles. Their principles led them at times into positions which appeared to jeopardize their moral sincerity, but which more truly illustrated their intellectual attitude. The calm reflection of later times has entirely acquiesced in a respectful regard for their sincerity; but it belongs to the same calm spirit to estimate their intellectual position. They were men of cultivated minds, scholarly attainments, and many of them also of studious habits; but they had very little scientific training—the age was perhaps not favourable to this—and very little scientific aptitude. They

They had a knowledge, but a limited and partial one, of history: they were deficient, singularly deficient, in historic instinct. It is astonishing to observe the undiscerning and omnivorous fashion in which they devoured ecclesiastical history. There was no light and shade in their appreciation. The authority of any one who might be called a father of the Church was sufficient. There was no attempt to balance the relative values among ancient and patristic authorities. Dr. Pusey in his sermon on the Absolution of the Penitent cites St. Pacian with a simple and unquestioning reverence. The historic tact was lacking. There was much erudition; there was anxious thought; there was a portentous marshalling of authorities; there was a good show of syllogistic method: but the writers wrote as though Bacon had never lived. Newman's logic was keen, but it proceeded on premisses which were precarious. The hasty adoption of theories, followed by the inexorable application of logical methods, displayed a power of argument which deceived the unwary, and a lack of judgment which astonished the thoughtful. The great mass, who are not accustomed to strict analysis and inductive process, were dazzled and confused. They felt that there was something wrong, but they could not tell where. The fault lay where it so often does lie. Theories were strained to apply to cases indiscriminately. Circumstances were disregarded which made the application of these theories impossible. Life is too complicated to admit of the violent application of certain theories to all its departments. The principle which explains the circulation of our blood does not explain the processes of our minds. Mr. Babbage applied mathematical tests to the Athanasian Creed, and fondly believed that he had reduced it to an absurdity. It did not seem to occur to him that the formal self-contradiction in this creed was so obvious that the application of a mathematical test must be absurd. In a similar fashion at Oxford visionary or ideal theories were adopted; and arguments based on these were pressed to their utmost strength. Newman heard two sermons preached on the same day in the same church for the same object. The preachers contradicted one another. He wrote to the Committee of the Society under whose auspices the preachers had been sent. It shocked him that opposing views should be made public. Something must be wrong when the harmony of the Church could be thus broken. It did not appear to occur to him that opposition of this kind may be only presentations of truth from different standpoints and may be beneficial. He had his theory of Church harmony and Church unity. The phenomenon

phenomenon of opposed opinions disturbed him because it contradicted his theory. Whately pointed out to him the conception of the corporate life of the Church. It was a new theory to him. He did not treat it as one side of truth merely. It became for the moment the whole truth—it was a premiss available in every argument. Logic is summoned to give her aid; and logic triumphs over reason. He was a son of scholasticism rather than a child of the nineteenth century.

‘The attempt to subject facts to an insufficient theory is apt to awaken a revolt against the very idea of law, and even to call forth a denial of the possibility of any rational explanation of the facts in question. And the only result that can emerge will be an unprofitable controversy between those who would solve the difficulty by means of an inadequate principle, and those who maintain that it cannot be solved on any principle whatever, or, in other words, that we must be content with a faith that cannot rationally be justified.’ \*

The new Master of Balliol, when he wrote thus, probably had no thought of the Tractarian controversy, but the words convey a caution which theologians may well take to heart, and which is enforced by the history of the Tractarian movement. The leaders were fain to be consistent and rigorous in their logic. Herein lay their strength; but herein also lay their weakness. Their logic avenged itself upon its authors. Logic triumphed, but it was logic gone mad. Logic is like fire—it needs to be used with judgment: it needs to be supplied with fitting fuel. Otherwise men must walk in the sparks that they have kindled.

The movement has been variously regarded. In the minds of some the very mention of it awakens an enthusiasm like that which Germans feel when Gravelotte and Sedan are spoken of. They see in it the dawn of a noble day of English church life. Pusey, Newman, and Keble are venerable names to them. They cherish them with the same veneration that the Moravian cherishes the name of Zinzendorf and the true German that of Martin Luther. To such the biography of Dr. Pusey is more than a biography. It is a record and a demonstration. It is the chronicle of the heroic days of a religious enthusiasm. It is the declaration of those truths which are salient truths in their eyes.

But all are not of this mind. In the view of others, the movement was retrograde. The glance backward which the Oxford leaders counselled was the Eurydice glance of death. It

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\* Caird, ‘*Evolution of Religion*,’ vol. i. p. 6.

was worse, it was the look which became first a fascinated gaze and a petrifying influence; for the backward look was a look into the Medusa face of Rome. To others again the movement was a troublesome disturbance of a very wholesome state of things. The Church was in a condition of moral health. It taught religion as an available light upon the path of life. It wisely avoided instructing people in mysteries. The movement came as a disturbing and harmful one. It provoked scepticism in its endeavour to combat unbelief. 'But for the Oxford Movement scepticism might have continued a harmless speculation of a few philosophers.' \*

The truth is that no movement is wholly good or wholly bad. The evil is ever mingled with the good. The extreme logical development of a movement must not be confounded with its legitimate value or its real meaning.

When men are fighting against real or imaginary foes, they must not be taken to mean all they say, or be held responsible for the strictly necessary deduction from their utterances. In times of intellectual excitement men are rhetorical, not logical. The extreme men of the movement often exhibit its logical tendency; but all men fortunately are not extreme; and there is a practical recoil from theoretical logic which visits the minds of the wise. Having said thus much, it is fair to say that there is a kind of logical extreme which represents the possibilities of the movement. There is a sky-line towards which all men who are going up a hill are travelling, though few may have the courage to reach it. Every road leads from one parish to another, but it is not every pedestrian who forsakes his own parish and domiciles in the next. There is a high-water mark, towards which every tide must rise, but every tide does not touch it. The belief in the inward witness of the Spirit may lead to the most fantastic conceptions, and find its outcome in the wild extravagances and delirious misdeeds of the Anabaptists. The belief in the existence of an external voice of authority on earth may lead to the fond dream of an unerring Church and find its resting-place in the outrageous claims of Roman infallibility. Just as the Evangelical movement, which was a worship of the Spirit, has as its extreme border the excitement of hysterical revivalism, so the Oxford Movement had on its ultimate frontier the Church of Rome. The National Church always embraced in its fold men who were more Catholic than Protestant, and other men who were more Protestant than Catholic. These men represented the two wings of the Church of England,

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\* Froude, 'Oxford Counter-Reformation.' Short Studies, 4th series, p. 252.

one of which lay on the Romeward side of Geneva though not necessarily at Rome, and the other on the Geneva side of Rome though not necessarily at Geneva. The effect of the Oxford Movement was to strengthen the wing which we may call the Eastward wing, and to make it take up ground on the Romeward side of its former position. Some excellent men are angry when the trend of the Oxford Movement is described as Romeward; but in the nature of the case it could not be otherwise. It is unfair to say that the movement was nothing but a Romeward movement. Still more is it unjust to describe it as designedly such; but to deny that there was such a tendency in it seems to us to be impossible to those who consider the principles of the movement, and seems also to be contradicted by historical facts. In Mr. Ward's view and in Mr. Froude's view the movement had this tendency. The former, in writing of the Catholic Revival, describes the movement as the revival of principles which led naturally to Rome. Mr. Froude tells us that his friends argued, 'You see where reason leads you. You see what has come of the Reformation. If you do not believe in the Church Catholic and Apostolic, you have no right to believe in God—and the Church Catholic is the Church of Rome.'\* Of course this was mistaken and feeble argument. It was a kind of reasoning which we should have thought could not impose upon a child. But it illustrates how the rump of a party will insist on a virulent and violent logic which renounces common sense, and gains its power by erecting into a kind of major premiss some principle which only has value among a number of other principles of equal importance. It exemplifies how the disregard of some aspects of truth gives to others an air of portentous importance. When a part is worshipped as if it were the whole, it is not to be wondered at that the part is soon argued to be greater than the whole. A truth lifted up to a throne by itself, and labelled as The Truth, gains a fictitious sovereignty; it stupefies men of imaginative temperament; it paralyses the intellects of men who have not accustomed themselves to more comprehensive inductive methods. There may be resistant and contradictory facts, but so much the worse for the facts. The area of vision is narrowed: the eye-plate of prepossession (so easy to adjust, so difficult to get rid of) is affixed to the telescope: every star which does not come within the immediate field of vision is declared to be valueless or even non-existent. Logic then can pursue her riotous and victorious way. We have rejected private judgment, but it is by an adroit,

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\* Froude, *Short Studies*, 4th series, p. 332.

resolute,



resolute, and illusive exercise of private judgment that we arrive at the conclusion that we have no right to exercise it at all. We need not be surprised to find ourselves at the door of the Church which claims to be infallible.

'The originators of this movement,' wrote Döllinger, 'and the men of most note, of the same way of thinking, entered the Catholic (i.e. Roman) Church; whilst many others, when they were made aware, by this event, of the *consequences of their own principles*, turned back, and, from being "Anglo-Catholics," became again ordinary Anglicans.

The italics are ours.

The movement thus had its dangerous side. What movement has not? It has been the stock-in-trade of heady and heated opponents to point to the dangerous side, and triumphantly cry that there lies the significance of the movement. It is easy to mistake the drift of a movement for its aim. It is easier still to be too mentally indolent to distinguish between intentions and results, and too uncharitable even to wish to understand men. Calmer, if not more charitable times enable us to survey these controversies with a larger experience and with minds not agitated by personal and contagious influences. We can see that the Oxford Movement had a dangerous side. It was not wholly unfair to say that its drift was Romeward. Newman, as he drew near to the fatal vortex which drew him in, seems to have reached the smooth water which precedes the final plunge, and to have been able more clearly to discern the tendencies of proceedings which were concealed from the more eager minds of Keble and Pusey.\* The set of the stream was as surely towards Rome as the set of the Gulf Stream is north-easterly after it has swept the shores of Mexico. But its intention was not the same as its drift.†

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\* On the subject of Pusey's proposed translation of the Breviary, amended and corrected for the English mind, Newman wrote (1843): 'Did I wish to promote the cause of the Church of Rome, I should say, "Do what you propose to do."' (Pusey's Life, vol. ii. p. 390.)

† A pamphlet was published in 1839 for the express purpose of showing that there was no intention on the part of the writers of the Tracts to favour Popery. The pamphlet consisted of extracts from the 'Tracts for the Times.' It was obviously authoritative; and it serves to show that the Church of Rome was, at that time at any rate, by no means considered the goal of the Tractarians. 'Till Rome moves towards us, it is impossible that we should move towards Rome, however closely we may approximate to her in particular doctrines, principles, and views.' (Pamphlet, p. 9; Tract 75, p. 23.) Certain Romish views were distinctly specified as causing practical grievances to the Christian. 'The following are selected by way of specimen of those practical grievances to which Christians are subjected in the Roman Communion:—1. The denial of the cup to the laity; 2. The necessity of the priests' intention to the validity of the Sacrament; 3. The necessity of Confession; 4. The unwarranted anathema of the Roman Church; 5. Purgatory; 6. Invocation of Saints; 7. Images.' (Pamphlet, pp. 7, 8; Tract 71.)

There was a good side to the movement. The religious spirit needs free expression. An injury is inflicted on humanity when a Church is regarded merely as supplying a sort of moral police. The Society which Christ founded was to supply an incentive to action far higher than any which could emanate from such a conception. This view of the work of the Church leads ultimately to the belief that the truth of certain opinions is of less moment than their usefulness. There is, no doubt, force in Mr. Froude's saying, that 'Where there is life, truth is present, not as in propositions, but as an active force'; but when he goes on to say that 'that is all which practical men need desire,' he seems to us to forget that the question will recur—Is the thing true? People, Mr. Froude tells us in his narrative of these times, thought little of doctrinal problems:—

'Religion as taught in the Church of England meant moral obedience to the will of God. The speculative part of it was assumed to be true. The creeds were reverentially repeated; but the essential thing was practice. People went to church on Sunday to learn to be good, to hear the commandments repeated to them for the thousandth time, and to see them written in gilt letters over the Communion Table.'\*

But in this very description we see the drift towards that conception which fastens upon the utilitarian aspect of religion, and leaves the demand of the restless intellect or of the yearning heart unsatisfied. We can understand that this order of things should seem tame to an inquisitive understanding and an aspiring spirit. Over the dull, useful commonplace atmosphere, it is ever inevitable that some souls should seek to soar. 'Oh that I knew where to find Him, that I might come even to His seat.' The moral decencies of life, even the respectable and God-fearing discharge of daily duties, could not represent the fulness of life. The more smoothly the machine works and the more satisfactory are its products, the greater leisure there is for the restless spirit to plunge into other investigations, and find reason for a hundred dissatisfactions. The monotony of what is eminently satisfactory so far as it goes is the proclamation of its unsatisfactoriness in other aspects. But in the midst of this unsatisfying satisfactoriness of the working of the Church machinery came those startling changes which revealed how much still was wanting, and which set people asking whether the Church was to be viewed as a mere machine, or as a society which had a message and a mission to the world.

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\* Froude, *Short Studies*, 4th series, pp. 238, 239.

Was it to be regarded as a department of the State like the constabulary force, or was it to be regarded as an organization which was to bear witness to the nations and peoples of the world, of righteousness, faith, and of judgment to come? Had it not a life which gave it a claim to express itself to the world? Was not the action of the State in suppressing the Irish Bishopricks an invasion of the sacred rights and a disregard of the organic life of the Church? But even if this were not so, was not the Church much more than the guardian of social decorum and personal morality? Was she not the witness of eternal realities? Conceptions of the spiritual dignity and lofty functions of the Church grew and aroused zeal in men's minds. We do not mean that zeal did not exist before. Simeon, Milner, Daniel Wilson, Henry Blunt, and Wilberforce were men of sincere devotion and unflagging zeal. But their zeal was for individual souls: they did not give prominence to the ideal of a working, witnessing Church. They were as men who, seeing a great need, rush to render all possible assistance. They saw what as individuals they might and ought to do; they did not pause to consider what might be the duty of the Christian Society; they saw their own duty and tried to do it. Their zeal was towards the world and the souls of men. The zeal of the Oxford leaders was towards the Church. They did much to make zeal popular. The movement had an academic flavour, and this gave it an advantage. With all the strange fluctuations of feeling with which the English people regard the Universities, they feel for them a real and reverent affection. It is the privilege of an Englishman to vilify his national institutions and to be proud of them. He will find fault, he will initiate vigorous and perhaps ill-considered reforms, but for all that he will yield a ready and remarkable, because unconscious homage to all that comes to him with the hall-mark of Oxford and Cambridge. John Bull, like a fretful husband, will complain one hour that nothing is as it should be, but in the next hour he will have yielded to the lady's fascination and will be guided by her opinion. The movement whose cradle was at Oxford was one in which personal zeal and spiritual devotion did not lose from coming forth to the world from the venerable cloisters of the University. The fervour of the movement spread throughout the country—like a flood it poured over the land. It wrought much havoc; it carried along with it a great deal of rubbish; but it soaked the soil, and brought refreshment and new vitality to many barren spots. Religious movements, like the rising waters of the Nile, have their value  
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not in the tumult and depth of their first flood, but in the rich and fertilizing elements which they deposit everywhere. The matters in dispute during the Oxford Movement were many of them paltry and petty. We wonder at the vehemence of the conflict; we know that a great deal of the flame was caused by burning straw—certainly many of the points so earnestly insisted on were infinitesimally insignificant (though not a hundredth part so insignificant as the mint, anise and cummin about which their successors have made so much tumult). But the men who are in the fight do not see the salient points of the conflict. The man who watches the flood can only see its surface. We who see the subsiding waters can observe what regenerating influences have been at work on the earth. We can forget the noise of the waterspouts and the billows and waves which went over the world. We can see, now that the flood has abated, what tender green things are springing out of the soil. We can realize that the conception of worship has been raised among us. We are privileged to find dignified services with reverent chanting of anthem and psalm not uncommon among us. Cultivated feeling has joined hands with piety, and taste is not an exile from our churches. But it is not the presence of culture or the diffusion of a better taste which we claim as an outcome of the Oxford Movement. It is the conception of worship which made it possible for culture and taste to be admitted into the House of God. Miss Cobbe has pointed out that in too many places religious services are regarded over much from the standpoint of the good of the congregation, and the conception of worship as a duty in itself is forgotten. The religious service is only 'for the benefit and educational training of the worshippers.' She notices that this is the aspect of the cultus in many churches, especially those of the Evangelical class; and she remarks, with much wisdom, 'that the worship which is consciously self-educating, and nothing more, is, from that very circumstance, disqualified, in a great measure, from that purpose itself.' This is most true. That which is sought directly and consciously is seldom won. The best good which comes to us comes because it is found, seemingly unsought, upon the pathway of some simple duty. In the worship of God, because of His greatness and of His love, there will come the spiritual good which is vainly sought in the eager mysteries of a self-conscious devotional exercise. This conception, or rather its revival in English life, we may trace to the influence of the Oxford Movement.

Parallel to this there is another conception whose value has been concealed behind much irrelevant controversy. It was argued,

argued, and it is still argued, that the only value of religious services is found in the number of the worshippers—we reduce religion to a matter of statistics; and we close our churches because so few people come. But it may be asked: Is the service nothing? Is not the prayer offered by the few still prayer? Is not there something fit and appropriate that even while the great world goes about its business, and the streets and markets are thronged with anxious men doing their duty and fulfilling their daily tasks, there yet should be going on in the stately minster or the simple village church the intercessions and prayers of the few to whom God has given leisure and the opportunity to pray for their fellow-men? This aspect of English Church life forcibly struck a non-Episcopalian who visited our shores from America, and he recognized its value in terms which we venture to quote because of their justice and generosity:—

‘To one who goes for the first time from our simple American churches into an English Cathedral, York or Westminster, and encounters its elaborate ritual, repeated twice every day, often to almost no congregation, a service composed largely of singing, the prayers intoned, the Scriptures read in a strange penetrating monotone—it seems the vainest form, a relic of Popery, a thing kept up to please the ear and eye, and to reap the fruits of the rich endowments. There is indeed much to criticise, much that might well be changed, much that might well be added; but the longer one thinks of this system and usage, the more one suspects there may be in it solid sense and far-reaching wisdom; he sees in it a nearly indestructible embodiment and assertion of worship. The building itself is of stone; its history shades off into dimly recorded ages. In its crypt lie the ashes of the great for a thousand years; on its walls are the names and effigies of statesmen and soldiers and philosophers and saints: its pavements are worn with the tread of generations. It is vast, beautiful, solemn, and enduring; it spreads wide and generous over the earth, resisting the encroachments of this world’s eager hands, and rising high into the pure spaces of heaven. St. Paul’s is not a beautiful structure, but it overlooks the Bank of England and the Exchange. And thus all over England, in towns nowhere two hours apart, are found these great churches with their corps of clergy and choirs, with daily service heralded by softly chiming bells, uttered by divinest music, and invested with the solemn usage of long ages. There is no interruption of this service, no vacation, no holiday, no break from pestilence, or war, or political change.’

The revived realization of this idea we owe in large measure to the Oxford Movement.

There is another influence of which we must speak. Whether it

it should be described as an influence for good or ill, will depend upon the view-point of the narrator and upon the circumstances of the future. We owe to the Oxford Movement the revival of the Catholic idea. By this term, we do not mean Mr. W. Ward's idea, nor yet that nondescript and incoherent assemblage of notions which the priestling of a few months' standing dignifies by the name of Catholic. The craze for Catholicism has been much with us. It has forced into notice all sorts of customs, many of them only the recrudescent germs of paganism, and asked us to accept them as Catholic usages. It is not of this base sort of so-called Catholicism we speak. Stripped of their theological garments, Protestantism represents Individualism, Catholicism represents Socialism. It is significant that the main support given by the clerical world to what is called Christian Socialism is given by men of what are called extreme or Catholic views. If these extreme views prevail, and society is organized after the patterns set ostentatiously before us, the welfare of society is likely to be purchased by the servitude of every individual composing society. The problem which is upon us demands that individual freedom should be preserved while collective welfare is secured. If the Catholic idea is used to emphasize the duties of social kindness and individual self-sacrifice, the revival of such an idea will be for good; but if the revival means the reversion to tyrannous methods in legislation and opinion, then the revival is retrograde; and the benefits which are promised can only be secured by the sacrifice of everything which makes them valuable. But we must not linger upon the questions which these considerations suggest. We must turn to the personal character of Dr. Pusey.

To many good men in the opposite camp the very name of Pusey was a word of ill omen. It was associated in their minds with a lack of straightforwardness and with undoubted predilections for the Church of Rome. We have shown that in our judgment Pusey was drawn nearer to the edge of the abyss than he himself fully realized. To Bishop Thirlwall, Pusey was 'a painful enigma.' He judged that 'such resolute and passionate one-sidedness in a man of such extensive learning must be a reaction against inward misgivings kept under as suggestions of the Evil One, by a violent effort of the will.\*' We do not think that we need resort to these explanations of Pusey's life and character. He was, we think, a man in whom timidity ripened into the courage of passive endurance against all that he believed to be wrong, and deepened into such an intense dread of wrong that he saw the ghosts of wrong where

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\* Thirlwall, Letters, 1st series, pp. 245, 261.

no wrong was. His mistakes, his narrow-mindedness, and his despondency arose out of this dread. The same feeling gave birth to his chivalry, his bounty, and even his tenderness. It entered into his daily life. He could not endure levity; lightness was unseemly. He shrank from it with especial shrinking when serious or religious topics were under discussion. Ward's jauntiness must have jarred upon him. It was in utter seriousness that he said of Ward, after remarking upon the deterioration of the bulk of those who had seceded, 'Ward had got so bad already that with him further deterioration was impossible.'\* Ward's wickedness lay in his want of seriousness. Pusey was too much in earnest, too deeply impressed by the solemnity of life, too fully possessed by the spirit of reverence, to understand the exuberance of 'Elephant' Ward. There is something pathetic and even dignified in a life guided so entirely by a strict and self-repressing fear. It is not the highest life we can imagine; but 'the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom,' and it is ill for profane and careless men to cast stones at any one who walked so consistently and at such cost of self-sacrifice in the wisdom of that noble fear. It is true that at times this fear sank to a lower level, and took upon it the complexion of an almost senile dread, but his pious spirit soon found its equilibrium in a calmer reverence. His fear of wrong sometimes made him harsh. Witness his very unworthy letter respecting Whately. It blinded him to the significance of his own utterances. Witness his extraordinary idea that Hampden's anti-patristic teaching must end in Socinianism. It led him often into the wilderness where the land seemed barren and the clouds were threatening over his head. It deprived him often of the serene confidence which a larger sense of the Love which guides men and encompasses their lives would have afforded him. But these were his misfortunes. His system was limited and defective in our judgment. A little more aggressive courage, and a firmer faith in the providence which watches over the advancing movements of the world's history, would have brought him out into a wealthier place. But in the spot where he dwelt and within the limits which he had assigned to himself, he lived a life of stainless virtue, great liberality, exhausting labours, and sincere faith. The touches of personal piety which meet us in these volumes are among the brightest things in the biography. We turn to these with pleasure, glad to forget the strife of tongues and the alarms of controversy. We like to hear him saying that with 'every fresh responsibility fresh strength is given.' He said who knew it. Or again, 'It is by

\* 'Quarterly Review,' vol. 169, p. 383.

practically

practically realizing that God is a Father to us, and that we, though at one time disobedient and very unthankful, are sons, that every event of life is set in its real light.' \* But we must not multiply quotations.

The moral we would draw is the very simple one, that men of very different schools of thought may be nourished in piety and educated in goodness. The intellectual forms of faith must vary. Holiness is not the monopoly of anyone. It was the vain idea that holiness might be found as a prerogative of some one Christian Communion which misled so many in Pusey's day. The longer the world lasts, the more clearly is it made manifest that there are many who follow Christ, and grow in resemblance to Him, who are parted far from one another in the matter of opinion. We believe that the lesson which the Christian churches need more and more to learn is the lesson that God fulfils Himself in many ways, and that much variety is not only needful—as long as races, habits, intellects, and tendencies vary—but wholesome. Unity of opinion will never be found. This is the *ignis fatuus* of theology, but oneness of spirit may be reached, and is better worth seeking. It is not in any vain hunt for an ideal Church or some unquestionable and visible centre of authority that the reunion of Christendom will be accomplished. It is by the cultivation and diffusion of the Spirit of Christ. As this grows in the various communions of Christendom, there will be an insensible and necessary drawing together of hearts. The spirit which will animate Churches will not be the spirit of criticism. The bull, the anathema, the excommunication will become things of the past. It is by loving Christ, not by analysis of our several creeds, that we shall be brought together, just as it is by loving one another, not by criticising one another's views, that we best come to understand one another's position.

'The Hour is coming—hear ye not her feet,  
Falling in sweet sphere-thunder down the stairs  
Of Love's pure sky?—when this our holy Church  
Shall melt away in ever-widening walls,  
And be for all mankind, and in its place  
A mightier Church shall come, whose covenant word  
Shall be the deeds of Love. Not *credo* then,  
*Amo* shall be the password through her gates.  
Man shall not ask his brother any more,  
"Believest thou?" but "Lovest thou?" and all  
Shall answer at God's altar—"Lord! I love."  
For Hope may anchor, Faith may steer, but Love,  
Great Love alone, is Captain of the soul.'

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\* Vol. i. p. 224.



Some few years before the world of English thought had begun to trouble itself about the matters which the 'Tracts for the Times' brought into controversial prominence, a Scotch Presbyterian, then forty years of age, wrote to his cousin as follows: 'I have Keble lying open before me. The hymns for the Holy Week are beautiful: Monday is exquisite. I think I like it best of them all. The use made of Andromache's farewell is quite filling to the heart, and the theology of the fourth stanza, "Thou art as much His care," &c., is worth, in my mind, the whole Shorter and Longer Catechisms together.' The writer was Thomas Erskine, himself one who exercised a profound religious influence over the men of his own day. We agree with Thomas Erskine's estimate, and with the principle which underlies it. Many of the Confessions of Faith and Catechisms of Churches have served little good but the multiplication of controversies and the increase of divisions. With the elaboration of creeds, the sects have increased. And later generations discover that the matters in dispute have not been worth fighting about; but the controversy leaves the spirit of alienation behind it as a sad inheritance. The controversialist is too often little more than the abettor of schisms. But the spiritual man who helps our devotion, interprets our experience, and exalts our love to God, deals with principles which never die, and sends his message on to generations who will know nothing and care nothing for our disputes. For ourselves, though we reverence the personal piety, the exemplary devotion, and the unfeigned saintliness of Dr. Pusey, we believe that much that he wrote will pass away as the works of thousands of controversialists before him have done; and we would rather have written

'Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if Thou be near,'

than have composed all the ninety tracts and every pamphlet which defended or answered them. For though these last may have instructed and safeguarded a few, they awakened wrath, dismay, and misunderstanding among many; while Keble's Evening Hymn has been sung by multitudes, and has never evoked a bitter thought, but has consoled with better hopes and inspired with fresh courage the hearts of thousands journeying towards the sundown.

- ART. V.—1. *The Roman Poets of the Augustan Age.* By W. Y. Sellar, M.A. Oxford, 1892.
2. *Études sur la Poésie Latine.* Par M. Patin. Paris, 1875.
3. *Études sur les Poètes Latins de la Décadence.* Par D. Nisard. Paris, 1888.
4. *History of Roman Literature.* By C. T. Cruttwell, M.A. London, 1877.
5. *History of Roman Literature.* By W. S. Teuffel. Revised by L. Schwabe, and translated by G. Warr, M.A. London, 1892.
6. *The Student's Roman Empire to the Death of Marcus Aurelius.* By J. B. Bury, M.A. London, 1893.
7. *M. Annæi Lucani Pharsalia.* By C. E. Haskins, M.A., with Introduction by W. E. Heitland, M.A. London, 1887.
8. *Petronii Satiræ.* Edidit F. Bücheler. Berlin, 1882.
9. *Petronii Cena Trimalchionis.* Von L. Friedländer. Leipzig, 1891.
10. *M. Valerii Martialis Epigrammaton Liber.* Von L. Friedländer. Leipzig, 1886.

POETRY, like other subjects of study, may be regarded and estimated from two points of view, the *a priori* and the *a posteriori*. The former rests on principles which are very likely to be arbitrary and incomplete. It will generally be found to be more satisfactory to ask ourselves what a thing is, or has been—provided of course an answer is possible—than to decide what it ought to be according to certain principles laid down by ourselves. The *a priori* method has manifest disadvantages in a review which extends over centuries. For, as regards Poetry at least, abstract principles must of necessity be vague and shifting. As a great traveller makes our old maps worse than useless, when a lake takes the place of a Sahara and a mountain-ridge that of a prairie, so too in literature,

‘When a new planet swims into our ken,’

we find ourselves compelled to reconsider and perhaps revolutionize the main principles of artistic construction. And even though no Shakspeare or Virgil or Menander may happen to arise, the very lapse of time may throw the critical machine out of gear. What would Pope make of Browning or Walt Whitman? Would Edgar Allen Poe have thought of describing that subtle piece of analysis, ‘The Lady of the Aroostook,’

Aroostook,' as a novel? The expression *urbanitas* always had a very clear meaning in the mouth of a Roman of the Republic and early Empire, to whom the City was as supreme as to a modern Parisian. *Urbanitas* was the essential condition of literary acceptability. But its meaning shifted with each generation, though quite definite in each. Lucilius is called *perurbanus* by Cicero and *inurbanus* by Horace, yet each of these critics knew, no doubt, exactly what *urbanus* meant, and applied the epithet correctly according to the conception of his age.

But the consideration of the Latin Poetry of the decline is hardly at all impeded by either of these difficulties. First, the Rome of Horace was curiously similar to the Rome of Juvenal, and the state of life described by the poet of the early Empire remained practically unchanged under Emperors who had almost forgotten who Horace was. Secondly, after Virgil not a single poet arose to emulate his striking originality.

To take the second consideration first. It seems startling to dwell on the originality of one who was in his technique so imitative as Virgil; yet among Latin poets his originality is his most distinctive feature. He succeeded in producing in an age no longer epical a brilliant reflexion of the poetry which characterizes the epoch of childish belief and *insouciance*. Virgil has borrowed much from Homer, but he has taken from him nothing that he has not made new. He is the cloud which receives the light of the Sun, and gives it back with all the colours of the rainbow, rather than the Moon of Homer, as he was called by Victor Hugo. His pious reproduction of the age of childish belief has suggested to some critics a comparison of Virgil with Tasso. Ovid was the Ariosto of the Augustan Age, and took mythology no more seriously than his successor took chivalry.\*

And, as we have said, the Silver Age, which failed to bring forth an artist of original genius, is marked also by the monotony with which, generation after generation, it reproduced a hardly altered routine of social life in the Imperial City. A sketch drawn from Horace of a day in Rome under the early Empire would not require much modification to suit the Rome of Martial and Juvenal, and yet the difference in time was greater than that which separates Shakspeare from Swift, or Fielding from Thackeray. The *beau monde* of Rome consisted mainly of professed libertines, professed gastronomes, and professional diners-out. Money was easily made, and was profusely thrown away on absurd building schemes, extravagant entertainments,

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\* 'In non credendos corpora versa modos' (Trist. II. 64).

and articles of *virtù*. Those who could not enrich themselves by the plunder of the public revenues spent their lives in pursuing with assiduities the childless millionaire, who often provided a contrast to the general extravagance by leading a life of sordid penury; and among all these the position of the man of letters was often little better than that of the professional parasite. In a society which depended entirely on slave labour, and in which commerce and manufacture were but feebly developed, industry was almost confined to those among the upper classes who were ambitious of place, power, and riches, and the great mass of the community found its chief occupation in providing itself with amusement. Add to this picture the greater development of the practice of declamation, and we have a description of a Roman day in the time of Martial or Juvenal. In referring to that strange product of the Empire, Petronius Arbiter, we shall have occasion to give a specimen of table-talk at a Roman entertainment, which will show how little the mental horizon of a Roman had widened since the age of Horace. Here it is sufficient to note that society in the time of Horace is rapidly tending towards the heartless profligacy which displays itself in the poems of Ovid. As Catullus marks the transition from republican poetry to Augustan, Ovid marks that from the Augustan to the Decline.

Before entering on the poetry of the Decline, we may perhaps briefly characterise those poets who, in addition to Virgil and Horace (already treated at large in this Review), constitute for us the Augustan Age. The successive steps from republican poetry to the Decline are marked by Propertius, Tibullus, and Ovid. The early Greek elegy was as opposite as possible in its spirit to the elegy of the Augustan Age. Callinus and Tyrtæus employed it to rouse their countrymen to patriotism and heroism; Solon made politics its theme; and Theognis and Phocylides enshrined in it their proverbial philosophy and shrewd moralisings on life. Mimnermus is the only early Greek elegiac poet whose muse is associated with love. It is the Alexandrine poets, Philetas, Callimachus, and Euphoriion, to whom Cicero refers as the models of 'the new school' (*οἱ νεωτεριστοί*), and who really gave its tone and scope to the Latin elegy. With Propertius love is still ardent passion, but the characteristic reverence and seriousness, the *gravitas* of the Roman character, has deepened into gloom; in Tibullus love is tender affection mixed with melancholy, and there is still strong sympathy with the grandeur of the Roman character and state; in Ovid it is mere pleasure, intrigue, gallantry, and all *gravitas* has completely disappeared. Love is with him  
merely

merely physical desire, and the lover aspires to nothing better than *bonne fortune*. The poet has forgotten how to suffer like Catullus, and has learned how picturesque it is to *souffrir* like Alfred de Musset. Ovid prepares us for the state of morals which called forth the sarcasms of Tacitus and the execrations of Juvenal.

The late Professor Sellar—in that valuable volume on Horace and the elegiac poets which appeared after his lamented death, fitly crowning a literary career to which British scholarship may well point with pride as affording a bright example of learning ever embellished by good taste, and brilliancy which never overstepped the bounds of due discretion—has happily remarked that readers of Propertius in the present day will be disposed, according to their temperament, to apostrophize him in one or other of two verses from his own poems. Those who feel neither his own personality nor that which he has imparted to his Cynthia to be very congenial, and who think that it is possible to have too much of lovers' quarrels and reconciliations—that love is, after all, only the flower of life, not its root or even its fruit—will shut up the book of his poems, exclaiming in his own words,—

‘Maxima de nilo nascitur historia.’

The more sympathetic readers will say with a sigh,—

‘Ardoris nostri magne poeta jaces.’

To the one the four books of elegies will be ‘much ado about nothing’; to the others Propertius will ever be ‘the bard that lent love’s passion words.’ We belong to the latter class, and that is the reason why we have put him before Tibullus, to whom chronologically he is somewhat posterior. When we leave Propertius, we abandon really ardent sincerity in the expression of the passion of love, never again to meet it in Latin poetry. The poetry of Tibullus is to his]

‘As moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine.’

The characteristic of Tibullus is not ardour, but tenderness and self-abnegation. He writes to Delia with apparent sincerity :

‘I am not worth a single tear of hers’ ; \*

and after she has proved faithless to him, he can express a grateful and affectionate remembrance of her mother.† He

\* ‘Non ego sum tanti ploret ut illa semel.’

† i. 6. 63: ‘Vive diu, mihi dulcis anus: proprios ego tecum,  
Sit modo fas, annos contribuissse velim:  
Te semper natamque tuam te propter amabo:  
Quidquid agit sanguis est tamen illa tuus.’

deprecates

deprecates the life of a soldier because he prefers the peaceful joys of the country, not for the reason of Propertius, that time is wasted which is not spent in love. Tibullus might have written sincerely:—

‘I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honour more.’

To Propertius such a sentiment would have been a blasphemy against love, on whose shrine everything, even honour, ought to be sacrificed. Propertius does not seem to have been congenial to his contemporaries. Horace sneers at him more than once, and it has even been suggested that Propertius was the bore whom he met on the Sacred Way.\* But whatever were the personal characteristics of Propertius, he was undoubtedly a great poet. If the critic had to select the two finest poems written in Latin elegiacs, perhaps he would not err in choosing that one in which Propertius describes the ghost of Cynthia appearing to him immediately after burial,†

‘Sunt aliquid Manes : letum non omnia finit,’

and the address ‡ of Cornelia to her husband beginning

‘Desine, Paule, meum lacrimis urgere sepulcrum.’

Æacus, in an admirable passage in the ‘Ranæ’ of Aristophanes, suggests that the question of superiority between Æschylus and Euripides might be decided by placing verses of each poet in a balance and trying them by butcher’s weight.§ Tried by this test, his pentameters would make those of Ovid kick the beam. In Ovid the pentameter always ‘falleth in melody back.’ In Propertius it often soars above the ‘silvery column’ of the hexameter, and dominates the couplet. Ovid would probably have thrown into the scale the fine pentameter which is engraved over the cemetery in Richmond by the banks of the James River, the cemetery which contains all that is mortal of the Southern victims of the American civil war:

‘Qui bene pro patria cum patriaque jacent.’

But Propertius would have been able to choose one of half-a-dozen pentameters laden with weighty meaning to set against

\* Mr. Bury, in his excellent history of the Roman Empire to the death of M. Aurelius, pointedly writes of him, ‘He seems to have been a man of weak will, and this is reflected in his poetry. It has been noticed by those who have studied his language that he prefers to express feelings as possible rather than as real; his thoughts naturally run in the potential mood.’

† iv. 7.

‡ iv. 11.

§ τί δέ; μεταγρήσουσι την τραγῳδίαν (Ran. 798).

it;

it; perhaps the pentameter admired so much by Dean Merivale,—

‘Jura dare et statuas inter et arma Mari’;

or the proud boast of Cornelia when she pointed to the blameless life of Paullus and herself from their marriage to her death,—

‘Viximus insignes inter utramque facem’;

or the verse wherein the poet, thinking of the ‘vast and wandering grave’ which whelmed the young life of his friend Pætus, exclaims in that elegiac ode which Sellar aptly compares to the ‘Lycidas,’—

‘Nunc tibi pro tumulto Carpathium omne mare est.’

Ovid never even attempts to deal seriously with love except when he describes the passion of a woman for a man, as in his ‘Heroides,’ and there we meet a quality in his style which at once marks him out as the herald of the Silver Age; the rhetorical tinge with which the letters from the heroines are imbued, strongly recalling to our minds the *suasoriæ* of the schools of rhetoric. This defect is less seen in the poems in which Ovid was more sincere, as in the ‘Art of Love,’ which was justly regarded by Macaulay as the greatest of Ovid’s works, and which reminds Sellar of Byron’s ‘Don Juan,’ as a poem in which a true vein of real poetry occasionally mingles with cynical worldliness and warm sensuousness. But the rhetorical strain is very present in the ‘Metamorphoses,’ for which the poet himself claims the palm, and to which he trusts for his immortality. The attractiveness of this work lies in its descriptions—another mark, as we shall see, of the Silver Age—but the attempt to divest it of the character of a Dictionary of Mythology by interweaving the stories after the fashion of the ‘Arabian Nights’ is only partially successful. Sellar points out how his gods are emptied of all dignity and grandeur, adding the just and acute remark, ‘Though in no ancient poem do the gods play a larger part, no work is more irreligious.’ If any one desires to see how a dainty conceit may be made not only gross but grotesque by a foul imagination, let him compare the fifteenth poem in the second book of the ‘Amores’ with the ‘foolish song’ in ‘The Miller’s Daughter,’ beginning—

‘It is the miller’s daughter,  
And she is grown so dear, so dear,  
That I would be the jewel  
That trembles at her ear;  
For hid in ringlets day and night  
I’d touch her neck so warm and white.’

In

In the 'Tristia' and 'Ex Ponto' we have an attempt to misapply the elegiac muse, and to force her whose song should be of

'The hope, the fear, the jealous care,  
The exalted portion of the pain  
And power of love,'

to record the petty troubles of *une âme desorientée*, and ill at ease amid its surroundings. We could have well spared the 'Fasti,' a mechanical effort to produce the effect of a patriotism which the writer did not feel, and to efface the ineffaceable impression of lightness and insincerity which his poetry leaves. We wish that we had preserved in its place his tragedy the 'Medea,' which ancient critics pronounced to be his masterpiece. In the 'Remedia Amoris' and the 'Medicamina Facie' we have an example of the most impossible of all feats which a writer can essay—the attempt to imitate his past self. Many writers have achieved amazing imitations of others, but those who have tried to reproduce the peculiarities of their former selves have always failed pathetically. Nevertheless, no other classical poet has furnished more ideas than Ovid to the Italian poets and painters of the Renaissance, and to our own early poetry from Chaucer to Pope, who, like Ovid,

'Lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.'

If we look at the Augustan Age from the spiritual point of view, Ovid may be regarded as the poet of the Transition. The Silver Age is the age of words. Ovid is to Virgil as Euripides to Sophocles, and we find that Ovid is imitated more than Virgil by the poets of the Decline,—by Lucan, Statius, Seneca, and Valerius Flaccus. But if we view the question merely materially as one of chronology, Phædrus will be the connecting link. He lived from Augustus to Nero, and is the only writer who fills the interval. There was between the Golden and the Silver Age half a century of literary darkness illumined only by the trifling contributions to literature which Phædrus has made. He is not mentioned by a single writer of the Empire except Martial under Domitian and Avianus under Theodosius. Phædrus no doubt chose the rôle of a fabulist because it was a vein hitherto neglected by the Latin poets. We know hardly anything about his life; but we are told that he incurred the resentment of Sejanus and was imprisoned. There is certainly much in his work which seems to be directed against Tiberius and Sejanus, and we must admire the bold outspokenness of  
many



many of his fables as well as the ingenuity of one ambiguous criticism on his times,

‘Utilius homini nihil est quam recte loqui,’

a phrase which may mean, quite equally well, either ‘nothing is more truly a man’s interest than to speak honestly,’ or ‘it is more a man’s interest to say nothing at all than to speak the straightforward truth.’ Whether we believe or not that his sarcasms were resented, we may safely discredit the statement that, if resented, they were visited only with incarceration—an incredibly light sentence on blasphemy against the Emperor in an age when death was often the punishment of mere silence. Phædrus is rather a *raconteur* than a fabulist. He is best when he is only telling a story. His animals are but vehicles of moral reflexions. One of his fables tells how there were two mules, one of which bore a great treasure, and the other only a load of barley. The former is despoiled of his load and wounded by robbers; the latter is unburied, and bears his burden safely to its destination. But we read that the first stepped along proudly with his head in the air, while the other trudged on his way dejected and humble. Now these (as has been remarked) are the traits not of the beasts in the story, but of the human beings there symbolized and the human qualities and conditions illustrated, luxury and poverty. Æsop never makes such a mistake. His fable and his moral leap together from his brain. In Phædrus the moral comes first, and then he attaches an animal to it. Phædrus is signalized by an overweening vanity and self-esteem. He constantly plumes himself on his originality, or at least on his superiority to his model, Æsop. Like Cicero, another Transition poet, he is jealous of his fame and covetous of praise. He is very concise, but never to the point of obscurity like Persius, whose style has been compared to a too powerful glass which by excessive concentration of the rays of light actually impedes the vision. He strongly resembles the Augustan writers in his taste, his familiarity with Greek literature, and his ambition for a place in the regard of posterity.

Poetry revives under Nero, and its chief representatives in that reign are Lucan and Seneca. Like Catullus and Persius, Lucan died very young, in his twenty-sixth year; but, unlike them, he found not only an untimely but a dishonourable grave. He is a black spot on the goodly fellowship of Stoics which Persius adorned. He halted between the life of a courtier and the death of a Stoic, and faced the latter only when he could no longer preserve the former. He tried unsuccessfully to make the

the best of both worlds, and finally gave up his life only after the failure of a vile attempt to save it by the sacrifice of his mother's. And yet he was a member of that eminent Stoic family which shed such lustre on the dark days of Nero's reign. His father was M. Annæus, a son of Seneca the elder, and his uncle was Seneca the younger, who was high in favour at the court of Nero. Lucan himself displayed extraordinary precocity. So the infant prodigy was sent from Corduba to Rome, and put into the mill of Palæmon and Flavius, who had just finished their task of ruining the style of Persius, and were now ready to take in hand a fresh victim. The story that bees settled on his lips in infancy is one which is told of many poets, but of none, surely, more inappropriately than of Lucan. The bee takes its fragrant store from Nature herself, and never did a poet owe so little to Nature as Lucan, or possess more wearisomely perfect skill in embroidering ideas which he has not completely grasped, pleading with feverish earnestness causes in which he has no interest, and making the most emphatic pronouncements on subjects on which he has no knowledge and not even prejudices.

As Ausonius, the poet of Bordeaux, owed to the favourable horoscope, which fired the ambition of his parents, that start in life which he used so well that beginning as a teacher of rhetoric he finally became consul, verifying the verse of Juvenal,

'Si fortuna volet fles de rhetore consul';

so Lucan owed to the chance that he possessed a relative influential at court, his early introduction to Roman life and fashion. But the young Spaniard would have profited far more by the curb than the spur. The precocious bud of his genius needed pruning, to prevent its blowing into a flower too soon. His teachers and admirers would not even leave the bud to Nature, but tried to pull open the leaves and make it look like a flower before its time. Thrust while still a child into a position which Lucretius, Virgil, and Horace with difficulty achieved for themselves, and with all his worst tendencies not corrected but fostered, did not the young genius afford a perfect illustration of that saddest and truest of sayings *corruptio optimi pessima*? At first he enjoyed high favour with the Emperor, who made him a quæstor. It is true that by statute he was not yet eligible for the office. But what matter? In those days it often happened that the first time one heard of a law was when it was set aside by the Emperor. But jealousy soon troubled the smooth current of Lucan's prosperity. The Emperor and he were equally prolific poets, but the Emperor's 'Mimallonean boomings'

boomings' \* commanded only enforced applause, while those of his young rival were received with real enthusiasm. It is singular that, though Nero was so proud of his poetry, he so utterly failed to bring about its survival. Few even of the titles of his poems have come down to us. It seems as if a great reputation, either for good or for evil, in the sphere of action is unfavourable to survival in the realms of art. The hand of Time has smeared out the imperial boomings in the blood of his innocent victims. Lucan was forbidden to read his verses in public. One might as well have taken away books from Cicero, meats from Vitellius, or men from Cleopatra. The applause of the *salon* was the air which Lucan breathed. Full of bitterness, he threw himself into the conspiracy of Piso, resenting not so much the suppression of the liberties of his country as of his own right to thrill the ears of the applauding public. By no writer has the Republic been more ardently beloved than by Lucan, but he loved it not as a form of government but as a subject for rhetoric, not as the creation of the Roman people but as the theme of the 'Pharsalia.' If Martial is to be believed when he tells of the profits earned by that poem,† we may say that few have sold their country more advantageously than Lucan. He was a political economist, too: Roman citizenship was at a discount: he bought it in the cheapest market, the *comitia*, and sold it in the dearest, the Argiletum, or Booksellers' Street, of Rome. What did a Spaniard care about Rome? He would never have come near it, but that it was the best opening for a young man of talent, and the best market for the gaudy wares which he had to sell.

We know how Piso's conspiracy was discovered, and how, among all the nobles and poets that took part in it, there was not one who was not as ready as an Irish Invincible to purchase his own safety by denouncing the rest, save one poor harlot, Epicharis, whom perhaps some womanish weakness, may be indignation at the judicial murder of a lover, had driven into the plot, but from whom, in the words of Tacitus, 'neither scourge nor fire, nor the fury of the torturers, who were loth to be beaten by a woman,' could extort one word of confession, betrayal, or retractation. Lucan surpassed the rest in his eagerness to save his life even by denouncing his own mother, an

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\* 'Mimalloneis bombis' (Pers. i. 99).

† Martial, xiv. 194, makes Lucan say of himself:

'Sunt quidam qui me dicunt non esse poetam:  
Sed qui me vendit bibliopola putat.'

act which gives a new and literal meaning to Juvenal's scathing line,

'Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.'

But the imperial matricide was not impressed by the sacrifice of a mother, and Lucan was forced to confront what he calls 'the greatest of horrors,' the face of Death. He bled to death at the age of six-and-twenty, reciting some verses from the 'Pharsalia.' He can hardly have been in love with death, which he tried so basely to shun; yet he is never tired of glorifying it. Of facing death he writes:

'Happiest who can, next happiest he who must.' \*

And again:

'God cheats men into living on by hiding  
How blest it is to die.' †

God certainly seems to have succeeded in concealing the charms of death from this pseudo-Stoic, who was as unworthy of his family as of his age, and who was not ashamed to try to claim credit for a great death after exhausting all the devices of turpitude to avoid it.

Quintilian said of the 'Pharsalia' that it was perhaps rhetoric rather than poetry—an excellent criticism, which might well be applied to certain modern poets. Admirable as are the 'Lays of Ancient Rome' and 'Lalla Rookh,' we feel that the main ingredient in the handiwork of Macaulay and Moore is not poetry but rhetoric when we compare them with 'Christabel' or 'Maud'; and the same will be the result of a comparison between the 'Pharsalia' and the 'Æneid.'

Lucan, as has been observed by Mr. Crutwell, has not the reverence of Virgil for the gods nor the antagonism of Lucretius; he does not rise above a flippant and shallow scepticism. Hence he is hampered in the use of the supernatural, and is obliged to have recourse to witches, demons, ghosts, and visions. The real strength of this epic poem without a hero is in the rhetorical skill displayed in those parts of it where rhetoric is appropriate, as for instance in the magnificent reflections on the death of Pompey. It is his matchless powers as a rhetorician and a phrasemonger ‡ that have made a poem, perused throughout by few, such a fruitful source of quotations

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\* 'Scire mori sors prima viris, sed proxima cogi' (Phars. ix. 211).

† 'Victurosque dei celant, ut vivere durent,  
Felix esse mori.' (rv. 520.)

‡ Quintilian calls him *sententiis clarissimus*.

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which have become household words, like 'In se magna ruunt,' 'Stat magni nominis umbra,' 'Victrix causa deis placuit sed victa Catoni,' 'Nulla fides regni sociis,' 'Multis utile bellum,' 'Nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum.' But it is this gift which has often betrayed him into wild exaggeration, as in the episode, over three hundred lines long, of the African serpents and the deaths which they inflicted, and in the loathsome banquet of the carrion birds and beasts on the field of Pharsalia, which reminds one of a horrible passage in Byron's 'Siege of Corinth,' beginning—

'And he saw the lean dogs 'neath the wall  
Hold o'er the dead their carnival.'

Lucan is a perfect type of Silver Poetry, because his strong point is his power of description. For it is in their descriptions that the Gold and Silver Ages present to us a most marked contrast. The Golden Age is subjective, and detail is subservient to a spiritual delineation; description is rather a sketch than a picture, and addresses itself more to the mind than to the eye. The Silver Age revels in objective detail, and dwells more on repulsive than attractive qualities, for the former are more obvious to a less keen insight. Beauty, except to the eye of genius, is uniform, while ugliness presents even to a commonplace observation a multitude of different features, and a wide field for detailed elaboration. M. Nisard has well illustrated this contrast by comparing Virgil's Sibyl in the sixth book of the 'Æneid' and Lucan's in the fifth of the 'Pharsalia.' Virgil paints, Lucan anatomises. The same will be the result of putting side by side a picture of a shipwreck by each poet. A faculty for minutely describing natural objects, to which may be added erudition (if that is a good quality in a poet), constitutes the chief merit of Lucan, and perhaps the only merit of the 'Thebaid' and 'Achilleid' of Statius, the 'Argonautica' of Valerius Flaccus, the 'Punica' of Silius Italicus, and the 'Ætna' whose author is unknown.

The other poet of the reign of Nero, if poet he can be called, is Seneca the younger. No fewer than six Senecas have been postulated at different times in the history of literature, but we have no reason to believe that there were more than two,—the father who wrote works on rhetoric, and the son who not only cultivated his father's favourite studies but was the author of several tragedies, which, there is reason to believe, were never put upon the stage. Martial congratulates Corduba on having produced two Senecas, meaning doubtless the rhetorician and the tragic poet. Sidonius Apollinaris speaks of one Seneca who

who cultivates 'scabrous' Plato, while the other 'makes the stage of Euripides shake beneath his tread.\*' Opinions differ widely not only concerning the merits of the tragedies as a whole, but also concerning the relative excellence of each as compared with the others. One critic calls the 'Œdipus' a great work, a precious jewel, while the 'Troades' he pronounces utterly worthless; and of the 'Octavia' he says, 'If it is not the work of a child, I am a child myself.' Another calls the 'Troades' divine, the 'Octavia' below it but still excellent, while the 'Œdipus' in his judgment is so lacking in all inspiration that it can hardly be reckoned among tragedies at all. Teuffel writes, 'The *prætexta* entitled "Octavia" is certainly not by Seneca.' On the question of the merits of the tragedies as works of art there can hardly be two opinions. They were evidently written for the arm-chair, not the stage, but even as such they are worthless as studies of the human mind. The philosophy of Seneca reappears in his plays. The oft-quoted lines †—

'Where you were your birth before,  
There you'll be when you're no more'—

afford a good example of the kind of moralizing which prevails in his plays. Their key-note is Stoicism. No virtues are found in them but the virtues of the Schools. All the softer traits of humanity disappear. Modesty, pure love, filial affection no longer have any interest, but must make way for the virtues that can strut and rant. Love in Seneca is sensual and shameless. The Phædra of Euripides‡ struggles against the burden that is laid upon her, but Aphrodite is greater than she. She speaks of her mother Pasiphaë with pity, and though dissuaded by her nurse persists in her resolve to die. The Latin Phædra exults in her passion for Hippolytus, envies the monstrous love of Pasiphaë, and pretends a resolution to die, that she may deceive her nurse and gain her as an accomplice. And while laboriously unfolding the unnatural aberrations of a distorted passion, Seneca imagines that he is doing what Euripides did and analysing a woman's heart. In the same way he transforms the loving yet patient Deianira of Sophocles

\* 'Quorum alter colit hispidum Platonem,  
Orchestra quatit alter Euripidis.'

The extreme infelicity of the epithet *hispidum* as applied to Plato almost prepares us for the metrical monstrosity in the next verse.

† 'Quæris quo jaceas post obitum loco.  
Quo non nata jacent.'

‡ Hippol. 387 ff.

Vol. 179.—No. 357.

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into a furious virago, and Antigone into a special pleader, who discusses with her father Œdipus the question how far his relations with his mother can be held to involve real guiltiness. The death of Polyxena in Euripides, put beside that of Iphigenia in Æschylus and his imitator Lucretius, shows a great lowering of tone. But in Euripides we have only to complain that Polyxena is too collected when she thinks how she must arrange her robes so as to fall with decency and decorum; in Seneca, Polyxena rivals Cato in her stoical contempt of death, and dashes herself to the ground, invoking mother Earth's vengeance on her sacrificers. There is the same exaggeration in his male characters. His Hercules dies in the attitude of a gladiator, and his Œdipus has only to be set beside that of Sophocles, and it will at once be seen how completely all refinement has left the portrait.

Though Petronius Arbiter has transmitted to us a good deal more prose than verse, we may perhaps include in our review of the poetry of the Decline one who has left us a poem on the Civil War in three hundred verses, which good authorities have pronounced to outweigh in the critical balance the whole of the 'Pharsalia,'\* and a fragment of five-and-sixty lines on the 'Capture of Troy,' containing the Laocoön episode, and baulked (it has been said) of its place among the masterpieces only by the inevitable comparison with the incomparable 'Æneid.' We own that we have not formed so high an opinion of these poems or of the other metrical *jeux d'esprit* scattered through the 'Satyricon,' but we gladly embrace the opportunity of making a few observations on one of the most singular legacies to us from the ancient world. Whether this strange medley (resembling in some respects the *Satura Menippea*) was written as a satire on Nero or Tigellinus, or on the other hand was merely a study in the social life of the writer's time, and who that writer was, and where he lived—these are questions which have been often asked and have received various answers. The belief long prevailed that the author of the 'Satyricon' was the consul Petronius of whose life and character Tacitus has given us such a brilliant sketch in the 'Annals,'† and who, according to that historian, while his life-blood in obedience to the tyrant's mandate was flowing from his veins, wrote a full account of the profligacy of Nero and his court, and sent it

\* Mr. Heitland, in his very able introduction to Mr. Haskins' excellent edition of the 'Pharsalia,' regards this little poem as thrown off half in rivalry, half in imitation of Lucan, like our 'Rejected Addresses,' though less definitely intended for ridicule.

† xvi. 18, 19.

under his seal to the Emperor. And it was maintained that we have in the 'Satyricon,' a part of which is extant, this very document. But it is absolutely extravagant to suppose that even the fragment of the 'Satyricon' which we possess (and there is good reason to believe that it is not a tenth part of the whole work) could have been composed and dictated in a single day by a man bleeding to death. Besides, the 'Satyricon' is not such a work as the death-bed *chronique scandaleuse* of the consular victim of Nero's tyranny must have been. What character in the fragment could possibly stand for the tyrant, and why should the writer have been careful to veil his invective behind so impenetrable a screen, when, destined not to survive his work, he might have made all the debauchery and cruelty of the imperial monster burn naked in letters of fire before the eyes of his countrymen? But we have already said too much on a subject on which we should not have touched, were it not that histories and dictionaries of literature still treat this extravagant hypothesis as tenable. Mr. Crutwell's excellent 'History of Roman Literature' rightly repudiates it. Petronius has been placed in the time of Augustus, Tiberius, Nero, Marcus Aurelius, Severus, Zenobia, Constantine, Julian. He has even been identified with a Bishop of Bologna who died and was canonised in the fifteenth century. If he was the author of the 'Satyricon,' we cannot help feeling a want of confidence in the efficacy of the intercession of St. Petronius.

The chief interest of the 'Satyricon' for us is the specimen which it affords us of everyday manners and conversation under the Empire. We find all the usual features of the *sermo vulgaris*, and what especially strikes us is, that familiar discourse at this period reproduces the archaic language of the Comic Drama far more conspicuously than even the familiar correspondence of Cicero. We meet the characteristic irregularities of gender, such as *vinus, fatus, cælus, schemæ*; old forms like *lacte* for *lac* and *frunisci* for *frui*; anomalies of verbal inflexion, as *mirat, vagat, pudeatur*; and late uses of words, as *querela*, 'a quarrel,' *latrocinium*, 'larceny,' *largus* and even *ambitiosus* in the sense of 'abundant.' Again, as in Cicero's letters, we meet conversational phrases presenting a curious similarity to the slang of to-day,—*urceatim pluere*, 'to rain bucketfuls,' *olla male fervet*, 'it is hard to keep the pot boiling,' *fides male ambulans*, 'tottering credit,' *habet hæc res panem*, 'there's money in this,' *præ litteras* (sic) *fatuus*, 'mad after books.' Broadly, the Latinity is on the verge of Low Latin, a fact which must be insisted on because the purity of the Petronian Latinity has often been praised.



Even Lipsius has styled Petronius epigrammatically, but in our opinion erroneously, *auctor purissimæ impuritatis*.

As the 'Satyricon' is not in the hands of many, and indeed ought by no means to be recommended for general perusal, we may perhaps lay before our readers a specimen of the conversation at Trimalchio's table, which will show how little this feature of social life has undergone any real change since the days of the Roman Empire. We pass over the more serious table-talk in which Cicero and Publilius Syrus are compared, ghost stories are told, and impromptus thrown off, as well as the pretentious monologues in which Trimalchio amusingly displays his ignorance of mythology, history, and science. These passages are too formal for our purpose, which is to exhibit in a free and abridged translation the ordinary give-and-take of commonplace conversation between average and undistinguished guests during the temporary absence of the host from the room.\*

'As his departure delivered us from his usurpation of the talk, we tried to draw our neighbours into conversation. "What is a day?" cried Dama, after calling for a larger glass. "Nothing. Before you have time to turn round it is night. One should therefore go straight from the bedroom to the dining-room. And what a regular freezing we have been having of late! I could scarcely get hot in my bath. However, a hot drink is as good as a great coat. I've had some stiff ones [*staminatas*], and I am about full; it has got into my head." Here Seleucus broke in with, "I don't take a bath every day. Constant washing wears out the body as well as the clothes; but when I've put down my good posset of mead, I can tell the cold go hang. However, I could not have bathed to-day in any case, as I had to attend a funeral. Poor Chrysanthus, you know, a nice fellow, has just slipped his wind [*animam ebuliit*]. It was only the other day he said how d'ye do to me. I can fancy I am talking to him now. Ah, we are only air-balloons, summer flies; this life's a bubble. And it's not as if he hadn't tried the fasting cure. For five days neither bit nor sup passed his lips, and yet he's gone. Too many doctors did for him, or else it was to be. A doctor's really no use except to feel you did the right thing. An excellent funeral it was, superior bier and trappings, and the mourners first-class." He was becoming a bore, and Phileros interrupted him with "Oh, let us leave the dead alone. He's all right. He had a decent life and a decent death. What has he to complain of? He rose from the gutter, and was once so poor that he

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\* Sat. XLII-XLVI. The conversation is so steeped in the slang of the period that we have thought it would be interesting to add the Latin in some cases. Without the Latin we should be suspected of exaggerating the colloquial character of the language. We have followed the text of Bücheler, under whose hands Petronius emerged from chaos into cosmos. The interpretation is nearly always that of Friedländer's admirable edition.

would have picked a farthing out of a midden with his teeth. But he grew like a honeycomb. I suppose he has left behind him a cool 100,000, and all in hard cash. To speak the truth—for, as you know, I wear my heart upon my sleeve [*linguam caninam comedi*]<sup>—</sup>he was a rough-spoken fellow, quarrelsomeness personified [*discordia non homo*]. Now his brother was a fine friendly, open-handed gentleman, and kept a good table. At first everything went ugly with him [*malam parram pilavit*], but his first vine-crop pulled him together [*recorrexit costas*]; he sold his wine for whatever he chose to ask. But what really kept his head above water [*mentum sustulit*] was that legacy, when he walked into a good deal more than was left him. That was why that blockhead Chrysanthus quarrelled with his own brother and left away his money to some Tom, Dick, or Harry [*nescio cui terræ filio*]. It's an ill turn when a man turns his back on his own. He took all his slaves told him for gospel [*habuit oraculares servos*], and they played the deuce with him. Credulity is fatal, especially for a business man. However, he got far more than he deserved: Fortune's favourite, lead turned to gold under his hands. And how many years do you think he had on his back? Seventy and more, I should say. But he was as hard as nails [*corneolus*] and carried his age splendidly—as black as a crow. Ah, I knew him long long ago, when he did something smack and something grow to. He had a general kind of taste [*omnis minervæ homo*]. Well, he enjoyed himself, and I for one don't blame him. It's all he takes to the grave with him."

"How you go on talking," said Ganymedes, "about what has nothing to do with the heavens above or the earth beneath, and no one troubles his head about the supply of food. I declare I could not buy a mouthful of bread this day. It's the drought, and now we have had a year's fast. Bad luck to the *Ædiles*, they have an understanding with the bakers, *scratch me and I'll scratch you* [*serva me, servabo te*]. So it's the folk in a small way [*populus minutus*] bear the brunt, while the topsawyers have high jinks all the time [*isti majores maxillæ semper saturnalia agunt*]. Ah, if we had the giants now that we had when I came back from Asia. How well I remember *Safinius*. He lived near the Old Arch when I was a boy—a regular pepper-box, he'd knock sparks out of the ground under his feet [*piper non homo, is quacunq̃ue ibat terram adurebat*]. And so in his time food was cheap as dirt. You'd get for an *as* a loaf that two men could not eat; now you get a thing the size of a bull's eye. Ah, things are going from bad to worse every day. This place is growing downwards like a cow's tail [*retro versus crescit tanquam cauda vituli*]. But I'm hanged if I don't think it is all the irreligion of the age; no one fasts or cares a jot for Jupiter. Time was when our ladies used to go in their robes with tossed hair, bare feet, and pure hearts, and pray for rain, and it used to rain bucketfuls at once, and they all came back like drowned rats. But now we have lost our religion, and the fields are feeling the effect of it." "Easy, easy," said Eobion, a shoddy merchant; "there are ups and downs, as the peasant said when

when he lost his speckled pig; to-morrow may bring what we haven't to-day,—that's the way the world jogs [*sic vita truditur*]. There would not be a better country than this in the world only for the men that are in it. It is in a poor way now, but so are others. We mustn't be too particular. The sky's above us all [*ubique medius cælus est*]. If you lived somewhere else, you would say that here the pigs were going about ready roast, crying *who'll eat me?* ”

The conversation then turns on a flirtation between a certain lady and her slave, and the meanness of Norbanus, who provided such wretched gladiators that they had no chance against the wild beasts. Before Trimalchio returns, the shoddy merchant, warmed with wine, has plucked up spirit to invite the great *littérateur* Agamemnon to his poor abode, promising to show him his son, who is an infant phenomenon for brains, and would be very industrious, only he is ‘clean gone on pet birds’ (*in aves morbosus*). He tells Agamemnon his son is now in four times (*quattuor partes dicit*), by which he means that he can divide by four, for it was the division, not the multiplication, table that was taught to Roman boys, who had to learn not what was four times twelve, but what was the fourth, the half, three-fourths, of twelve.

We have nowhere a more vigorous sketch of a purse-proud millionaire than in Trimalchio, who never buys anything, as there is nothing which is not produced on some one or other of his estates, many of which he has never seen; who asks, ‘What is a poor man?’ and who punishes the slave for picking up a silver dish which had fallen on the floor, and gives orders that it shall be swept away with the rest of the sweepings of the hall. The fragment is no doubt full of impurities, and it depicts a society not only utterly depraved, but strangely coarse under a superficial refinement. Yet it treats love, or perhaps we should rather say gallantry, with far more feeling than any poem of the Silver Age, and it stands alone in Latin literature for the dramatic skill with which the characters are made to speak each in the tone and style which befits his position and education. This is a completely modern note, and we are often reminded of the dexterous touch of George Eliot when we listen to the silly prattle of the less cultivated *convives*. Ganymedes, for instance, gives three separate and quite unconnected reasons—the drought, the incompetence of the *Ædiles*, and the irreligion of the age—each of which alone is said to account for the dearth of provisions; and Seleucus explains the death of Chrysanthus by the hypothesis that he had too many doctors, ‘or else it was to be,’—just such a fatuity as would have been put into the mouth of Mr. Brooke by George Eliot, who is never richer in her

her dramatic colouring than when she is portraying intellectual poverty and logical inconsequence. But we must leave a work which, though full of instruction and deserving far more attention than it has received from English scholarship, is certainly more interesting for the pictures of society than for the poetry which it contains.

With Statius and Martial, their rise and their decline, is closely connected an institution so characteristic of the Roman Empire that a few observations concerning it will not be out of place here.

The habit of a writer to consult the taste of his friends about his poetry was as old at least as Horace, who tells how he used to show his work to his friend Varus, who would say to him, 'Revise that, I pray, and that;' and Tarpa seems in his time to have been a general referee on literary questions. But the public calling together of friends to pronounce on a newly written poem was the invention of Asinius Pollio, whose taste even in boyhood was so warmly commended by Catullus. Public readings were encouraged by Augustus. In this, as in other matters, we recognize in Ovid a link connecting the Golden with the Silver Age. Ovid, like Lucan, loves publicity and display. Horace and Virgil crave quiet and privacy. The practice of reciting fell into disuse in the literary barrenness of the principate of Tiberius; but under Nero, and again under Domitian, it revived and flourished. We read in a letter of Pliny's that 'for the whole of April there was hardly a day without a public reading.' One Crispinus was the great manager and arranger of these *réunions*, which reach their high-water mark in the time of Martial, and of Statius, of whom Juvenal tells us that when he named a day for a public reading he threw all Rome into a state of delight. A sign of lessened interest in public recitations appears in the change of name given to them when they began to be called *ostentationes* (*ἐπιδείξεις*) instead of *recitationes*; and Pliny\* mentions an amusing *contretemps* which perhaps marks the epoch when their popularity was beginning to wane. One Passienus Paulus began to recite a poem in which he had assumed permission to address his friend Javolenus Priscus. The recitation commenced with the words, 'Thou bidd'st me, Priscus,'† but unfortunately his friend Priscus was present, and, being a plain person who held by matter of fact in all things, he interrupted the reciter with, 'Excuse me, I did nothing of the kind; there must be some mistake.' The example of Priscus was thereafter followed by persons who were bored by

\* Ep. vi. 15.

† *Prisco, jubes.*

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the recitations, and interrupted them with the suggestions of a pretended simplicity. On another occasion chance was on the side of the audience. During a public reading in the house of Capito, a chair occupied by a very corpulent gentleman began to emit ominous groans and creakings which portended imminent ruin. When finally it collapsed under its load, and when the occupant, who had been fast asleep, woke up declaring that he had just closed his eyes to concentrate his attention on the poem, but had never been asleep at all, the peals of laughter were so loud and long that Capito was obliged to announce that the rest of the reading would be postponed to another day. The whole tale as told by Pliny reminds us how some little foibles of humanity have survived unchanged from the days of Domitian, and that then as now the charge of having fallen asleep was repudiated with an indignation often not felt under far more serious imputations. We read, moreover, that it was the habit of rich men to send their servants to represent them at such functions, just as they now sometimes commission empty carriages to do vicarious mourning at funerals. These servants, no doubt, especially if they were Greeks, were skilful in devising means of interrupting the performance, or mitching from it to the nearest tavern. Plaintive is the lamentation of Pliny over the decline of the institution, and frequent are his assurances that he never failed to respond to an invitation to such a *séance*, and that 'all who loved letters'—by which he means all who encouraged recitations—were ever sure of his sympathy and applause.

For such a purpose no one could have higher qualifications than Statius, who was of all the Roman poets the most ready and versatile. Like Ovid and Pope, 'he lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.' He writes private little notes to his wife and daughter in verse—that wife Claudia who so fondly adored her husband ever since the day when she saw him crowned with the wreath of victory at the Alban games, and who would not allow him to leave the scene of wider fame and louder plaudits for Naples, where he would fain be again, and where he thinks\* he would get a husband for his beautiful and clever daughter (Claudia's step-daughter) whom he loves so much, and who is withering on the virgin thorn in a city of venal tenderness and of marriage without love but never without dowry. Words seem to have come to Statius before thoughts. It is a question, says M. Nisard in his brilliant account of the Statii *père et fils*, whether there are innate ideas, but he seems to have

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\* Silv. III. 5.

had innate verses. His father had won crowns in the Nemean, Isthmian, and Pythian festivals at Naples, and probably half-a-dozen faded wreaths were all that he left to his son, except a valuable goodwill in the poetic business. His father had lived through the troublous times when Vitellianists and Vespasianists were at each others' throats. One day the Capitol was burned. This was fortunate for him, because it gave him a subject for a poem, which he had written and dedicated to the Emperor before the ashes were cold. He was moreover in the habit of giving lessons in Greek, and teaching their ritual to the Julian and Sibylline priests, the Augurs, and the Luperci. Thus he was able to introduce his son to influential patrons, and Statius the younger at once became poet-laureate to the aristocracy. The loss of a wife, a dog, a parrot, found in him a ready chronicler; orders were executed with punctuality and despatch; and the building of a palace was not a theme too high for him, or the purchase of a turbot too low. Statius was of course a flatterer, not only of the Emperor but of his favourites, freedmen and sons of freedmen for whom he invented pedigrees. He had the alternative of kissing the Emperor's feet, like Martial, or of sharing the fate of Lucan and Seneca. The Emperors would have been glad if all the people had but one throat out of which the life might be squeezed; but, failing that, they found it their interest to flatter the people, while they forced proud nobles into the arena, and mingled the blood of a Paulus Æmilius with that of a German slave. The court poet is betrayed in the lukewarmness of Statius' eulogy\* on his brother-poet Lucan. The frigid mythology which we find in this piece runs through all his poetry, which from childhood to age never took one step in advance. The commonplaces of rhetoric are the Alpha and Omega of his art.

It is customary to represent Martial as the most debased of flatterers, who licked the feet of the living Domitian and spat on his corse. This view is not altogether wrong. General opinion is seldom wholly mistaken, but often needs qualification, and here it needs much. He undoubtedly exaggerates habitually anything good that may be found in the living Domitian, and studiously conceals his faults; but that he insulted the dead Emperor is not true. What are his allusions to Domitian after his death? He writes to Nerva:

'In troublous times the heavy hand of might  
Could not divert thee from the path of right.'†

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\* Silv. II. 7.

†

'Sub principe duro  
Temporibusque malis ausus es esse bonus.'

This

This and a few other equally moderate utterances are the grounds on which the indictment rests.\* Surely we have not here one who tramples on a fallen oppressor, but rather one who feels that by former expressions he has forfeited the right to be as severe as the case warrants. Pliny† ascribes sincerity to Martial, and we must remember that the epigram, the form which he chose as the vehicle for his thoughts, almost excludes the softer feelings. His condemnation of Nero‡ is certainly neither vehement nor abundant. A military despotism is the worst sort of tyranny, because it kills the sentiments which are the very life of a civilized society. 'It created around itself the quiet of the graveyard,' says Teuffel: 'servility alone was allowed to speak.' We cannot help feeling for the poet when we find how little material benefit he reaped from the prostitution of a great genius to the poor business of a court poet. It is pathetic to see him licking the hand which pushes him away, and blessing the Emperor for the kind tone in which he refuses his petition:

'If this be the smile with which help is refused, what must be the smile when he gives?' §

He got little but empty honours, which made his poverty the more galling, because they imposed upon him some little dignity to maintain. To set against thousands of petitions we have not a single acknowledgment of a pecuniary favour. He seems to have received from the Emperor a wretched little house in the country, the roof of which was not watertight, and the garden of which did not supply him with sufficient vegetables for his frugal table. || He exults over the present of a new *toga* from Parthenianus, ¶ but feels that he can hardly live up to such a garment, and begs for a common one to save it.\*\* Always the beggar's whine; and his delight when he receives an alms shows how rare was such a piece of luck.

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\* XII. 15. 9 is equally temperate, but v. 19. 5 and XII. 6. 4 are stronger. The fierce couplet—

'Flavia gens, quantum tibi tertius abstulit hæres:  
Pæne fuit tanti non habuisse duos'—

is included in the 'Spectaculorum liber' (32). It is due to a Schol. on Juv. iv. 38, and it is not certain that it is by Martial.

† Ep. iii. 21.

‡ It is decided enough, but not very earnest, as in VII. 34. 4:

'Quid Nerone pejus?  
Quid thermis melius Neronianis?'

§ VII. 31. 36.

'Si negat hoc voltu, quo solet ergo dare?'

¶ VIII. 28.

\*\* IX. 50.

Always

Always indigence, which often betrays itself in the cynicism of his epigrams, as in that one \* where he cries :

‘My parents in their folly taught me letters,’ † —

an unfilial exclamation wrung from him by the success of a contemporary shoemaker. Martial, like the other Roman poets, tells us hardly anything of his youth. We know, however, that he came from Bilbilis to Rome at the age of one-and-twenty in the reign of Nero, and lived there till he was six-and-fifty. He wrote nothing under Nero, nor under Galba, Otho, Vitellius, Vespasian, those emperors whose reigns were counted by weeks, and four of whom sat in the Palace of the Cæsars during ten months, ‘as if,’ in the words of Plutarch, ‘they were players in a booth going on to the stage and anon off again.’ When he left Rome after a sojourn of thirty years, so little money had he made by being a court poet that his friend Pliny had to discharge the cost of his return to his native Bilbilis. The twelfth book, which was written there, is full of melancholy and regret for Rome. We do not know whether his life reached the limit of five-and-seventy years which he coveted, but he seems to have outlived his enjoyments, ambitions, and hopes.

He has left us fourteen books, containing nearly fifteen hundred epigrams. We could well dispense with about two-thirds of them, but the residue is precious. We have in Martial a matchless picture of Rome. Nowhere else do we find one so strong, so spirited, so filthy, even so mean, for now nothing is on a great scale in Rome except vice. Though the vehicle of his thoughts is so adverse to the expression of sensibility, yet we have distinct signs of it in his poetry, as when he declares that the birthday of his beloved Quintus conferred on him a greater boon than his own; that a gift to a friend is the only thing that is out of the reach of chance, and money given away in presents is the only abiding wealth. His sincere and exquisite pictures of the delights of country life could not have been drawn by a man of shallow heart, and we cannot help feeling that he was on the whole a good man who in the forty-seventh epigram in the fifth book enumerates the ingredients of a happy life. His impurities would now forbid the application to him of any such title, but we must remember that expressions which shock us now did not seem shocking to his contemporaries. He even boasts that young girls can read him without danger; and indeed his books are a pathological museum of vice, and his foul epigrams, like Zola’s novels,

\* ix. 74.

†

‘At me litterulas stulti docuere parentes.’

disgust



disgust rather than corrupt. Respectable men in Rome avowed their admiration of him, and he challenges his readers to find anything foul in his life, unchaste though his verses may be and are.

Statius and Martial never mention each other's names, no doubt because they were rival beggars compelled to offer their literary wares to an Emperor who was no judge of them, and who had to be approached through illiterate eunuchs and freedmen. M. Nisard compares certain poems in which Statius and Martial have treated the same theme, and is disposed to award the palm to Statius. A favourite eunuch named Earinus had cut off his hair and dedicated it to *Æsculapius*. Martial deals with this incident in four sportive little epigrams in the ninth book, chiefly dwelling on the unsuitableness of the name to the Latin metres. Statius devotes to it a poem \* nearly as long as Wordsworth's immortal Ode on Immortality, with elaborate mythological machinery. We cannot help thinking that victory, with such a subject and achieved by so laborious a method, is itself defeat. The result is much the same when we observe how each deals with another theme, a bronze statue of Hercules which had been owned by Alexander the Great, Hannibal, and Sulla, and was now the property of a Roman virtuoso, Novius Vindex.† A better principle of comparison would be to observe how high each can rise and how low he can sink. Martial is often profoundly touching. He sometimes seems to mock his own sensibilities and those of his readers. As Heine sometimes seems ashamed of possessing human feelings, and, reversing the well-known Terentian phrase, delights in showing how alien to him is all that is human by putting a piece of cold cynicism beside some profound and pathetic reflection; so Martial, having touched the most exquisite note in Byron's

‘O snatch'd away in beauty's bloom,—

we mean the last couplet,

‘And thou who bidd'st me to forget,  
Thy cheeks are wan, thine eyes are wet,—

concludes a noble poem with some lines of the foulest indecency. But he rises high, though he chooses to stoop low. Statius never approaches the ‘pure serene’ in which Martial sometimes is willing to float for a while,‡ and how miserably low he can fall will be evident to any one who reads the

\* *Silv.* iii. 4.

† *Mart.* ix. 44, 45; *Stat. Silv.* iv. 6.

‡ Perhaps his best piece is the prayer for sleep in *Silv.* v. 4, with which should be read a fine description of the abode of Sleep in *Theb.* x. 84 ff.

creeping

creeping Sapphics\* in which he apostrophizes the condition of childlessness as 'to be avoided by every effort,'—

'Orbitas omni fugienda nisu.'

Taking into consideration the absurdity of personifying and apostrophizing the condition of childlessness, the grotesque feebleness and almost offensive tastelessness of the expression, and the imbecility of the sentiment, we should be disposed to pronounce this the very worst line in Latin poetry, though others in the same poem run it close in the race for this distinction, especially the very next verse in which childlessness is described as 'buried with no tears' ('orbitas nullo tumultu fletu'), as if a father could enjoy the thought of his children weeping over his bier.

As we have been bold enough to select a particular verse as the worst in Latin poetry, and to challenge our readers to produce a feebler specimen of the poet's art, perhaps we shall not be straying too far from our subject if we venture to ask those readers whether they agree with us in our choice of the best line in Latin poetry. We know that there are a dozen or perhaps a score of verses which might compete with that which we have selected. But for ourselves we think nothing surpasses Virgil's

'Sunt lacrimæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.'

It has about it a kind of pathetic dignity, a 'diviner air,' which is beyond the reach of lines containing beauties more easily analysed. We ask leave to dwell upon it a little, as we are not sure that its whole meaning has yet been fully unfolded. The late Lord Bowen, whose recent death has left incomplete what promised to be the best of the modern translations of Virgil, renders the passage—

'Tears are to human sorrow given, hearts feel for mankind';

and such is the accepted view of the meaning of words which have always seemed to us to come bitter from that well-spring of sadness which made Virgil marvel why the dead should desire to live again:

'O my father, and are there, and must we believe it, he said,  
Spirits that fly once more to the sunlight back from the dead?  
Souls that anew to the body return and the fetters of clay?  
Can there be any who long for the light thus blindly as they?'

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\* SILV. IV. 7.

It was this minor key in Virgil's poetry that was ringing in Tennyson's ears when he apostrophized him as

'Thou majestic in thy sadness at the doubtful doom of human kind.'

Surely in this famous verse,

'Sunt lacrimæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt,'

Virgil meant more than Wordsworth in the 'Laodamia' when he wrote—

'But tears to human suffering are due.'

Surely these words, which seem full of a natural magic, come to us with a grander message than this. Dr. Henry of Dublin, one of the acutest of modern Virgilian scholars, has greatly added to the impressiveness of the verse by a refined interpretation of the word *rerum* as meaning 'in the world,' as in the phrase *dulcissime rerum*. The meaning would then be, 'There are such things as tears in the world,' tears are universal, belong to the constitution of nature, 'and the evils of mortality touch the heart.' This is a great improvement on the ordinary explanation of this oft-quoted (and oft-misapplied) verse. But may not the words, which cannot but strike one as fraught with some new and exquisite fancy, bear a meaning far more definite, weighty, and distinguished? Æneas is gazing at the picture of the Trojan War in the temple of Juno in Carthage. As he looks he weeps and cries, 'E'en things inanimate (*res*, the material picture) can weep for us, and the works of man's hands (*mortalia*)\* have their own pathetic power.' In other words, the meaning of Æneas would be, 'Here in a strange land, where men knew me not till but yesterday, I find a painted picture to accord me sympathy, and call forth my tears.' The verse which follows falls in with this view:

'Then on the lifeless painting he feeds his heart to his fill' †

*Inani*, as Conington points out, is not a mere general epithet, but has a pathetic sense as implying that the subjects of the picture are numbered with the lost and past. *Rerum* is the 'lonely word' in which flowers all the charm of all the Muses.‡

It seemed as if the stream of Epic poetry would never run dry

\* *Mortalis* means 'the work of man' in *Æn.* xii. 740, where *mortalis mucro* is contrasted with a brand fashioned by a god.

† 'Sic ait atque animam pictura pascit inani.'

‡ 'All the charm of all the Muses often flowering in a lonely word.'

(Tennyson.)

at Rome. On it rolled, carrying on its unrippled surface to the gulf of oblivion, Memnonids, Perseids, Heracleids, Theseids, Thebais, Achilleids, Amazonids, Phæacids, beyond all count. The river of Time has happened to throw up to us a few spars from the heap of wreckage, a few poets not perhaps much better than those whom it has borne away,—Valerius Flaccus, Silius Italicus, Claudian, all of whom, together with Statius and even Lucan, J. J. Scaliger declared that he would gladly give for a complete Ennius. Henceforth, though every year yields its output (*proventum* in Pliny's phrase) of poets, Latin poetry is really successful only in Satire and Epigram.

Every one interested in Latin literature is familiar with the excellent chapter (the 64th) in Merivale's 'History of the Romans under the Empire,' in which he contrasts the Flavian with the foregoing literary epochs, and points out the influence of the professorial system established throughout the Empire by Vespasian. Dean Merivale remarks that the Flavian era was an age of positive thought, that the nymphs and heroes of Statius were copied from the courtiers of the Palatine, and the Medea of Valerius Flaccus was a virago of the imperial type, a Lollia or Agrippina. If Valerius Flaccus and Silius Italicus had allowed their work to express more freely the spirit of their age, they would have been far more interesting and valuable to us now. But they seem to have resisted it strenuously, and to have tried to use again the old poetic framework which was worn out and should have been abandoned. It was a great mistake when Silius Italicus, applying the supernatural machinery of the Æneid to a historical narrative, made Volturnus, sent by Æolus at the prayer of Juno, blind the eyes of the Romans at Cannæ, and when he depicted Venus as plunging the Romans into sloth at Capua.

It would be useless even to attempt to characterize the later verse-writers like Prudentius, whom Bentley strangely called the Virgil and Horace of the Christians, but of whom no more can justly be said than that he is the least bad among the Christian versifiers, though inferior to some of them, for instance to Juvenius, in the use of the language. But there is one very late poet of whom a word may be said. Claudian's position in literature is unique. It is remarkable enough, as has been observed, that after three centuries of torpor the Latin muse should have revived in the reign of Honorius; surprising that this revival should have been brought about by a foreigner, an Egyptian; but, most amazing of all, that a justly won and enduring reputation should be founded on court poems, installation odes, and panegyrics on inconsiderable people in an  
uninteresting

uninteresting age. Gibbon says, 'He was endowed with the rare and precious talent of raising the meanest, of adorning the most barren, and of diversifying the most similar, topics.' We may, perhaps, fitly conclude this article with a translation from Claudian in prose from the graceful pen of Professor Jebb. It is an extract from the poem on the consulship of Stilicho, A.D. 400, a eulogy on the Empire of Rome. It is a splendid expression of what ought to be the ambition and aspiration of the English Empire:—

'She, she alone has taken the conquered to her bosom, and has made men to be one household with one name, herself their mother not their Empress, and has called her vassals citizens, and has linked far places in a bond of love. Hers is that large loyalty to which we owe it that the stranger walks in a strange land as if it were his own, that men can change their homes, that it is a pastime to visit Thule, and to expose mysteries at which we once shuddered; that we drink at will the waters of the Rhone and the Orontes; that the whole earth is one people.'\*

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\* *Hæc est in gremium victos quæ sola recepit,  
Humanumque genus communi nomine fovit  
Matris non dominæ ritu, civesque vocavit  
Quos domuit, nexuque pio longinqua revinxit.  
Hujus pacificis debemus moribus omnes  
Quod veluti patriis regionibus utitur hospes;  
Quod sedem mutare licet; quod cernere Thulem  
Lusus, et horrendos quondam penetrare recessus;  
Quod bibimus passim Rhodanum, potamus Orontem;  
Quod cuncti gens una sumus.'*

- ART. VI.—1. *A Handbook on Welsh Church Defence.* By the Bishop of St. Asaph. Denbigh, 1894.
2. *A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of St. Asaph, October, 1890.* By Alfred George Edwards, D.D., Bishop of St. Asaph. Denbigh, 1890.
3. *Is the Church in Wales an advancing Church?* By the Rev. Canon Bevan. London, 1893.
4. *The Church Revival in Wales.* A Paper read by the Dean of St. Asaph at the Church Congress, Rhyl, October 6, 1891. London, 1891.

THE Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church in Wales figure in the prospectus which the Government is preparing for use at a future election. As a bribe, a Bill, with its somewhat indefinite promises, is more attractive than an Act which has nothing more to offer. The existing proposal rather forms part of the ministerial plant for subsequent operations than a plank in the legislative platform of the moment. But although we do not regard the measure now before the House of Commons as one with which the Government seriously intends to proceed, the very fact of its introduction by the Ministry entitles it to careful attention.

Any proposal to disestablish and disendow a National Church necessarily touches interests which are regarded as sacred by many persons in this country; it cannot but be highly controversial, bristling with disputable points, involving principles of deep significance, and embracing details of extreme complexity. The inherent difficulty of such proposals, and the need of approaching them in a moderate and conciliatory spirit, were recognized by Mr. Gladstone in moving his Irish Church resolutions, and in speaking on his subsequent Bill. In dealing with the Church in Wales these difficulties are increased by the complicated relations which belong to the institution as an integral portion of a larger whole, and by the variety of interests which seventeen centuries of continuous existence have created. But no trace of moderation, no symptom of any desire to conciliate opposition, no recognition of the importance of the problem, marked Mr. Asquith's lucid exposition of his drastic scheme for the destruction of the Church in Wales. We are not here concerned with any discussion of the principles at stake in the great political and religious issue of a quarter of a century ago, nor with the character of the legislation by which a momentous change was then effected. We only desire to point out that, in every principle and detail, the question was then treated in a manner that was more worthy of its magnitude than the ostentatious

tatious disregard for arguments of justice and national expediency which Mr. Asquith evinced towards the more complicated and difficult case of the Church in Wales.

In 1868 no effort was made to confuse the issues, or to commend the scheme to the electors by associating it with material advantages affecting their pockets. Now, in 1894, the question is designedly confounded with a variety of other issues, and the Bill is presented as an undisguised bribe which directly appeals, not merely to the sectarian prejudices or racial antipathies of the constituencies, but to their cupidity and pecuniary interests.

In March 1868 the Parliamentary representative of the Liberation Society demanded a division on Mr. Gladstone's Resolutions in the existing Parliament on the express ground, that otherwise a difficult problem would be presented to a 'prentice Parliament,' elected by inexperienced constituencies exercising the franchise for the first time. Now, in 1894, the occasion, repudiated twenty-five years ago, is the precise opportunity which the present Government seek to create, and they propose to submit a still more complicated and contentious problem to the solution of a raw electorate, 'gerrymandered' to suit the exigencies of Liberal wire-pullers.

As the attitude of the attacking party has deteriorated, so also has their case altered for the worse.

In 1868 the tendencies, which for more than two centuries governed the progress of civilization, were still setting strongly in the direction of individualism, and against any established forms of corporate religious life. Now, in 1894, we are surrounded by signs that the force of these tendencies has abated, and that the nation is beginning to realize new ideals of citizenship and to feel the pressure of collective responsibility. No nation can live its fullest national existence without the organs through which its common feelings, needs, and interests may find adequate expression. Not the least important of these organs is that National Church, through which alone, with any claim to adequate comprehensiveness, the spiritual side of the national existence is expressed. Without such an organ the nation can only live a stunted, maimed existence.

In 1868 legislation dealt with a separate organization, which, though linked to the Church of England by statutory bonds, was yet recognized as distinct and complete in itself, and could therefore be divided from the English body without the mutilation of either. In 1894 legislation deals with a group of Welsh dioceses, which, geographically, historically, and spiritually, cannot

cannot be distinguished from other component parts of the Province of Canterbury. It vivisects an institution by cutting out of it a portion, which has no independent existence, no organic unity, no temporal relations, no legal constitution, no spiritual organization, apart from the larger whole of which it forms an integral part. It affects, not merely the temporalities and temporal relations of the dioceses and parishes with which it deals, but their ecclesiastical constitution and spiritual relations to the Church of England. It introduces into a body which has hitherto been united new divisions, and possible discord in doctrine, jurisdiction and discipline. It brings on provincial grounds a local action of ejectment against a portion of the National Church which logically decides the fate of the whole; it creates the first precedent for piecemeal dismemberment; it weighs imperial institutions in local scales without reference to the comprehensive interests of the nation as a whole. It initiates a new departure in separatist legislation. It brings us to a turning-point in history, for which the case of the Irish Church, and even that of Irish Home Rule, or Scotch Home Rule, afford no guidance. It attempts an impossibility by endeavouring to confine imperial questions to purely local aspects. Just as the national genius is enriched from various sources, each of which contributes indispensable elements to a composite whole, so the religious life of the Empire derives its richness from the union of different temperaments. To rob the Church of that 'vehemence of enthusiasm,' which is the religious birthright of Welshmen, is to impoverish its whole spiritual life by the elimination of a quality in which the phlegmatic Saxon is apt to be deficient.

In its legal, temporal, and ecclesiastical relations to the Church in England, the Welsh Church in 1894 differs materially from the Irish Church in 1868. Not less conspicuous are the differences between the positions respectively occupied by the two bodies in Wales and Ireland.

In 1868 Mr. Gladstone declared, in his Chapter of Autobiography, that he had altogether changed the convictions which he had expressed in his famous work on 'The State in its Relations to the Church,' and that the principle of an establishment must stand or fall by a practical test. By this practical test he tried the Irish Church. He found, as he believed, that it was only doing, and only had the hope of doing, work for the few, and those few the classes who have the least claim upon public aid; that it was severed from the affections of the people by an impassable gulf and adamantine walls; that its good offices were intercepted by a long unbroken



chain of painful and humiliating recollections. On these grounds he put himself at the head of the movement for its disestablishment and disendowment. To the Welsh Church he applied the same test, and discovered none of the conditions to be present which had decided his action against the Irish body. He found, on the contrary, that it was doing its work in much with the hope and prospect of doing it in more; that it still possessed a broad and living way to the heart of the Welsh people; that it commended its services in the present by the venerable traditions of a noble past. He demonstrated, once and for all, that the Church in Wales has behind it centuries of continuous existence in which it was the rallying-point of Welsh patriotism, around it a present of renewed activity, and before it a future of expanding utility.

In 1868 the Irish Church was not an institution which had grown up with the growth of the Irish people, but an institution which was asserted, with some show of reason, to be a badge of conquest, and the symbol of Protestant ascendancy in the midst of a Roman Catholic population. It was a wealthy body, which ministered, as official statistics declared, to less than an eighth of the population. Between its adherents and four-fifths of the people there yawned the impassable gulf which severs Roman Catholics from Protestants. The attempt to find any parallel between these conditions and those of the Church in Wales wholly fails. The Church in Wales is the oldest institution in the country, more venerable than dynasties or Parliaments. It was present at the birth of the State, and, like an elder sister, guided its infant footsteps, moulded its character, and inspired its laws. For centuries it was the most national of Welsh institutions; to its worship the people were enthusiastically loyal, and in it Welsh patriotism found its citadel. It is the link which binds the Wales of the second century to the Wales of to-day. So far from being wealthy, it is a very poor Church, and it alone ministers to those who, being neither householders nor ratepayers, and unable to pay for their religion, would, without its help, be destitute of spiritual assistance. It predominates over any one of the rival communions by which it is surrounded, and claims as its adherents very little short of half the total population. Between Ireland and England flows the Irish Channel, and still more broad and deep is the antagonism of Roman Catholicism and Protestantism. Between Wales and England is a broad belt of borderland, in which the Welsh and English peoples are inextricably interwoven in race and language, business and habits. As with the geographical distinctions, so with the religious. The Church is in Wales the

the 'Old Mother,' from whose womb has sprung the whole religious life of the Principality. No impassable gulf separates Churchmen and Nonconformists. Both are Protestants. Welsh Nonconformists welcome the parochial visitations of the clergy. If they are dissatisfied with their own denomination, it is the Church and not a rival sect that they join. The Burials Act is very rarely used; but the great mass of the inhabitants are buried, as they are married, according to the rites of the Church. The following extract from a vernacular newspaper called the 'Tyst' (April 22, 1887), which is one of the most virulent assailants of the Church, conclusively proves that the division between the rival religious bodies is not impassable, like that which divides Irish Protestants from Irish Roman Catholics:—

'Nearly all the North Wales clergy come from Cardiganshire. They are descended from old Nonconformist families, chiefly Calvinistic Methodists, and there are no greater enemies of Nonconformity than they. There is scarcely a Calvinistic Chapel in the county where there is not a son, a brother, or a nephew of a "blaenor" (i.e. leader) in the Church. This is the reason why the Cardiganshire people are so backward about Disestablishment. Some of our people went to Church on Census Sunday, and many of them signed the petition against Mr. Dillwyn's motion. They are Methodists by profession, but Churchmen in principle.'

Nor, we may add, is it wise to ignore the lessons of experience. We know more in 1894 than we knew in 1869. The disestablishment of the Church in Ireland has been followed by disastrous results. The attack upon the Protestant clergy has been rapidly succeeded by an attack upon Protestant landlords and on landlords as a class. The demand for the severance of the statutory union in matters of religion between the Irish and English Churches fostered the cry for Home Rule and the complete political separation of the two countries. There is abundant proof, as we shall presently show, that the distabishment and disendowment of the Church in Wales is only the first act in a drama, in which it will not be the fault of agitators if the same scenes are not re-enacted.

The circumstances of the Welsh Church therefore invite, even from its opponents, greater liberality of treatment than was granted to the Irish Establishment. Yet as a matter of fact the present Government has proposed a scheme which is tenfold more drastic and severe in its operation. A few of the more striking points of contrast may be noticed. But before passing on to these, it will be convenient to point out that the real  
author

author of the Bill is not Mr. Asquith, but one of the most pronounced and extravagant advocates of Welsh independence.

From the scheme of Mr. Gee, rather than on previous legislation, the present Bill seems, beyond all question, to be modelled. Mr. Gee, a Calvinistic Methodist minister, residing at Denbigh, the proprietor and editor of a vernacular newspaper called the 'Baner,' is better known in Wales than in England. His scheme was privately circulated in February 1893, with an urgent request that it should not be communicated to the press. The document in which it is explained is too long to print in its entirety; it will be sufficient to call attention to its principal provisions. The first clause proposes the appointment of three Commissioners to carry on the administrative work of disendowment; their qualifications are to be, not membership of the Church, but acquaintance with the Welsh language and residence in Wales. A group of clauses dealing with compensation for life-interests suggests that pensions calculated on the Government scale of pensions for life should be paid to the dignitaries and clergy of the Church, whether they continue to perform their duties or not. The produce of the tithe in the whole county is to be collected by the County Council, and the amount arising within each parish is to be paid to the Parish Council, by whom it is to be devoted to certain purposes, among which are parochial rooms and loans for the erection of cottages on freehold allotments. Churchyards and burial-grounds are to be handed over to the exclusive control of the Parish. Churches are to be left in the hands of the disestablished Church, but are not to be used by their congregations in a way which the parishioners think inconsistent with the Protestant character. No holders of advowsons are to be compensated.

If we compare the Irish Church Act with the Welsh Church Bill, we shall find that the Government has followed the lines of Mr. Gee's scheme rather than those of previous legislation, and often with a significant similarity of language.

The Irish Church Act provided that the three Commissioners, to whom the administrative work of disendowment was entrusted, were to be members of the Established Church. The Welsh Bill, following Mr. Gee, makes no such provision, and it may, therefore, be reasonably concluded that Nonconformists will be appointed.

The Irish Church Act offered facilities for the re-endowment of the disestablished body by encouraging the capitalisation of commuted life-interests, and by so firmly securing the vested life-interests of clergy that they could effect insurances upon their

their annuities for the future benefit of the Church. The Welsh Bill, adopting Mr. Gee's suggestion of life pensions on a Government scale, permits their commutation, but prohibits any profit derived from the transaction to be applied to ecclesiastical uses, and, by exposing the life interests of the clergy to uncertain deductions and by rendering their tenure precarious, so destroys their value as to preclude the holders from re-endowing the Church by effecting voluntary insurances in its favour. The Irish Act secured their full vested interest to the clergy so long as they discharged the duties of their office, and provided facilities for their moving from one benefice to another. The Welsh Bill, following Mr. Gee, not only renders the vested interest extremely precarious, but frees the clergy from the obligation of discharging their duties, and penalises them in a prohibitive sum if they seek a change of work.

Following the suggestions of Mr. Gee, and rejecting the principle of the Irish Act, the Welsh Bill vests the glebe lands and burial-grounds in the Parish Councils. The objects to which the produce of the tithe is to be appropriated are those suggested by Mr. Gee and not those defined by the Irish Act. The rights of lay patrons were recognized by the Irish Act: Mr. Gee recommends that they should be ignored. Although the Legislature has authorized the sale of advowsons, and although it has expressly sanctioned the sale of the Lord Chancellor's livings, the Welsh Bill practically adopts Mr. Gee's recommendation, and by offering a year's value as compensation confiscates a property which has repeatedly changed hands under its sanction.

In two respects the Welsh Bill goes not only beyond the precedent of the Irish Act, but also beyond the suggestions of Mr. Gee. In the Irish Act the vested interests of Curates were fully recognized; but the Welsh Bill sends them about their business without compensation. Again, under the Irish Act the Cathedrals were included under Churches and passed to the representatives of the disestablished body. The Welsh Bill transfers the four Cathedrals to the Commissioners, although about 150,000*l.* have been, in the present century, expended on their maintenance by the free gifts of Churchmen.

In the proposal put forward by the Government for the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church in Wales, principles that Mr. Gladstone supported as matters of 'property, privilege, and duty' are ignored. The Bill, as it stands, can have no other result—it can scarcely have any other object—than to strip the Church bare of its property and condemn it to a penury and an isolation which render its re-organization a  
matter

matter almost of impossibility. A most aggressive and drastic scheme is laid before the House of Commons by the Government with an ostentatious disregard of argument; it is to be presented to the constituencies, mixed up with a variety of other questions which have been deliberately accumulated for the sake of confusing the issue; its proceeds are offered as a gigantic bribe to the pockets of the electors, who are to be reinforced by a mass of raw and inexperienced voters, enfranchised for the special purpose of supporting the Government. A Bill of such a character, proposed in such a manner, and intended to be carried by such methods, can no longer pretend to a religious character. Its one satisfactory aspect is that it strips off the disguise of cant, and makes the plea that such a proposal is intended to invigorate the spiritual work of the Church transparently ridiculous. The scheme now before Parliament bears on the face of it every sign that it deals with the question on political grounds, and in a spirit of avowed hostility to the most ancient religious institution in this country.

The present attack upon the Church in Wales is an assault upon the National Church Establishment, an attempt to decide an imperial question upon the narrowest of local grounds, a new and extended application of the disastrous doctrine that national institutions are doomed to piecemeal destruction as soon as the vote of a district is unfavourable to their maintenance. But although we hold that it is impossible to confine the measure to its provincial, local aspects, we are prepared to meet the case against the Church in Wales, as if the question were capable of such a limitation. To this purpose we shall dedicate our remaining space.

The special case against that portion of the National Church which carries on its religious work in Wales and the English county of Monmouth can with difficulty be gleaned from the speeches of the advocates of the existing Bill. But it will probably be accepted as a fair statement that the attack on the Church in Wales is directed against it as an 'alien' institution; in other words, that it is an institution which was intended and established in the country against the wishes of the people by the hands of the conquering English, and that it ministers to a small minority of the inhabitants whose prevailing sentiments are irreconcilably opposed to its existence.

The theory of an alien Church has been as a historical fact shattered by Mr. Gladstone in 1891, and we may be permitted to refer our readers for detailed information on the subject to an article on 'The Church in Wales,' which appeared in this Review in January 1890. The alien theory cannot now be  
revived

revived with any hope of success among educated persons. It is in fact prudently abandoned by the Government. 'Historical grounds,' says Mr. Bryce, 'are too remote for us to enter on.' The Church in Wales is coeval with national existence in history, the oldest Church in the country, the earliest embodiment of national life. Since the twelfth century it has been one with the Church in England, and, preceding as it did the union of the States by a century and a half, it was the force that moulded the nation into unity. It is the Church of the centuries, of Padarn, Teilo, Dewi, and the old Welsh saints; it is the institution which preserved for Wales the mother-tongue, endowed it with noble versions of the Bible and the Prayer Book, enriched it with a vernacular literature of theology and devotion which is still a power in the country, and undertook and provided for not only its religious but its secular education. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries there were no more loyal adherents of the Church than the inhabitants of Wales. In the eighteenth century the 'Old Fathers of Non-conformity' were all Churchmen, and all, with one exception, clergymen who lived and died in communion with the Church. So late as 1834, 500 preachers and elders, meeting at the Annual Association of Welsh Methodists at Bala, unanimously accepted a resolution proposed by John Elias, the successor of Charles in the Methodist leadership. The resolution ran thus:—

'We deeply lament the nature of the agitation now so prevalent in the kingdom, and which avowedly has for its object the severing of the National Church from the State, and other changes in ecclesiastical affairs.'

Nothing can be historically more certain than that the theory of an alien Church is a fiction of recent creation, and that, fifty years ago, it would have been repudiated by the mass of Nonconformist preachers. We do not deny that, in the present century, causes were at work which alienated the religious sympathies of the majority of Welshmen.\* But these causes have now almost entirely disappeared. Already the revival which Daniel Rowlands, the Little Priest of Llangeitho, foretold in 1790 has come to pass. Celtic populations are fixed in their habits but fickle in their opinions. The objection to religious endowments and the hostility to the Church are both of recent growth, and both originated in circumstances which are rapidly changing. A few years ago the late Mr. H. Richard persuaded Wales that

\* These causes are set out in detail in the article on 'The Church in Wales' for January 1890, to which we have already referred.

State-aid for education was contrary to Nonconformist principles ; now Wales leads the van in the demand for the educational assistance of the State. In 1870 Wales rejected the Bible from the Board Schools ; in 1891 the Calvinistic Methodists passed resolutions for its re-introduction. There is, therefore, no security that the present feeling, so far as it has its origin in religion, may not pass away as suddenly as it has sprung up. Intertwined as the Church is with every fibre of the national character, interlaced as it is with every memorable stage in Welsh history, it has been the institution on which have centred the loftiest aspirations and most patriotic feelings of the inhabitants of Wales, and, if there be truth in the national proverb *a fu a fydd*, its future will be like its past.

History demonstrates the absurdity of the cry that the Church in Wales is an exotic, brought from a foreign land, and planted, to adopt the bardic style of Mr. Lloyd George, by 'mailed warriors' in an uncongenial soil and climate. But a new meaning has been imported into the words 'alien Church,' which deserves the most serious attention because it supplies the key to the present situation. In the mouths of Welsh politicians the epithet is applied to the Church as an institution which is favourable to the maintenance of the existing relations, whether political or religious, between England and Wales. Such titles as 'the English Church in Wales' or the 'Old Stranger' (Hen Estrones), instead of the familiar phrase 'Old Mother' (Hen Fam), are applied to the Church in order to quicken animosity against an institution which stands in the way of Home Rule. The question has ceased to be religious and has become political. It is the outcome of that spirit of spurious nationality, which aims at disintegration, multiplies every point of difference, magnifies every cause of separation, and in every detail weakens the bonds of fellowship that have hitherto bound together Great Britain and Ireland. It is with this ulterior design of exciting animosity against England in all its relations with Wales, that the Church is represented as the symbol of English ascendancy, as the badge of English conquest, as the deadly enemy, not of Welsh religion, but of Welsh freedom and independence. With this same object every abuse of the past is raked together and laid to the charge of the Church, and it is alleged that its English bishops inundated the country with English clergy, and, by introducing English services, strove to extinguish the Welsh language and distinctive nationality. To the same end again the provision which the Church endeavours to make for the 961,000 inhabitants of Wales who either know no Welsh or prefer to worship in English, is perverted to its discredit.

discredit. Nonconformist bodies make practically no effort to provide religion for this large English-speaking population, which includes more than half the total number of the people, and, by doing nothing, are able to charge the Church with an Anglicising spirit, and to claim that they are the depositaries of the exclusively Welsh religion. Thus the attack on the Church in Wales serves as the cloak of a political design. Its destruction is meant to be the first stage in the 'march through the wilderness,' which is to bring Wales to the promised land of political separation and national independence.

If once this key to the situation is grasped, one of the most striking anomalies in the existing scheme of disestablishment is explained. When the clauses of the Bill are closely examined, it will be seen that they contemplate, and virtually compel, the creation of a new Church in Wales, under new Parliamentary powers, subject to a different jurisdiction from that of the English body, isolated and distinct from it in every material respect. No general measure of Disestablishment for the whole National Church could possibly effect the desired result of severing the portion of the religious body which finds its sphere of work in Wales from that portion which labours in England. But a local scheme of Disestablishment will mark off Wales as, in a religious sense, distinct from its predominant partner. Hence it is that, regardless of the injustice inflicted upon the ecclesiastical institution by such piecemeal legislation, the Welsh party clamour for a separate, and not a general, measure of disestablishment, which will break off the connection with the National Church of the two countries.

It is scarcely necessary to point out that the demand for religious and political separation is entirely without historical justification, and that its acceptance would be a far more extreme assertion of the Home Rule principle than the cases of Scotland or Ireland afford. There never was a time when a free, independent, self-governed Wales, possessing her own representative institutions, and her own separate Church, allied herself to England. No Act of Union between the two contracting powers can be discovered even by the ingenuity of Mr. Lloyd George; no date can be fixed at which a Welsh Parliament was merged in the Imperial Parliament; no point of time can be determined when the Welsh Church became a statutory part of the English body. No distinct boundary divides Wales from England; both in language and geography the two countries are intermixed. Wales has never had a single Legislature, and, instead of a capital, she uses as the meeting place of North and South a town within the English borders.



borders. But the cry of 'Wales for the Welsh' is distinctly audible; the demand for separation exists and swells the agitation against the Church; the loyalty of the Welsh people to the Crown is undermined by this new political spirit; and the attack has already extended from the clergy to the landlords as part of the English garrison. These are, we believe, indisputable facts. Whether the Government are acting in ignorance or in pursuance of a settled separatist policy, we are not concerned to discover; but it is well to understand that 'alien' spells 'Unionist,' and 'national' is a synonym for 'Separatist.'

A few extracts from the Welsh vernacular press on these points will be instructive. The sentiments expressed by Mr. Gee in the 'Baner,' towards the Queen, at the time of her visit to Wales, excited some sensation in the country. The following extract illustrates the fact that he is not alone in the expression of the same feelings:—

'Is Wales loyal? It is not! And how can it be? We know that we should be ready to go side by side with the Englishman, Irishman, and the Scotchman to defend the country from foreign invasion. But we should be guilty of misrepresenting the true feeling of Wales if we said that we should do so from love of the Sovereign. Wales is not loyal in the sense of loving the Sovereign. The Welshman loves his country, but he cannot love the powers which prevent him from getting his liberty. What wonder is it that our great assemblies hoot the National Anthem when some Englishman or some worshipper of the English tries to commence it in our meetings? What wonder is it that a meeting in Portdinorwic last week sang "The old Land of my Fathers" when a curate commenced to sing "God save the Queen"? What wonder is it that in Wales the "March of the Men of Harlech" is sung a thousand times for every time that "Rule, Britannia" is sung? It is not wonderful at all. What is wonderful is that the country is at this time so quiet and undisturbed.' \*

With the clamour for national independence goes the cry of 'the land for the people.' It is raised by those persons whom a Welsh farmer, in giving evidence before the Land Commission, called 'irritators,' as a lever in the demand for political separation. In an article on 'The Landowners of Wales,' Mr. Gee endeavours to stir up animosity against the landlords as a class.

'But the greater part of you do not possess either sense, sympathy, or conscience. As a rule, the landowners of our country are the most unreasonable and cruel men that ever wore hats. Compared to some of you, the old slave-masters of the Southern States of America

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\* 'Y Genedl,' November 9, 1887.

would be gentlemen of the first class. But there—they and their whips have gone to perdition; and if many of you had gone after them, not even so much as a sparrow would utter a groan.

‘Many of you have come into possession of your large estates through injustice, usurpation, and robbery. Several of your forefathers were robbers of the most presumptuous kind, and had stolen thousands of acres belonging to widows, orphans, and poor people. If you possessed as much as a mustard seed of honesty, you would transfer them to their rightful owners. But man help us! that will take place when a wooden bridge is made over the Atlantic Ocean, or when a railway from the top of Snowdon to the mountain of the sun is opened.’\*

The cry is taken up by a writer who indulges in the scurrilous abuse which often disgraces the Welsh vernacular press.

‘The Principality is not enjoyable enough for the lords to live in. They have palaces here, but these are empty for the most part of the year. Somewhere in the vicinity of the racing horses and the houses of the harlots the lords like to live, so that they may enjoy themselves in a way becoming to their situation.

‘Carousal and pleasure are the chief items, and the money is spent in foreign countries upon every excess and ungodliness. The lords impoverish the land, and carry our wealth to other countries. Look at the perplexed farmer and the poor labourer; they work diligently early and late; they are industrious and provident to earn bread for themselves and their children; their mode of life is simple, and they know but little of pleasures and luxuries. They produce much wealth, but they shall not enjoy it. A vast proportion of it is taken from them by aliens who spend it on pleasures somewhere far away from Wales. If a corner of the curtain was raised, we should see sights that would cause our hair to stand on end and our blood to boil in our veins with rage. See this lordling in the midst of race-horses, look at the other swaggering in the gaudy rooms of the West of London, see the third amidst the harlots of Paris, and the fourth playing away his wealth in the vile dens of Monte Carlo. Here is where the money of Wales goes. Here is the way the produce of the land of Wales is wasted. There is no reason in such a thing as this. Is such a system one that we ought to bear? Does not justice loudly demand that the land of Wales be restored to the people? Let the foreign lords be sent to their own country. Why do we bear their oppression, and why are we compelled to feed their greediness? The land is ours, and it is foolishness to let strangers rob us of it and to swallow its gains.’†

‘What is the remedy? We see that the disease is a serious one. We see that the land has been usurped through fraud, craftiness, and oppression, by a handful of unprincipled people; that those few

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\* ‘Y Baner,’ November 30, 1887.

† ‘Y Genedl,’ February 21, 1893.

people have not only stolen the land, but also oppressed the people that cultivate it and live on it; that a vast portion of the gain of the land is grasped by these lords, and spent on frivolous and sinful pleasure, and that the country is thus greatly impoverished. Why do we allow so much wealth to be stolen by the lords, who spend it on frivolity, degrade society, and prevent progress everywhere? We cannot afford to keep them. We harm ourselves by keeping them, and it would be an infinite blessing to get rid of them.\*

Already the attempt has been made to introduce a Land League, and the practice of boycotting, among Welsh farmers. The attack upon the tithe was, as the following extracts prove, only used as the thin end of the wedge, applied at what was supposed to be the weakest point.

'We confess that the unfaithfulness of farmers to each other is a very exceptional thing in Ireland. More the pity; in Wales this is a common evil. In the "Emerald Isle," the landlord's oppression and "boycotting" have wonderfully cemented the tenants together; at the same time there are a few examples to the contrary even there, and the Tory papers make a great stir about them as independent and fearless people. Traitors and servile followers, rather like their Welsh brothers.'†

'This week we will only suggest the following changes. That the scope of the league be enlarged. Now only the tithe is taken into account. But could not many other important questions connected with the land be taken up, and that too without relinquishing anything as to the tithe? We believe it can be done. If so, would it not be prudent henceforth to use this name and call it the Land League.'‡

'Farmers ought to have their farms for half their present rents. "He that denies this, let him deny that the sun rises." Also there is need for more unity amongst us as farmers. We ought to stand out for a general reduction in our farms. And if any "Judas" happens to come to sight, he ought to be chased out of the country.'§

'A few days ago the "United Ireland," a newspaper on the Irish side, published "a new scheme for compelling the reduction of rents," and already this scheme has been successful beyond all expectation. We do not think any better or more effectual scheme has been ever contrived. Having seen the success of this scheme in Ireland, we should not be surprised if it were adopted in Wales. In the present war against the tithe, we should not wonder at all if the scheme came into general use. The only difficulty with regard to Wales is that the agricultural class have not been educated thoroughly enough in the affairs that

\* 'Y Genedl,' March 14, 1893.

† Ibid., July 13, 1887.

‡ 'Y Baner,' December 11, 1886.

§ Ibid., August 31, 1887.

combine with the profits, and it is with a good deal of difficulty that more than a very small number of farmers brave enough to plead for their rights can be obtained. In a word spiritless timid ones, ignorant, fearful, yes, and worse than all, traitorous, are the very great number of them. If the farmers of Wales were more intelligent and more courageous, and above all more like men and less like unconfiding pigmies, the question of the land and of the tithe in Wales would have been settled in a very short time.\*

Appeals to the people of Wales to band together for the expulsion of the landlords as the English garrison, and of the clergy as English spies, have been assiduously propagated throughout the country for the last ten years. No pains have been spared to represent the Church as the barrier which severs the labourers from the land. One instance must suffice:—

‘But the majority of them oblige us to regard the Church as a mere political organ, and the clergy as nothing but tools to forward the advantage of the landowners. . . . We do not hesitate to declare openly that the greatest enemies of the farmers and labourers of Wales are the priests of the parishes, and we could bring forward a legion of witnesses to prove our assertions. Taking them together, we have no hesitation in saying that there is no class more ungodly and hypocritical in the country than the officers of this worldly Church. . . . It is difficult to believe that any men are more guilty of the worst sins, oppressing the working class by trying to keep them underfoot, keeping the farmers in terror by menacing them with the landlords, &c.’†

The Home Rule policy, with its plan of separate disestablishment, its attack upon the ‘English garrison’ and the ‘English spies,’ and its bribe of the possession of the land, is the main source of the agitation against the Church. In the English House of Commons the Welshman is sufficiently astute to keep his ulterior designs for the present in the background. In Wales, under the comparatively safe disguise of the national language, Welsh Home Rule is put in the forefront of the battle; it is discussed in the vernacular press; it is preached from Nonconformist pulpits; it inspires the eloquence of members and candidates on political platforms; it ministers the real strength to the attack upon the Church. Even in Parliament the truth comes out. Mr. Lloyd George and his friends did not argue Disestablishment and Disendowment as a religious question; but they stated that the Church was an ‘anti-national’ institution, the ‘engine for crushing the spirit, stifling the language, and breaking the hearts of the Welsh

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\* ‘Y Genedl,’ December 8, 1886.

† ‘Y Werin,’ January 29, 1887.

people,' engaged in an 'implacable warfare against Welsh nationality,' following 'an essentially Anglicising policy,' and officered by Bishops who are 'policemen and spies on the Welsh people.'

It is, however, only rarely that the veil is thus lifted. The Welsh separatists cannot rely any longer on the cry of an intruded, exotic Church, because it has been absolutely shattered by Mr. Gladstone. They dare not avow the meaning that they themselves attach to the phrase an 'alien Church,' because the avowal would endanger their success. They, therefore, present another case to England, and in Sir George Osborne Morgan they find an admirable mouthpiece. Like his 'alien' predecessor in the nominal leadership of the Welsh party, Sir George is not colloquially acquainted with the vernacular language, and, unlike him, it is not probable that he will be raised to the peerage. How far he is conversant with the ulterior designs of his Welsh-speaking colleagues, it would be impertinent and immaterial to enquire. It is enough to know that he is entrusted with the reconstruction of that portion of the 'alien' case which is designed for English use.

The whole case may be condensed into the narrowest possible limits. Welsh national feeling, it is alleged, is overwhelmingly and irreconcilably opposed to the Church, because it is the Church of the stranger, of the rich, and of the minority. Unless, therefore, it is proved that the great preponderance of the inhabitants of Wales are invincibly hostile to the Church, there is absolutely no case at all. To the advocate of Disestablishment and Disendowment, the question of numbers is the one, all-important, essential point. But before we discuss the numerical argument, which is repeated, it may be noticed, as one of the three causes of the national hostility, it will be well to notice briefly the two other reasons which are alleged for the assumed invincible repugnance of Wales to the Church.

The first explanation is that the Church is the Church of 'the stranger.' Historically it has been demonstrated that this charge was without foundation till fifty years ago. Nor is it better founded now, except by a juggle of words. The language census proves that 961,000 inhabitants of Wales are only able to worship in English, or prefer to do so. The one institution which, practically speaking, ministers to the spiritual wants of these people is the Church. It cannot, therefore, be called the 'Church of the stranger,' unless the cry of 'Wales for the Welsh' is triumphant, and more than half the population of the Principality are branded as aliens.

The second explanation is that the Church is 'the Church of the

the rich.' In discussing this point Sir G. Osborne Morgan says that, though the members of the Established Church 'certainly do not comprise one-fourth of the population of the whole country, they probably possess more than three-fourths of its wealth.' The first part of this statement is, on the evidence of the polls at Parliamentary elections on which Liberationists almost exclusively rely, inaccurate; the second part is a guess, which is more haphazard, but equally incorrect. The wealth of Wales lies partly among the great landlords, who are for the most part Churchmen, and who have suffered heavily from commercial and agricultural depression, and partly among the middle classes, who are for the most part Nonconformists. Among the Churchmen wealth is concentrated; among the Nonconformists it is disseminated. But, in the aggregate, the latter are probably as rich as the former. To say that three-fourths of the wealth of Wales belong either to the landlords or to the middle classes would be equally untrue. The truth is that it is divided. It would not be unfair to say that the pecuniary support given to the Church mainly comes from the rich few, and that that which is given to the Chapels comes from the well-to-do many.

Starting from a statement which his own figures prove to be inaccurate, and a guess, which is as incorrect as it is haphazard, Sir George proceeds to contrast the amount of money raised by the liberality of Churchmen with that raised by Nonconformists 'from their poverty,' 'without extraneous aid.' The attempt to import prejudice into the contrast is not successful. The first statement that Nonconformists contribute 'from their poverty' is, as we have said, based upon a random and incorrect guess. The second statement, namely, that they raise money 'without extraneous aid,' is notoriously inaccurate. With praiseworthy assiduity, and with perfect justice, Nonconformists seek and obtain extraneous aid. Thus in their official Report for 1889 the Calvinistic Methodists appeal for help to all Christians in England, Scotland, and even Ireland. It may be further added that there are few Nonconformist Chapels in Wales which have not drawn, at some time or other, upon the generosity of Churchmen. Parliamentary candidates of the moneyed classes subscribe liberally to the chapels of their constituencies. Many landlords who are Churchmen have given sites, and often contribute more largely to the chapels than to the churches on their estates. Bazaars again, which form a considerable source of chapel incomes, are generously supported by Churchmen. Considerable amounts are collected from Church people in small sums by the importunate and ubiquitous mendicants who are sent out with collecting cards,

concert tickets, tea tickets, and other devices for raising money. Such a condition of things may be creditable to both sides ; but it demonstrates the incorrectness of the statement that the Nonconformists do not appeal for and obtain 'extraneous aid.'

On this basis of mis-statement and random guess-work, Sir George builds an argument in favour of a voluntary system. He concedes that Churchmen contribute largely to Church purposes ; but in reasoning from this concession, he makes an assumption, which a little enquiry, or even a little thought, would have shown to be unfounded. He says that, when the endowments are small, the voluntary offerings are large. On the contrary, the size of the endowment does not determine the destination of the voluntary offerings. Money contributed for Church purposes is distributed according to the requirements of the population and the consequent need for the development of ecclesiastical machinery. Church offerings are thus irrespective of endowments, and are not, as Sir George implies, a business transaction by which each man pays for his own religion. The voluntary system, carried to its logical extreme, produces complete religious selfishness. Its result is summed up in 'no pay, no spiritual ministrations.' But in the Church, where a mixed system prevails, voluntary offerings are destined as much, if not more, for the donor's neighbours than for himself.

Sir G. Osborne Morgan holds out to the House of Commons the promise that, at some future time, he will discuss the relative amounts which Churchmen 'from their wealth,' and Nonconformists 'from their poverty,' contribute to religious purposes, and, we will add, to educational and philanthropic objects. The convenient season which Sir George expects may never come. But, meanwhile, we will furnish him beforehand with some figures.

It is impossible to determine with any accuracy the relative sums of money contributed to religious purposes by Churchmen and Nonconformists. The voluntary offerings contributed by Churchmen to Church work in Wales are indeed known. In 1893 they gave the sum of 247,988*l.* 2*s.* 2*d.*, an amount which exceeds the net Clerical Income (185,451*l.* 14*s.* 2*d.*) by more than 60,000*l.* On the side of Nonconformists no reliable figures are forthcoming. Two facts are, however, beyond dispute. In the first place, the debt on the chapels of Calvinistic Methodists, as stated in their last official Report, amounts to 280,489*l.* 9*s.* 4*d.* In the second place, while Churchmen have largely assisted Nonconformists, the latter contribute nothing to the aid of any religious denomination, except that to which they individually belong.

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If we turn to educational objects, we find an eloquent disparity between the gifts of Churchmen and of Nonconformists. Churchmen, during the year 1893, have contributed 34,142*l.* 1*s.* 1*d.* to the maintenance of Welsh National Schools, and, within the last forty years, Churchmen have given no less than 397,417*l.* to the building and maintenance of National Schools in the diocese of St. Asaph alone. To elementary education, on the other hand, Nonconformists contribute *nothing* in the form of voluntary offerings. To the University Colleges, which are Nonconformist and Radical in character and government, Churchmen have contributed most largely. To the Bangor College more than half the subscriptions were given by Churchmen; to the Aberystwith College, practically a Nonconformist institution, with Principals who have always been Nonconformist preachers, Churchmen contributed 33 per cent. Finally, all the Grammar Schools in Wales were endowed by Churchmen, and to the new Intermediate Schools the largest subscribers have so far been Churchmen.

If we pass to voluntary contributions to the founding and building of Infirmarys, Hospitals, and similar institutions, equally striking are the results of enquiry. The following figures, communicated by the Bishop of St. Asaph, are the product of a most careful and laborious investigation which has extended over many months. The amount of donations and benefactions given during the years 1843–1893 by Churchmen and Nonconformists in Wales shows that Nonconformists have not given even a tenth of the money contributed by Churchmen.

Total Donations and Benefactions.	Given by Churchmen.	Given by Nonconformists.	Not classified.*
318,958 <i>l.</i> 19 <i>s.</i> 11 <i>d.</i>	251,858 <i>l.</i> 16 <i>s.</i> 11½ <i>d.</i>	24,006 <i>l.</i> 11 <i>s.</i> 5½ <i>d.</i>	43,093 <i>l.</i> 11 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i>

If, again, we look at the amounts annually contributed to the maintenance of these Institutions, thus founded and built, it may be almost said, by the unaided liberality of Churchmen, we find in the year 1892 that Nonconformists contribute a bare quarter of the sum given by adherents of the Church :—

Total Amount collected.	Given by Churchmen.	Given by Nonconformists.	Not classified.*
18,051 <i>l.</i> 6 <i>s.</i> 8½ <i>d.</i>	11,574 <i>l.</i> 11 <i>s.</i> 7½ <i>d.</i>	2978 <i>l.</i> 18 <i>s.</i> 1 <i>d.</i>	3497 <i>l.</i> 17 <i>s.</i> 0 <i>d.</i>

\* Under this heading are included contributions from Works and Companies, Bazaars and Entertainments.



With these figures before us, we shall await with curiosity Sir G. Osborne Morgan's panegyric on the liberality of Nonconformists and the unselfishness of the voluntary system.

There is indeed a more urgent need for this unselfish liberality in the Church than in the Chapel, because in Wales the Church is emphatically, as Sir George has before now pointed out, the Church of the two ends of the social scale. It is the Church of the few in Mr. Gladstone's qualitative sense of the word; it is also the Church of the many, whether in quantity or quality. The sneer is commonly levelled at the Church that the majority of the paupers in the workhouses of Wales are Churchmen. The sneer recoils on those by whom it is passed. Workhouse statistics prove that the population which is on the border line of pauperism belongs to the Church, and that, if it is the Church of the rich, it is also the Church of the poor. This fact is illustrated from the opposite side by a striking piece of evidence. It is the necessary defect of any purely voluntary system that those persons who cannot contribute to the support of a minister are deprived of spiritual ministrations. At the meeting of the Calvinistic Methodists at Llandudno in 1887, a Report was received from a Committee which had been appointed to enquire into the cause of the declining numbers. The Report attributed the decrease *inter alia* to the action of the officers in erasing from the books the names of those who were too poor to pay their contributions.

One other statement deserves notice before we discuss the 'minority' argument, on which the whole of the case pleaded by opponents against the Church practically depends. Sir George claims the immunity of Wales from crime as the achievement of Nonconformity, and, therefore, as dating from 1811. To establish his point, he ignores the evidence of a long chain of native writers, from Giraldus Cambrensis downwards, who bear unanimous testimony to the law-abiding character of the Welsh people. On the evidence of a paltry nursery rhyme, which was the production of an alien,—'Taffy was a Welshman,' &c.,—this zealous champion of Welsh nationality blackens the character of the ancestors of the people, and discredits the veracity of the native historians, in order to prove that, until Charles ordained his lay-preachers in the first decade of the present century, Wales was sunk in every form of criminal disorder. If the proceeding were not so ludicrous, it would be culpable.

We now turn to the argument that the Church is the 'Church of the minority.' Upon the proof of this allegation the case of the advocates of disestablishment and disendowment practically rests. Without official demonstration of the great numerical pre-  
dominance

dominance of Nonconformists over Churchmen, it is impossible to bring the Welsh Church within the precedent of the Irish Act.

At the outset of the enquiry we are met by this striking fact: Liberationists strenuously oppose, Churchmen as strenuously demand, an official census of the relative numbers. In the case of the Irish Act the distribution of the population between the rival religious bodies was officially ascertained. The fact that the Irish Church was the Church of a very small minority was placed beyond dispute before any legislative action was taken. On what grounds do the advocates of Welsh Disestablishment refuse to follow the precedent, on which, in other points, they so confidently rely? For what reason do they decline a test, to which their whole argument is a prolonged invitation? Why do they resist an enquiry which, if they are right, will strengthen, and, if they are wrong, destroy, their case?

The persistent refusal of Welsh Liberationists to submit to the ordeal of a general religious census forms a sinister feature in their agitation against the Church. Nor is the unfavourable impression removed when their manipulation of statistics and their efforts to procure a private census are fairly considered.

In 1851 the Census returns gave 109,591 persons as present in church, and 427,274 as present in all the various Dissenting chapels at the most numerously attended service. The total population was then 1,011,784. The proportion given by a Census which was in many ways unduly favourable to Nonconformists, and was taken at a period when the fortunes of the Church were at their lowest, is under that of 1 to 4. This result, made known more than forty years ago, gives the only official figures that are available. The deficiency is supplied by numerous guesses. It may be useful to put together a few of the recent calculations offered by Nonconformists as to the number of Churchmen. It will not escape notice that, though the Church has admittedly gained ground within the last twenty years, the most liberal of these calculations reduces the number of Churchmen below the figures officially given forty years ago. To make plain the fractional proportions of the population which have been at various times used by Liberationists, we have assumed that the population of Wales is 1,500,000.

1870 ..	Mr. Watkin Williams, M.P.	<i>one-fifth</i>	= 300,000
1871 ..	Mr. H. Richard, M.P.	<i>one-eighth</i>	= 187,500
1883 ..	Mr. Dillwyn, M.P.	<i>one-ninth</i>	= 165,000
1886 ..	Mr. Dillwyn, M.P.	<i>one-eighth</i>	= 187,500
1891 ..	Mr. Pritchard Morgan, M.P.	<i>one-sixth</i>	= 250,000
1892 ..	Mr. S. Smith, M.P.	<i>one-fourth</i>	= 375,000
— ..	Mr. Lloyd George, M.P.	<i>one-tenth</i>	= 150,000

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It is evident that calculations which vary between *one-tenth* and *one-fourth* are of no real value. They cannot all be right; and the evidence of the polling at general elections, if it shows anything at all, proves that all are wrong. In 1885 the results of the elections demonstrated that two-fifths of the population voted for the policy of the Conservatives, and the remaining three-fifths voted for that of the Gladstonian party. In the General Election of 1892 the total number of voters in Wales and Monmouthshire was 314,540, and the total number who voted for the Gladstonian party, including the six uncontested seats, was 145,818.\* That is to say, a number of persons, who comprise considerably less than half of the voters on the register, and less than a twelfth of the total population, supported a varied programme, which included among its miscellaneous items, the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church in Wales. Nor must it be forgotten that, at an election, the strength of Nonconformity, lying as it does among the well-to-do middle and lower classes, is polled to a man. Only one side, on the other hand, of the strength of the Church is represented at an election. The institution which alone ministers to those who are too poor to pay for religion, necessarily contains a large proportion of adherents who are not voters.

That the figures of the official Census and of the polls are not entirely satisfactory to the Liberationists is proved by their anxiety to supplement them with self-contradictory guesses, and with the unchecked, untested results of unofficial censuses. Among these amateur attempts to number the adherents of the Church and of the Nonconformist bodies, the census of Mr. Owen Owens and that of Mr. Gee deserve passing notice.

Mr. Owens in November 1891 produced an estimate of the number of those who attended church on a particular Sunday in the diocese of St. Asaph. The district is a rural one, and, in many parts, wild and mountainous. The chosen day was extremely inclement. Mr. Owens proved to his own satisfaction that, out of a total population of 113,000, 11,009 persons attended church, and he therefore concluded that the number of attendants did not reach 10 per cent. of the population. Even if the facts were as stated, they prove very little. But the accuracy of the returns will not bear any test. In Wrexham,

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\* The full figures are these :

Total Gladstonian poll	=	145,818
Total Unionist	"	= 86,883
Unpolled	"	= 81,839
		<hr/>
		314,540

for instance, the amateur census-taker omitted five places of church worship altogether, and miscalculated the population of the town by 2000 inhabitants. In one place the enumerators were two children, aged respectively eleven and thirteen, and the results of their calculation showed a difference of 45 per cent. In nine out of the total number of 73 churches, the numbers assigned to the congregation were smaller than the numbers of those who had communicated at these churches on Easter Sunday. Other points might be noticed, but enough has been said to demonstrate that the amateur census of Mr. Owens was entirely unreliable and untrustworthy.

The history of Mr. Gee's census is still more striking. It is better known, and has been quoted as conclusive in the House of Commons. On the 9th of January, 1887, Mr. Gee took a census of those who attended the churches in South Wales. *The results were not, and never have been, disclosed*; but a fortnight later (29th of January, 1887), a notice appeared in the 'Baner' to the effect that Mr. Gee intended to put these returns entirely aside, and 'to make a secret census in every church throughout Wales so far as we can. Of course we shall not announce when this is done.'

In 1891, after four years of secret manœuvring, Mr. Gee obtains figures which are more to his mind. He sends these substituted returns to Mr. Dryhurst Roberts to be tabulated, and empowers Mr. Pritchard Morgan to inform the House of Commons that these are the genuine returns for January 9, 1887. Consequently Mr. Pritchard Morgan in February 1891, in moving his resolution in favour of Disestablishment, stated that the number of attendants in the churches of South Wales on January 9, 1887, was 89,047, and that these figures had not been questioned. Mr. Gee was prepared to make an affidavit that he had not opened the returns which he forwarded to Mr. Roberts for tabulation, and Mr. Roberts was prepared to swear that he has correctly tabulated the figures forwarded by Mr. Gee. The oath of neither would be the least to the point. 'Truth will out even in an affidavit.' Mr. Gee did not tamper with the figures, because he had withdrawn the originals and spent four years in substituting others which were more favourable; Mr. Roberts may tabulate the figures supplied to him accurately, but he cannot answer for their correctness. So much for the boasted census which Mr. Pritchard Morgan foisted upon the House of Commons as correct and undisputed!

The only arguments by which Liberationists defend their refusal to submit to the ordeal of a religious census, are that Churchmen would not accept the results as conclusive of the case,

case, that the census would include nominal adherents as well as actual attendants, and that coercion and cajolery would be brought to bear in order to swell the number of Churchmen. As to the first reason, the numerical test is absolutely essential to the case of the Liberationists, and it is no argument to say that the other side do not attach to it the same importance. As to the second reason, why should not nominal adherents be numbered? The principle of an Established Church is that all persons are members of it who do not withdraw from its ministrations; it is its essence that it should be inclusive, just as the Nonconformist bodies are exclusive. The third reason requires more detailed notice.

It is impossible to reply to a general charge except in a general manner. Large landlords have no pecuniary interests in the numbers who attend the Church, neither do they directly employ those who might be coerced or cajoled into attending its services. Colliery managers, agents, and 'gaffers,' tenant-farmers, small tradesmen, and local money-lenders invest in their chapels as business concerns which pay them so much less interest if the attendance falls off; they are also the actual employers of labour, and are therefore in the position to intimidate or cajole. Which class is the more likely to use influence to compel attendance,—those who have no pecuniary interests at stake, or those who have large pecuniary interests? those who have comparatively little opportunity of bringing pressure to bear, or those who have every opportunity? The question does not bear discussion. The balance of probability, as measured alike by power and by incentive, shows that coercion and cajolery are more likely to be employed by Nonconformists than by Churchmen.

Nor does the case rest here. If the Welsh vernacular newspapers were able to adduce facts which tend to prove coercion, they would not resort to fabrications. The following passage is quoted from the 'Goleuad' for October 24, 1889:—

'We did not know until lately that there are degrees of payment for attending the Church of England in Wales. The following is the scale: to the head of a family, if he belongs to the choir, half a crown's worth of meat every Saturday night and a new suit of clothes at the beginning of the year; to the single man, half a pound of tea every fortnight; to a Nonconformist who sends his children to the Church school, half a hundred of coal for each child.'

This organ of the Calvinistic Methodists was publicly challenged to produce any evidence of this barefaced invention, but no explanation or answer of any kind was ever attempted.

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The same expedient of inventing facts is adopted by the 'Baner,' another organ of the Calvinistic Methodists. In proof of clerical cajolery and coercion, it published (October 22, 1890) an unsigned, unauthenticated document, purporting to be a clerical circular offering rewards for attendance; but it failed to substantiate the authenticity of a paper which, we may therefore conclude, emanated from the office of Mr. Gee.

Thus the balance of probability, and the negative evidence which is afforded by the substitution of fabrications for facts, alike contradict the argument that intimidation is, or would be, adopted by Churchmen. But we can carry the case further, and show that intimidation is freely used by Liberationists.

Recently a Church girl went as servant to a Methodist farmer in North Wales. As soon as she was settled in her place, her master said, 'You must go to chapel with us.' The girl declined. The farmer then said, 'I shall keep back the pew rent from your wages.' The girl replied that he might do that, but that she would not go to chapel. Accordingly, the farmer regularly deducted from the servant's wages the rent for a seat in the Methodist Chapel, to which she never went. The tyranny exercised by the Methodist deacons upon their dependants is general and excessive. Nonconformists in Wales deal exclusively with their own denomination. During the enquiry now being held before the Welsh Land Commission, a Dissenting witness accused Church landlords of selecting only Church tenants. The accusation has been, again and again, proved to be unfounded, as Church landlords are able to show that a very large proportion of their tenants are Nonconformists. This particular witness was asked if he knew any Nonconformist landlords in Wales. He replied that he knew several; but when he was asked if he knew a single Nonconformist landlord with a Church tenant, he was unable to produce even a solitary instance.

No impartial person will for a moment assert that any reliable figures have so far been produced by the Nonconformists in proof of the estimate that the adherents of the Church in 1894 number one-tenth or even only one-fourth of the population. But are there not, it may be asked, collateral proofs of the numerical preponderance of Nonconformists over Churchmen? Do not the results of marriages or of the Burials Act prove the case against the Church? Let us examine into these points.

As to marriages, the official returns in the office of the Registrar-General show the number solemnised according, and not

not according, to the rites of the Established Church in Wales and Monmouthshire in the years 1889-92. The result is that 20,310 persons were married by the clergy of the Welsh Church, and 14,476 by the ministers of the various Nonconformist bodies. Here, again, there is no proof of the numerical predominance of Nonconformists. The evidence is, in fact, entirely the other way.

Now let us look at the evidence afforded by the Burials Act. There are in the diocese of St. Asaph 208 parishes. In 94 of these parishes, during the years 1885-89, no person was buried under the Act; 30 parishes had only one each, and 18 only two. In the year 1889, in the same diocese, the clergy of the Welsh Church buried 3618 persons, and the number of persons buried under the Act was only 251. It would be true to say that, in spite of sharp rebukes from the Liberationist press, the Act is almost a dead letter.

Here, again, the evidence is opposed to the numerical preponderance of Nonconformists. But Sir George Osborne Morgan endeavours to discount its weight by charging the clergy with a systematic accumulation of indignities upon those mourners who desire to take advantage of the provisions of the Burials Act. It is natural that Sir George should feel sore on this subject. The legislative measure from which he expected immortality is his lasting monument as a catspaw of manufacturers of grievances. The vague charges by which he endeavours to explain the failure of his Act are difficult to meet because they are general. But two facts may be adduced in defence of the clergy against the unproved accusation.

In two conspicuous instances the charge recoils upon the head of those who make it. At Barmouth the 'Goleuad' (Jan. 22, 1891) believed that it had discovered a scandal, and inveighed against the clergy as persons who, 'encouraged by the Bishops,' are 'utterly indifferent to the feelings of those who decline their services at the burial of the dead,' and 'trample without mercy on the tenderest feelings of human nature.' The scandal proved a mare's nest, and the accuser, a Welsh Methodist preacher, was obliged to make a public apology. At Brymbo another supposed scandal was discovered. It would, perhaps, have peculiarly gratified Sir G. O. Morgan to find in his own parish a case of the wanton and systematic heaping of indignities on the mourners who wish to take advantage of his Act. But unfortunately the coercion was all on the other side. Here is the letter of Mrs. Mary Davies, the widow of the deceased person, which appeared in the 'Wrexham Advertiser':—

'BRYMBO

**'BRYMBO BURIAL SCANDAL.'**

**'SIR,**—To stop all this disgraceful trouble about my late husband's funeral, I beg to state that our kind Vicar acted throughout according to my wishes. The burial notice that Mr. Samuel Chas. Hughes served upon the Vicar, was drawn up without my authority, consent, or my knowledge. I asked no one to have my husband buried under such an Act as the Burials Act, and no one asked me if he might be so buried, or said a word to me about the Burials Act, and I trust you will not allow any more letters on this subject to appear, as they pain me more than I can tell, and my sorrowful wound is opened by them week after week, and Robert Davies, my late husband's brother, ought to be ashamed of himself for persecuting me in this way; my sorrow is great enough without his trying to disgrace me. —I am, &c.

**'MARY DAVIES.**

**'Green, Brymbo, April 7, 1891.'**

Sir G. O. Morgan believes that the attitude of the clergy towards his Act increases the number of the Liberationists. In this case, however, it is the Liberationists who mercilessly 'trample on the tenderest feelings of human nature.'

Against the evidence afforded by marriages and burials, Sir G. Osborne Morgan relies upon the fact that the Welsh vernacular press is almost entirely in the hands of Nonconformists, and that out of seventeen weekly or bi-weekly papers the Church has only command of two. Some of the fifteen weekly newspapers are half-penny sheets full of personal scurrilities. As to the rest, their multiplication indicates internal weakness as much as numerical strength. It is due to the multiplication of sects and of feuds in sects. Thus the 'Celt' is an independent journal called into existence by the Bala College question to counteract the influence of the 'Tyst,' which is the official organ of the denomination. The 'Goleuad,' again, is the Calvinistic Methodist organ which endeavoured to meet the opposition of the 'Baner' to the introduction of settled pastors among the Calvinistic Methodists.

Sir George boasts of the number of Liberationist newspapers, and taunts Churchmen with their inability to maintain a vernacular press. He would have been more prudent had he obtained translations of these so-called newspapers before he boasted of their existence. Churchmen do not disgrace the cause of Christianity by such productions as are often edited by Nonconformist ministers, who, like Thomas Trumbull, *alias* Tam Turnpenny, run their cargoes of malevolent scurrility under the cloak of religion. We have already quoted passages from the 'Goleuad' and the 'Baner,' which may fairly be regarded



regarded as scandals to journalism. They might be easily multiplied. Here, for example, is another passage from the 'Baner' (Oct. 29, 1890):—

'It is well known that Popery is a compendium of cruelty, abominations, and the most disgraceful corruption, that ever crossed the threshold of the abode of the Devil. When this system was formed, the bells of Pandemonium rang merry peals, and dancing and diversion prevailed through the chambers of Hell. The only difference between the Church of England and the Romish Church is that one is the head and the other the tail.'

Again, in March 1891, the same paper writes:—

'The State Church has drunk copiously of its adulterous mother, Great Babylon, mother of the harlots of the earth. It has washed its feet a hundred times in the blood of Dissent.'

Again, in August 1891, it says:—

'The disgraceful deeds that have been done during the last three years, and the ungodly deeds now done by the "dearly beloved brethren" in the name of religion, are enough to drive Beelzebub, presumptuous and devoid of all shame as he is, to hide his head for shame behind his throne of fire.'

In giving an account of a Disestablishment meeting at Ruthin, the same paper (Nov. 1891) writes as follows:—

'Many faces have I seen in the course of my life, though it has not been a long one,—all kinds of faces, from the face of the Christ-like, calm and natural preacher, to the tithe-loving, hypocritical face of the parson—from the open, honest face of a *man* to the brutal and fierce face of a creature that my conscience would condemn me for calling a *man*. Yes! I have seen many a brutal face, some made so by nature, others by the perfection of art and skill. But now I am compelled to say that they were all miserable failures compared with the faces of the "successors of the Apostles," when the owners are present at a Disestablishment meeting. Why speak of the power to represent passion and character? There is no need any more to go and hear Henry Irving in London, in order to see the wolfish wrinkling of the brow, the fierce and angry glancings of the eyes, the Judas-like showing of the teeth, and the many-coloured face. No! a man has only to go to a Disestablishment meeting, where a number of the "successors of the Apostles" are present, and he may see all that.'

The language of the 'Tarian' is equally unjustifiable (November 5, 1890):—

'No

'No greater sin can exist in the estimation of Churchmen than a refusal to pay tithes. Drunkenness does not come near it, nor even whoredom. We question whether murder would be regarded as a less heinous crime.'

The following extract is couched in the same spirit:—

'The history of the Church is a scandalous history. Her mother was a harlot and her father an adulterer. She grew up an ugly and imperious creature. She persecuted the Nonconformists, tortured the philanthropists, robbed her neighbours, hanged the innocent, and threw the heroes of freedom into prison. Her history is more disgraceful than that of any tribe in the South Sea Islands. Her chief articles of faith are robbery, tyranny, persecution, barbarism, and all ghastliness. If she had the power, she would compel all the subjects of Great Britain to lick the dust from her feet, to serve her in chains, and to be her slaves for their lives. The same arrogant and tyrannical spirit characterizes the daughter as it does the mother—the Great Babylon, the mother of the harlots of the earth. She has washed her feet in the blood of Nonconformity! What of her clergy? They are either in their parlours smoking, in the fields shooting hares, preparing for a dance, or in tap-rooms drinking hot spirits. What matters it to them that the poor should starve? Slaveholders have they been through the ages, and they possess the spirit of persecution as strongly now as ever.'\*

It is no disgrace to Churchmen that they do not imitate the practices of their adversaries and poison the wells. We do not believe that the Nonconformists of England are proud of these specimens from the pens of their Welsh brethren, or that they regard their scurrility as a credit to their creed. No fair-minded man, whatever his religion, can read such productions without contempt, or fail to deplore that in the creed and spirit of these writers the rising generation of Wales, if the Church be temporarily destroyed, is to be educated. It is, in fact, with disgust that the extravagance of the vernacular press is regarded by many moderate Nonconformists in Wales, whose religious earnestness has not been perverted by political passion. The contrasts between the weekly press of which Sir G. Osborne Morgan boasts and the tone of such a periodical as 'Y Geninen' reveal the widening gap between the spiritual and secular elements in Welsh Nonconformity—a gap which no religious-minded man, be he Churchman or Nonconformist, can view without misgiving. It is refreshing to turn to the generous testimony which is borne by the Welsh National Quarterly (July 1891) to the work of the Church in Wales. The article

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\* Quoted by the 'Cymru,' March 12, 1891, and by the 'Baner,' March 18, 1891, from the 'Seren,' the organ of the Baptists.

from

from which we quote was written by a Methodist minister and a Cambridge prizeman, the Rev. T. Lewis Jones:—

‘Every honest Nonconformist will acknowledge that a great reformation has taken place within the Established Church in Wales during recent years, and that the Church, especially in the towns, is gaining ground. The best class of Nonconformists were quite prepared to agree with all that Churchmen say touching the revival that exists among them. I say again it would be dishonest on our part as Nonconformists to attempt to deny the progress that goes on within the Church these days. A new generation of clergy are able to enter into the life of the nation better than their predecessors. They sympathize with the aspirations of Wales in many directions, and strive their best to drink of the spirit of young Wales.’

Let us sum up the results which have been so far attained in discussing the question, whether the Church is the ‘Church of the minority.’ No official figures have been obtained which bear directly upon the question in 1894, and the Nonconformists strenuously refuse to submit to the only ordeal by which the relative numbers can be reliably ascertained. The Census of 1851 gives the proportion of Churchmen to Nonconformists as greater than that of 1 to 4; the election of 1885 gave that of 2 to 3; the election of 1892 gave that of more than 1 to 3. Official figures prove that by far the larger number of persons are married and buried according to the rites of the Church. Discontented with these results, Nonconformists put forward guesses, which vary in their estimates of the number of Churchmen between one-tenth and one-fourth of the total population, and produce amateur censuses which are ridiculously untrustworthy and inadequate.

But, it may be asked, are there no reliable figures by which the relative numbers of Churchmen and Nonconformists can be determined? We do not think that there are. Statistics do, however, exist of the numbers officially claimed by the great Nonconforming bodies in Wales. They are obtained by the Bishop of St. Asaph from ‘The Congregational Year Book,’ ‘The Wesleyan Year Book,’ ‘The Baptist Official Year Book,’ ‘The Calvinistic Methodist Year Book.’ It is to be noticed that ‘adherents’ or ‘hearers’ are defined as including ‘all the Chapel members and everybody who is a hearer, although all are not present at the same time, and all the children.’ The definition, therefore, includes every man, woman, child, or infant who can, by any stretch of imagination, be included as belonging to the denomination. The Wesleyans and Baptists only give the number of their ‘members’; but the ‘adherents’ are calculated

culated by the same ratio which members bear to adherents among the Congregationalists and Calvinistic Methodists.

The total population of the Principality is 1,771,451. Out of this total the Nonconforming bodies claim as 'adherents' 832,357. The proportions are thus distributed between the four rival denominations: Congregationalists, 278,981; Wesleyans, 69,093; Baptists, 215,868; Calvinistic Methodists, 268,415. In other words, the Nonconformists, who include under the title of 'adherents' every man, woman, child, and infant, who can possibly be comprised in the denominations, claim 47 per cent. of the total population. It is important that the effect of these figures should be clearly understood.

Wales is not a homogeneous country in race, language, or religion. Parts of it are rapidly becoming Anglicised. The division between North and South is obsolete; that between East and West is the division of to-day. The seven Eastern counties of Wales, including Monmouthshire, contain two-thirds of the total population. In these seven counties the proportion of adherents claimed by the four great Nonconforming bodies is 38 per cent. The six Western counties are Welsh Wales. Here the proportion of adherents claimed is 62 per cent. The significance of these figures is not easily exaggerated. In the most thinly populated districts of Western Wales Nonconformity is the religion of the country; in the populous districts of the East, it does not even claim to be so. In the interests of the West, the East is asked to destroy an institution which alone copes with the rapidly increasing bilingual difficulty, and without which 759,000 English-speaking people would be deprived of spiritual ministrations.

This brings us to the very important results of the language census of 1891. That census established the solid fact that there are in Monmouthshire and Wales, in round numbers, 759,000 persons who only speak English, 508,000 who only speak Welsh, 402,000 who speak Welsh and English. If it is assumed that one-half the bilinguals prefer English to Welsh, it follows that 961,000 of the inhabitants of Monmouthshire and Wales worship in English. What provision does Welsh Nonconformity make for this mass of people which numbers more than half the total population? The Calvinistic Methodists, who have been most active in their efforts to start 'English causes,' and who are the most numerous of the Nonconformist bodies, state that the total number of their English adherents is 36,842. If, therefore, it is estimated that the English adherents of the four Dissenting bodies number 150,000, the estimate is a generous one. But this leaves 810,000 English-speaking people,

people, dwelling in Monmouthshire and Wales, for whom Nonconformists do not even claim to make any provision, and who are at any rate not members of any one of the Nonconforming denominations. A letter to the 'Times' (May 17, 1894), bearing the signature 'A,' stated that the lowest estimate of Welsh-speaking Churchmen was 100,000. These, added to the 810,000, make a total of 910,000, or more than half the total population, who, whatever else they may be, are certainly not Nonconformists.

One other important fact may be mentioned in conclusion. Returns have been received from 916 of the parishes in the four Welsh Dioceses showing the numbers of resident Nonconformist ministers. The results are that only 470 parishes out of 916 enjoy the spiritual advantages of a resident minister, and that in 446 the people are entirely dependent for pastoral care upon the resident clergymen.

We have endeavoured to show, and, we think, succeeded in showing, that the case of the advocates of Disestablishment rests, so far as England is concerned, almost exclusively on the allegation that the Church in Wales is 'the Church of the minority.' Of this essential charge absolutely no proof is offered, and the religious census, by which alone it can be satisfactorily proved, is persistently and strenuously resisted by Nonconformists. Their attitude is only intelligible, if they know that the result of a census would be fatal to the case which they present to England. So long as Welsh Liberationists are able to prevent the real facts from being officially ascertained, they are able to conceal from English constituencies the real aims for which they are working. If once it were shown that the Church, though possibly the Church of a minority, yet numbers among its adherents two-fifths of the total population, enquiry would be directed to the source of such bitterness of attack. It would then be found that the true source of the present agitation, the true explanation of the peculiar features of the existing Bill, and the ulterior object for which the destruction of the Church is a preliminary, are that Separatist policy of which in Ireland we have seen the fruits.

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ART. VII.—1. *Reports from the Select Committee on Forestry.*

Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed on 24th July, 1885, 6th September, 1886, and 3rd August, 1887.

2. *Reports from the Select Committee on Woods, Forests, and Land Revenues of the Crown.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed on 26th July, 1889, and 30th July, 1890.

3. *Manual of Forestry.* By Wm. Schlich, Ph.D. Vol. I., 1887; Vol. II., 1891. London.

4. *Forsten.* Von Prof. Max Endres, Karlsruhe. Abdruck aus dem Handwörterbuch der Staatswissenschaften. Jena, 1893.

5. *British Forest Trees, and their Sylvicultural Characteristics and Treatment.* By John Nisbet, D.Oec. London, 1893.

6. *The Protection of Woodlands.* By Kauschinger and Fürst. Translated by John Nisbet, D.Oec. Edinburgh, 1893.

7. *Forest Influences.* U.S. Department of Agriculture. Forestry Division. Bulletin No. 7. Washington, 1893.

8. *Studies in Forestry.* By John Nisbet, D.Oec. Oxford, 1894.

9. *The Forester.* Originally prepared by the late James Brown, LL.D. Sixth edition, re-arranged, practically rewritten, and largely amplified by John Nisbet, D.Oec. Edinburgh, 1894.

**H**ISTORY shows that, throughout the whole of the habitable portion of the globe, the original covering of the land consisted of forests. But before any given tracts could be made habitable, and the soil rendered productive, the clearance of the primeval woodlands was a work of necessity.

From various causes this process of clearance of the original forests proceeded more rapidly, and to a much greater extent, throughout Britain than in any of the continental countries of Europe. During the reign of Henry VIII. plantations of trees began to be made for purposes of utility; but the records of the New Forest prove that the cultivation of trees and woods took place even as early as the reign of Edward IV., or about four hundred and fifty years ago. A decided impetus was given to the clearance of the still remaining natural woods during the reign of Charles I., who alienated large portions of the royal forests by grant; whilst the effects of the Civil War and of Cromwell's agricultural policy tended directly to their further destruction and disappearance.

The Scottish woodlands were subjected to somewhat similar treatment previous to the election of James VI. to the English throne; but, even at so early a date as the time of Edward I., their extent had already been considerably diminished by fire,—

Vol. 179.—No. 357.

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a method of rapid clearance which was again, later on, adopted by the Puritan army under Monk. And a similar march of events also occurred throughout Ireland. The various colonization schemes or 'plantations' of James I., Charles I., and Cromwell, during the seventeenth century, all gave additional impetus to the work of clearing away the natural forests, which was steadily being undertaken in all those parts of the country that were in the possession of the Anglo-Irish landowners.

From many points of view Great Britain has been marvellously well endowed by Nature. We have not only exceedingly rich coal-producing tracts and vast mineral wealth, but we have also, owing to the beneficial influence of a portion of the Gulf Stream, one of the finest climates in Europe for general agricultural and pastoral purposes. Had it not been for this last natural gift, the clearance of the primeval woods throughout Great Britain and Ireland, to such an extent that only 3·8 per cent. of the total area may now be classed as woodland, must inevitably have led to results that would have been disastrous to almost any agricultural utilization of the soil. And, apart from the prehistoric forests that produced our existing coal-measures, it is mainly to our original or primeval forests, and more especially to the wealth of oak timber which grew throughout the southern counties of England from three to five hundred years ago, that Britain owes her present proud position. Without the wealth of oak that was produced abundantly in southern England, British supremacy on the sea would probably not have been attained.

Even so early as the time of Charles II., grave national apprehensions were raised regarding the continuous supply of oak timber for the king's navy. Very great importance was from this point of view attached to the first Report of the Commissioners of Woods, Forests, and Land Revenues presented to the House of Commons in 1812. The latter was reviewed along with another Report bearing on the same subject in No. 19 of this Review for October 1813 (vol. x. pp. 1-30). It is curious to read with the light of our present knowledge, the following prophecy with which that article concludes:— 'The vast quantity of fine elm that used to be buried under the streets of this metropolis and other large cities to convey water, is now almost wholly superseded by iron and stone—in fine, we are now so far advanced in the *iron age* that, in the worst of events, we should not absolutely despair of being able to substitute for our wooden walls, ships wholly constructed of iron.'\*

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\* 'Quarterly Review,' Oct. 1813, vol. x. p. 30.

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During the eighty-one years that have elapsed since the above was written, this prophecy has been indeed far more than fulfilled, as comparatively little of the timber used in the construction of vessels of war and ocean-going steamers now consists of oak. The use of timber has also been supplanted in very many other cases by the substitution of iron. But, on the other hand, new uses have sprung up for wood in a manner that could hardly have been dreamed of eighty years ago.

Various considerations have rendered it necessary that much larger forest areas should be reserved for timber growth throughout the continent of Europe than has been the case in England. In many parts of the higher mountainous tracts of Central Europe, necessity has led to the formation of *ban-forests* in order to protect and maintain the prosperity of fertile agricultural and wine-producing tracts fringing the base of the mountains. Again, owing to the comparative poverty of most parts of the Continent with regard to coal, the retention of large wooded tracts for the express purpose of supplying the general community with fuel, has throughout most parts of the Continent been a national-economic necessity. Thus Germany is covered with forests over 26 per cent. of its total area; France has nearly 18 per cent. under woodlands; whilst Austria and Hungary have no less than 30 per cent. under forest growth. The retention of vast extents of woodlands was also a matter of necessity from a climatological point of view: for the characteristic climate of continental Europe varies from our damp, equable, insular climate by having what we may well term extremes of cold in winter and of heat in summer. And if the Governments of Central Europe had in the past permitted an approach to anything like the same extent of clearance as has taken place with complete immunity (save as regards shelter) throughout Great Britain, the results must inevitably have proved disastrous to agriculture.

The pernicious effects of excessive clearance of forests on the national-economic and agricultural prosperity of a country have, only recently, been but too well exemplified in the great Russian Famine of 1892, which, as has been plainly shown in the 'Edinburgh Review' (January 1893, pp. 17-19), was primarily due to the dryness of the climate in summer arising from the extensive devastations of forest land that have taken place within recent years.

With the reduction of our woodland area to the small total of 3,005,670 acres (including all ornamental woods and nurseries), it is a matter of physical impossibility that all the



British demands for timber can be supplied. On this point Professor Endres makes the following remarks:—

‘England has only 4 per cent. of woodland, and is, in consequence of its highly developed commerce and its extensive output of coal, the most absorptive country in the world. The English timber consumption influences the timber trade all over the world, and determines the level of the timber prices. In the beginning of the year 1890, when a serious crisis occurred in the English market in consequence of enormous imports, profits fell about 10 to 15 per cent. throughout Central Europe.’\*

During the year 1892, the imports of forest products into Britain were shown by the ‘Customs Returns’ to consist of no less than 16,679,526*l.* worth of timber, either in the log or in a converted state, and 1,523,180*l.* worth of minor forest produce in the shape of wood-pulp, rosin, and bark for tanners and dyers. As only 72,860*l.* worth of timber was exported, the nett excess of the imports of forest produce over the exports amounted in value to no less than 18,129,846*l.* This sum does not include mahogany, cutch, gambier, caoutchouc and gutta-percha, which were imported to the extent of 4,551,521*l.* in value. It includes, however, the teak used in the lining of iron ships; Jarrah and other Australian hardwoods now largely used for street-paving in London; and similar timbers concerning which details are not given. So far as mere climatic considerations are concerned, there is no reason why the timber at present imported from Russia, Sweden, Norway, and Germany should not be grown in Britain for our own consumption. During 1892, timber in the rough was imported from these countries to the value of 2,257,401*l.*, and converted timber to the value of 6,950,504*l.*, or amounting to 9,207,905*l.* in the total value as declared to the Customs’ authorities.

If our woodlands were better managed than is at present the case, and if the landed proprietors could be persuaded to study the economic facts concerning the steady relative appreciation in the value of timber,—which indeed promises bright prospects for woods that may become marketable in about fifty years’ time,—then home competition ought to be easily created for the supply of at least about the half of our timber imports. As was pointed out by Sir Walter Scott in his criticism of the fifth edition (1812) of Evelyn’s ‘*Silva*,’ in the March number of this Review for 1813 (vol. ix. p. 54), the price of oak timber had increased tenfold within less than two centuries. In addressing the country gentleman of England with regard to woodlands,

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\* ‘Allgemeine Forst- und Jagdzeitung,’ 1893, p. 82.

he told him that 'he will do well to remember that the price of oak has nearly quadrupled within the last thirty years; and that by adding a cypher to estimates relating to the time of Charles the First, he will do no more than raise them to the standard of his own times.' And, throughout the course of the last half-century, the appreciation in the exchangeable value of timber—not merely of oak for shipbuilding, but of all kinds and assortments of wood in general—has been very steady.

The statistics of prices of timber in Central Europe during the last fifty years prove that the mean annual increase has been from 2 to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. There seems every reason to believe that during the next fifty years it will increase considerably in place of remaining steady or in any way tending to decrease: for, whilst the world's demands for timber are annually increasing, the productive area under forest is steadily decreasing.

Intelligent landowners may therefore easily perceive that, even although the timber which they now offer in the market may not compete on anything like technical and commercial equality with the better-grown timber that arrives in enormous quantities from the Continent, yet, if they only endeavour to manage their woodlands better than is at present the case, favourable returns may be confidently anticipated from the capital represented by the soil and the growing stock of timber.

If the woodlands throughout Britain were extended, as they very easily might be, and were managed on true sylvicultural principles, it would lead to national-economic advantages of various sorts; for many of the operations of tending the woods and of harvesting the mature crops of timber may be best performed during the winter months, when so much of the labour of the country must unfortunately remain unemployed. Thus Endres states that the total quantity of labour employed in the working of the forests throughout the German empire represents an annual outlay of 4,150,000*l.* according to one authority, or of 8,000,000*l.* according to another.\* This amount represents the cost of management of the forests and of preparing the raw produce for sale, before it is delivered to the buyer. These preliminary operations with reference to the woodland produce afford direct employment to between 190,000 to 230,000 families throughout Germany. And, in addition to the above-named wages, there must also be taken into account the vast sums spent in the transport of the timber and the other minor kinds of forest produce by land and water. No less than 580,000 persons, or 9 per cent. of all the industrial classes

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\* 'Allgemeine Forst- und Jagdzeitung,' p. 616.

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throughout Germany, are engaged in industries solely dependent on the forests for the supply of the requisite raw material. These 580,000 bread-winners probably represent about three million souls, or nearly one-sixteenth of the total population. Again, the State forests of Austria and those under State control amount to 2,205,317 acres, or not much more than two-thirds of the total area covered by our British woodlands; yet the former afford employment for 18,336 workmen, members of whose families are employed to the total number of 39,060 persons. It is estimated that the actual out-turn in timber from the forests of Germany amounts to 60,000,000 cubic mètres (about 2,160,000,000 cubic feet), worth from 20,000,000*l.* to 22,500,000*l.* sterling, so that even taking 2 per cent. as the return yielded on the capital invested, the total value of all the German forests would be about 1,000,000,000*l.* sterling. The German woodlands aggregate 34,353,743 acres, *i.e.* they are rather more than eleven times larger than the area returnable as woodlands and nurseries throughout Great Britain and Ireland. Hence, if our forests were as economically and as well managed as the forests of Germany, they ought to yield about 2,000,000*l.* annually; and, even reckoning 4 per cent. as the rate of interest yielded on the capital invested, they should have a capital or marketable value of about 50,000,000*l.* at twenty-five years' purchase. But it is of very great importance to note that both the returns from, and consequently the estimated capital value of, the forests of Germany would be immensely higher were it not for the fact that the domestic fuel of the nation at large is wood, and not coal as in Britain. A large proportion of the 60,000,000 of cubic mètres of timber annually yielded is deliberately cut up into fuel pieces to satisfy these domestic and general economic requirements, in place of being used as timber for higher technical purposes, for which they are in every way very much better suited than the badly-grown timber to be found in the vast majority of our British woodlands.

There are three great faults noticeable in the treatment of woods throughout Britain:—

1. Discrimination has seldom been shown with regard to the choice of the kinds of trees for given soils and situations.

2. Plantations have not usually been formed of the best degree of density for the given kinds of trees selected for planting.

3. A sufficient density of crop has not always been maintained during the subsequent periods of the natural development of the trees.

Landowners and foresters, ignorant of the economic and scientific

scientific methods of treatment of woodlands on the Continent, have often realized most extravagant notions in thinning plantations; and the consequence is that, in place of the stems forming clean, tall, cylindrical boles of the highest technical and commercial value, the trees have been encouraged, or at any rate allowed, to grow up under conditions which stimulate ramification at the expense of the trunk.

The present seems a very favourable and opportune moment for pressing upon the notice of landowners the advantages of forming extensive woodlands on rational principles; for the present fall in agricultural and pastoral values has thrown large areas of arable land out of cultivation, and has rendered the poorer tracts of pasturage tenantless.

The Returns issued by the Board of Agriculture give very sad, but very instructive, details concerning this matter, which is of so grave national importance. Thus, Major Craigie remarks in the Returns for 1891:—

‘Turning to the details of the cultivated area, it is again necessary to note the remarkable changes which have been taking place in the ratio of arable to pasture land in Great Britain. The two great divisions of arable and pasture now claim for the first time an almost exactly equal share of the surface. Twenty years ago, the arable land was to the grass as 3 to 2. It exceeded by 6,000,000 acres the surface of permanent grass, there being 18,403,000 acres returned as arable to 12,435,000 acres of pasture.’

And similar remarks are again occasioned by the statistics published in the Returns for 1892 (pp. x., xi. and xxii.):—

‘The arable land, as has been the case in every year but two since 1872, again shows a reduction. . . . Between 1872 and 1882 about 936,000 acres were apparently withdrawn from arable tillage, and reappeared in the opposite category of the cultivated area in the form of permanent pasture. . . . In the later ten years a similar process has continued. Between 1882 and 1892 the arable area has again diminished, and this time by 1,165,000 acres. . . . The more important alterations between 1891 and 1892, occurring in the entire United Kingdom, may be summarized in the accompanying table:—

ACREAGE.	1892.	1891.	1892 compared with 1891.	
			Increase.	Decrease.
	Acres.	Acres.	Acres.	Acres.
Total Cultivated Area ..	47,977,903	48,179,473	..	201,570
Total of Permanent Pasture	27,533,326	27,567,128	..	33,802
Total of Arable Land ..	20,444,577	20,612,345	..	167,768

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When the shrinkage in agricultural occupation and in the value of the still existing arable and pasture land is viewed in connexion with the economic fact previously noticed,—namely, the steady appreciation in the value of timber during the last fifty years,—landowners, any large portion of whose estates may consist of indifferent classes of soil, should consider the advisability of placing a certain proportion of the land under forest. This is not a matter that should be gone about in the haphazard manner recommended by the Laird of Dumbiedykes to his son Jock: Any extensive and well-considered action on the part of the great landowners would probably be of far-reaching economic importance to the nation at large. Statistics plainly prove that, whilst the demands for timber and for other forest produce are annually increasing, the total actual area of woodland capable of supplying these demands is at the same time gradually diminishing. France, with nearly 18 per cent. of her area under woodland, is already importing forest produce to a considerable extent. Again, even the United States of America, whose wealth of timber has been almost fabulous, are beginning to import from British North America; and it is impossible to say how matters will stand there at the end of another fifty years.

During 1892 we imported 5,533,404*l.* worth of rough and dressed timber from North America; of this 3,730,529*l.* came from British North America, and 1,802,875*l.* from the United States. The attention of the Government of the latter country has, however, been called to the fact that the enormous wealth of indigenous forest has already begun to exhibit signs of exhaustion in the near future. The official statement of the case is made as follows in the 'Report of the Secretary for Agriculture,' 1892, p. 304:—

'We have now less than 500,000,000 acres in forest growth; but even that is neither in good condition nor well managed. We have, therefore, long ago begun to use more than the annual growth, and are cutting into the capital which we inherited at a rate which must sooner or later exhaust it unless we adopt recuperative methods. While there are still enormous quantities of virgin timber standing, the accumulations of centuries, the supply is not inexhaustible. Even were we to assume on every acre a stand of 10,000 feet B.M. of saw timber—a most extravagant average—we would, with our present consumption, have hardly one hundred years of supply in sight,—the time it takes to grow a tree to satisfactory log size. Certain kinds of supplies are beginning to give out. Even the white pine resources, "which a few years ago seemed so great that to attempt an accurate estimate of them was deemed too difficult an undertaking, have since then become reduced to such small proportions that the

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end of the whole supply in both Canada and the United States is now plainly in view."

'The annual product of this pine from the sawmill has reached the enormous total of over 8,000,000,000 B.M., which, if we assume a pine stumpage of 5,000 feet to the acre—a high average—would require the cutting of 1,600,000 acres annually of their white pine supplies. Since the three white pine states (Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota) have a total reported forest area of altogether 60,000,000 acres, it is evident that, even if we allow two-thirds of that area to be in the white pine belt, and consider this area fully stocked—which it is not—twenty-five years would suffice to practically exhaust the supplies. These figures, crude though they be, leave no doubt that the end of this staple is practically much nearer than we have supposed. All opinions to the contrary may be set down as ill founded.'

From statistics laid before the Forestry Congress at Philadelphia during 1893, the forest area of the United States appears now to be about 450,000,000 acres, or about 26 per cent. of the total area. Of this, about 25,000,000 acres are cleared of timber annually. The annual increment of the woodland crops is estimated at about 12,000,000,000 cubic feet, whilst the amount felled is about the double of that. Thus, leaving out of consideration the destruction caused by forest fires, &c., the natural forest wealth of the country is being consumed twice as fast as it is being reproduced; and as years roll on the consumption will tend to increase, whilst the production must inevitably diminish. Hence, unless some limit is placed to lumbering, a timber famine will soon be the result. The effects of such a raw-produce famine would probably be felt more by England than by any other country in the world.

In view of these facts, and of what we know concerning the enormous recent expansion of the wood-pulp and the cellulose industries on the continent of Europe, it seems extremely probable that, owing to greater competition, the value of wood will soon rise to an extent which it is impossible to forecast. Even taking into consideration the facilities now available for the transport of converted timber across the seas, there can hardly fail to be great competition in the timber markets during the course of another twenty-five or fifty years.

Even if the worst were to come to the worst, the supply of Great Britain's enormous timber requirements can easily be met from the splendid forests throughout British North America, Australia, and India, as well as in other parts of the Empire. But, before ordinary classes of woods could be laid down from these great colonies and dependencies, various expenses for transport and handling must be incurred; and this fact ought to

to insure a good and remunerative market for any descriptions of home-grown timber that may be available.

Little encouragement, however, is offered by the Government of this country to induce landowners to form plantations. The present rating of woodlands undoubtedly deters many landowners from planting. Although long periods of time must elapse before the owner of woodlands can usually obtain any tangible return from the capital invested by him, yet the rates chargeable must be annually met; and these, of course, increase at compound interest till the mature crops are harvested. Under Scottish law, when lands and heritages 'consist of woods, copse, or underwood, the yearly value shall be taken to be the rent at which they might in their natural state be reasonably expected to let from year to year as pasture or grazing lands.' \*

Considering the nature of woodland crops, their slow maturity, and the dangers to which they are exposed from storms, insect enemies, fungoid diseases, and other organic and inorganic causes, woodlands should certainly not, as at present, be assessed on the same scale as agricultural land. Such a rating is absolutely unfair. And if, in place of being called upon to pay the rates annually, as is at present the case, the owners of woodlands were only to be called upon to pay the simple total of annual rates (free from any increase owing to compound interest), when the mature woods are felled, then at any rate some slight assistance would be given to them. And this slight encouragement towards the planting up of poor land or of barren, waste moorland, would entail no real or tangible annual loss to the Treasury. The rating of British woodlands did not exist in former times. It was only imposed on British woods when the duty was taken off foreign timber; hence a double blow was thus dealt to a national enterprise which needed encouragement far more than it justified taxation. The practical effect of this rating has been that thousands of acres have remained waste land, which might otherwise now be producing crops of timber, and thereby not only increasing the private incomes of the landowners, but also improving the national wealth through an economical utilization of the productive capacity of the soil. And, in many parts of Great Britain and Ireland, the benefits that would have accrued to agriculture and pasturage, through the shelter afforded by woodland crops, would also have exerted material influence on the productive capacity of neighbouring tracts of arable and pasture land.

The provisions of the existing laws with regard to entailed

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\* Bell's 'Dictionary and Digest of the Law of Scotland,' 1890, p. 1106.

estates both in England and Scotland, likewise offer no inducements to the owners in possession to form extensive plantations. Under English law the timber is, in general, regarded as part of the estate, and the money arising from its sale is treated as capital, whilst the interest upon it is paid to the owner in possession. Oak, ash, and elm are, as a rule, the only kinds of trees included under the word 'timber;' but the definition may be extended to other trees, which, by local custom, are comprised in that term.

Under Scottish law a life-renter has no liberty, whilst an heir of entail has almost absolute license. A life-renter at any time has only a limited right to benefit from the growing timber, except in the case (1) of underwood, (2) of timber required for the repairs of the estate, and (3) of coppice-wood.

'An heir in possession under an entail is entitled to cut the timber as long as his possession lasts. In one case in which an heiress of entail, who was eighty years of age, quarrelled with the next heir, and advertised a sale of all the planted timber on the estate, the Court refused to grant an interdict, although the heir offered the value of the whole if preserved. The Court have, in a few instances, granted interdict against the sale of unripe timber, or ornamental timber, necessary to the amenity of the mansion-house; but it has been remarked that it requires a strong case to authorize judicial interference. There has been some fluctuation in the decisions on the question, whether the heir in possession can give a right to cut timber, to last beyond his own life; but it would appear that he cannot.'\*

This want of legal restriction concerning entailed estates in Scotland may, therefore, well deter landlords from planting operations, which they might otherwise feel inclined to embark upon, as a commercial enterprise for the sake of their sons, and grandsons, and succeeding generations.†

Until the existing laws applicable to the utilization of timber on entailed estates, throughout the different parts of the United Kingdom, have been revised, however, no inducements of any kind can be said to be offered to landowners to tempt them to lock up capital in the production of timber; for in England their successors in the entail may not have the full use of the investments, and in Scotland a worthless spendthrift might at any time quite legally rob the future heirs of entail.

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\* Bell, *op. cit.*, p. 1059.

† Another point strongly brought out in the evidence before the Committee on Forestry was the iniquitous system by which the transport of foreign timber is undertaken by railway companies at a preferential rate compared with that demanded for the conveyance of home-grown wood.

Otherwise,



Otherwise, the advantages of planting up some of the moorland tracts of Scotland have been clearly recognized by the highland landlords themselves.

During the months of November and December, 1893, the attention of the House of Commons was, on several occasions, directed to this much-needed reform, and not only with regard to Scotland and to England, but also to Ireland. Thus, on 19th of December, 1893, the following question was asked with reference to this matter:—

‘Dr. Macgregor asked the First Lord of the Treasury if the Government would consider the desirability of encouraging local authorities, by means of loans and otherwise, to plant the waste moorland in the Highlands and other parts of the country, thereby creating work for thousands of the unemployed, besides the future advantages of profit and improvement of climate, &c.; and would the Government, with as little delay as possible, initiate legislation for this purpose?’

‘Mr. Gladstone said this important subject had been taken special notice of by the Commission now sitting on Lands in the Highlands, and that being so, it was obviously the duty of the Government to wait and see what was reported on the subject by the Commission.’

A week previously the Government had been asked to

‘consider the expediency of enabling County Councils to clear waste moorland in the Highlands, at prairie value, for the purposes of forestry, at the same time empowering the County Councils to assist the ratepayers for the necessary operations of planting and maintaining such lands.’

No justification exists for such an extreme measure. But any concessions to landowners in the way of advances or in the fairer rating of woodlands, or by modification of the existing laws of entail, so as to ensure reasonable liberty, though not license, to the heir in possession, would undoubtedly benefit the community at large and the general national economy of the United Kingdom.

Until the present year Scottish landowners have only been able, with the sanction of the Board of Agriculture, to charge their estates with the costs of planting woods and trees, when such planting was expressly for the purpose of providing shelter. But by the ‘Improvement of Land (Scotland) Act’ of 1893, the Board of Agriculture is authorized to sanction charges on estates for the costs of plantations, whether formed for shelter or otherwise. This is a step in the right direction. But still more good would be done if the Board were at the same time empowered to grant advances for the purpose of planting, as comparatively

comparatively few heirs in possession of entailed estates possess ready money to invest in plantations, no matter how clearly they may see the ultimate advantages, both to their own family and to the community in general. It would, of course, be desirable that in such cases some guarantee should be obtained by the Board of Agriculture that the plantations are to be formed on sound sylvicultural principles; but at present no officer of the Board of Agriculture is fitted by professional training to occupy the responsible position of technical adviser on matters relating to Forestry.

If extensive planting operations were immediately to be conducted in the Highlands of Scotland, or on the moors of Yorkshire, or in any other portion of Great Britain or Ireland, where large tracts of waste land at present lie uncultivated, then it is quite possible that the climate might be affected to such an extent as to prejudice the productive capacity of the agricultural land, and especially of the arable land, in the immediate vicinity of these new woodlands. This is a matter upon which our own existing knowledge cannot be relied on to furnish a safe guide. We can only argue from the data that are being furnished to us from time to time by continental scientists. Thus we learn from Endres\* that

'the question whether woodlands can influence the rainfall is one of the most important from a national-economic point of view. Even if this could be distinctly affirmed, the beneficial action of forests would only be established in the rarest cases; for throughout Central Europe at present the number of too wet years exceeds that of dry years. *In districts where the rainfall is over forty inches, any increase is undesirable.* For agriculture, very dry years are, on the whole, less disastrous than extremely wet years. The precipitations of any district are influenced mainly by the position of the mountain ranges with reference to the cardinal points of the compass, by its elevation above sea-level, and its distance from the sea.'

This is a point of vast importance. It is one that certainly must not be overlooked by those who, like Mr. Munro Ferguson, M.P., and Dr. Macgregor, M.P., wish to re-afforest the waste tracts throughout the Highlands of Scotland.

Between the average rainfall of less than twelve inches per annum at Lowestoft, on the east coast of Norfolk, and the unknown quantity with which the western coasts of Ireland and the mountains of Skye are deluged, there must be very many districts throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland where the average amount of rainfall during the summer months is already just so much, that any great augmentation, through

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\* *Op. cit.* p. 607.

extensive increase in the woodlands, might ultimately prove unprofitable from an agricultural point of view. This suggestion is here merely thrown out, however, for the express purpose of showing that schemes like this, suggested broadly by politicians for the settlement of a burning question with regard to the Highlands of Scotland, should not be lightly embarked on without a due consideration of their possible ultimate results.

The subject of Forestry is one of those that is wont to receive spasmodic and periodical attention. It is admitted on every hand that we are far behind the continental nations of Europe as regards Sylviculture, although, with regard to Arboriculture, there is probably no country in the world which produces such beautiful trees as may be seen more particularly throughout the southern parts of England. Practically, however, nothing worthy of mention is being done by Government to disseminate sound knowledge respecting Forestry. Ten years ago (1884), an International Forestry Exhibition was held at Edinburgh with the view of securing funds for the establishment of a professorship in Forestry at Edinburgh University. Although successful in other ways, it did not secure the object in view. Public attention was, however, thereby attracted to the subject; and a Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed in 1885 to consider *whether, by the establishment of a forest school or otherwise, our woodlands could be rendered more remunerative*. The Committee sat again during 1886 and 1887, and finally submitted its Report on 4th August, 1887.

The gist of the Report furnished by this Committee is contained in the following short extract:—

‘Apart from the question of actual profit derived from tree-planting, its importance as an accessory to agriculture is shown by the effects which woods have in affording shelter and improving the climate; and your Committee are of opinion that, whilst on public and national grounds timber cultivation on a more scientific system should be encouraged, landowners might make their woods more remunerative were greater attention paid to the selection of trees suitable to different soils and to more skilful management after the trees are planted.

‘Your Committee have had evidence that, apart from any immediate pecuniary benefits, there would be considerable social and economical advantages in an extensive system of planting in many parts of the kingdom, especially on the west side of Ireland and in the Highlands of Scotland. This subject is one of great importance, and well worthy of early consideration. . . .

‘Your Committee recommend the establishment of a Forest Board. They are also satisfied by the evidence that the establishment of forest schools,

schools, or at any rate of a course of instruction and examination in Forestry, would be desirable, and they think that the consideration of the best mode of carrying this into effect might be one of the functions entrusted to such a Forest Board.'

The recommendations of the Forestry Committee of 1887 have not led to the formation of a Forest Board. But some of the functions of the proposed Board have been assumed by the Board of Agriculture, under the 'Board of Agriculture Act' of 1889; and, at the same time, various minor sums are at present allotted to four different Institutions for technical instruction, amounting in all to 600*l.* per annum. Circulars have been issued by the Highland and Agricultural Society and the Royal Scottish Arboricultural Society inviting subscriptions from landowners towards the formation of a Chair of Forestry at Edinburgh University; but the response in general can hardly even be called half-hearted. Up to the present, only 2,250*l.* have been collected towards the 5,000*l.* which must be in hand before the Treasury can be approached with any request to contribute a like sum towards the establishment of the Chair. Without a proper endowment the creation of such a Chair could not be sanctioned by the University authorities, as the fees of students would be too few to contribute substantially towards its maintenance.

This want of response on the part of a majority of the landowners of Scotland makes it, however, all the more the duty of Government to move in the matter. Even the future well-being and improvement of our existing 3,000,000 acres of woodlands depends, to a very considerable extent, on the present dissemination of a sound knowledge of Sylviculture; and, from the economic importance of the subject in general, a reasonable outlay, judiciously incurred, should be productive of great future benefit, not only to the landowners, but also to the labouring classes, and to the industrial community at large.

But, whilst it is highly advisable that Government should give some assistance towards the better management of private woodlands, they might also undoubtedly set the example of managing their own forests with some regard to economic principles. The Select Parliamentary Committee which was appointed in 1889 to 'inquire into the Administration of the Department of Woods and Forests and Land Revenues of the Crown,' delivered its final Report in 1890.

The very valuable subjects under the management of this Department comprise ground rents in London, agricultural estates in different parts of the country, mines, and other property of various sorts as well as actual woodlands. So far as the

the woods and forests are concerned, the national woodlands include a total of 115,293 acres, of which, however, only 57,304 acres are actually under timber crops in the New Forest, Forest of Dean, and other smaller tracts. Among the recommendations made by the Committee was the following:—

‘The allotments set out and allotted to the Crown in severalty in Alice Holt Forest, Bere Forest, and Parkhurst Forest were by the Acts devoted to the growth of timber for the Royal Navy. As no timber is required by the Admiralty from these properties, the restriction as to their being devoted to the growth of timber, and also any similar enactments affecting the New Forest and the Forest of Dean, should be repealed.’

Oak is the principal species of tree grown, whilst there is but a small proportion of other kinds of trees (Scots pine, &c.), planted on land unsuitable for the oak. The woods are of various ages; but the majority of the crops are of the age of pole-forest and under. Before 1852, these woods had been very much neglected. Since then, however, considerable improvements have been effected in the drainage of the land and the tending of the crops. But the management cannot be said to be good. The system of patronage obtaining with regard to the appointment of the various Deputy Surveyors certainly does not tend to the best administration, as the appointments have hitherto been usually given to men having no professional training in Sylviculture. The finding of the Committee in their Report of July 30th, 1890, terminated with the following words:—‘The Committee are of opinion that, on the whole, the estates are carefully administered, and that the Commissioners discharge their duties faithfully and efficiently.’ Now this certainly does not tally with the finding of the Forestry Committee of 1887, which reported that ‘The woodlands belonging to the State are comparatively small, though, even as regards them, the difference between skilful and unskilled management would of itself more than repay the cost of a forest school.’ This latter Committee even went so far as to call special attention to the unsatisfactory administration, and even the mismanagement of the Crown Forests, in the following words:—

‘Your Committee also think it right to call attention to the present unsatisfactory condition of the New Forest. Mr. Lascelles, the deputy surveyor, has expressed himself strongly on this question, and attributes it to the Act of 1877. “There are to be seen by the student of forestry,” he says, “over 40,000 acres of waste land lying idle and worthless. But by Clause 5 of the Act of 1877 no planting may be done there. He will see several fine plantations of oak, which are not only ripe and mature, but which are going back rapidly,

rapidly, and he will wonder why the crop is not realized and the ground replanted, till he is referred to Clause 6 of the same Act, by which he will see that the ground may not be cleared of the crop. Last, and worst of all, he will see some 4,500 acres of the most beautiful old woods in the country, most of which are dying back and steadily going to wreck and ruin. But here again absolutely nothing can be done. . . . It is sad to see them dying out, when all that is required to preserve them for future generations is to imitate the wisdom of those who made them at first, and by simply protecting, by enclosing them and removing dead trees, leave it to nature to perpetuate them. . . . Those who framed the New Forest Act of 1877 desired to conserve these old woods, but their zeal seems to have carried them so far as to defeat the object they had in view; and I cannot but think that had Forestry been a science commonly taught in the past, as I trust it may be in the future, owing to the result of this inquiry, no such clause could ever have found a place in an Act of Parliament dealing with woodlands." The object of the Act of 1877, no doubt, was that the forest should be maintained in a state of natural beauty; and as the effect now appears to be to defeat this very object, the present condition of the forest demands the serious attention of the Government.'

Considering the great improvements that have taken place in most other departments of rural economy throughout Great Britain and Ireland within the last half-century, it is to be hoped that Forestry will not continue to be so much neglected as has hitherto been the case. Intelligent men who may be induced to give any attention to the subject will at once perceive the vast importance of timber from a national point of view; and it will also be at once apparent that the British arboricultural method of rearing oak trees in full exposure to light, for the production of crooked timber for shipbuilding, cannot possibly be of the best commercial advantage now. The requirements of the timber market at the present day, on the contrary, demand long, straight, clean stems, free from knots and branches; and trees of this description can only possibly be grown when a greater density of canopy is maintained than would formerly have been suitable for the production of timber which should best meet the requirements of our navy and our mercantile fleet.

It is impossible to estimate the actual market value of our existing 3,000,000 acres of woodlands. Taking the average rotation to be about ninety years, and the costs of formation at 2*l.* an acre, and estimating that the land is worth, on an average, 5*s.* a year per acre for pasturage,—then the actual cost of production of our woods, presuming them only to yield 2½ per cent. on the capital invested, probably amounts to more

than 20½ million pounds sterling. And, as has previously been shown, they ought to have a capital value of about 50 million pounds, if properly managed. Unless, however, better methods of management are introduced than at present exist, their actual market value cannot be expected to be anything like the latter sum.

Better results than can at present be reasonably expected would probably be obtained, if State aid were freely granted towards the dissemination of sound instruction concerning Sylviculture; and the only proper places for bringing this within the reach of the future landowners, and of young men of good education, are undoubtedly the great Universities.

But mere University teaching will be of no avail unless at the same time a departure be made from the present custom of treating the British woodlands principally as game-covers. What Sir Herbert Maxwell has written on 'Woodlands,' on this point, is quite correct:—

'One chief hindrance to our woodlands being remunerative may be stated at once: we are arboriculturists and sportsmen, not foresters. A large proportion of the land returned as woodland is really pleasure-ground and game-cover. Thousands of landowners follow on a smaller scale the example set by the State on a larger in the New Forest and Windsor Forest.'

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ART. VIII.—*Silva Gadelica: a Collection of Tales in Irish, edited from MSS. and translated.* By Standish H. O'Grady. London, 1892.

THE most perfect modern prose, beyond question, is the French. But French prose is nothing else than the speech of the Celtic Muse, arrayed in a Parisian robe of the finest, and taught a little Latin, which that petulant goddess utters with a grace and vivacity most unlike the Roman style. From Chateaubriand to Renan the stream flows along, light-sparkling, dreamy, passionate, with sudden descents and silver cascades, so fresh and youthful that it lends a charm to the ugly landscape through which it often moves, and the commonest pebbles, bathed in it, shine with a deceitful lustre. Yet the origin of that fascination, how many can trace? Who among the readers of to-day would turn from his novel or his newspaper to study the Celtic dialects? They are known to a few isolated groups of peasants, and to some half-dozen scholars; but, like the fairy godmother whose gifts made the Princess beautiful, they receive a scant welcome at the banquet of civilization; and when they have shrunk back into their mountain solitudes, or taken refuge in remote islands, the world, which is never weary of praising its French literature, forgets their existence, and goes on its loud-resounding way, as unheeding as it is proverbially ungrateful.

Nevertheless, though Welsh and Irish, Highland Erse and the language of Brittany should cease to be spoken, the work they have wrought can never be undone. Four times has the Celtic Muse breathed life into a noble literature, outside the circle of her native speech. The Eddic poems are among the first of those achievements which, according to competent judges, like Powell and Vigfusson, owe much of their inspiration and their imagery to the Celts of the Western Islands, and to Irish story-tellers. And yet a second time did this seed of old-world poetry spring up, when the legends of Arthur, Merlin, and the Table Round, were sung all over Europe, until they grew to be the common medieval Epic, and, in Boiardo and Ariosto, made a home for themselves among Italians, to whom Virgil was a magician, and the Iliad little more than a name.

In our English Spenser this splendid human story took for its scene and battleground the huge forests which the poet saw in all their primitive wildness about him at Kilcolman. Thus, despite its memories of Ariosto, the 'Faery Queen' is an Irish woodland romance. And it is the prelude to Shakspeare, whose Queen Mab recalls the ancient goddess-heroine of Connacht,



known at this day in Achill and on the coasts of Galway. The Celtic names of Lear and Cymbeline stand engraved for ever on that world-monument, which not even the most careless of moderns can help glancing at, as he hurries by to his Stock Exchange or his vestry meeting. But Ariel, Prospero, and Miranda pass their days in the very kingdom of Fairyland, over which gleams like a rainbow the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' with its charmed moonlight and its luscious wild flowers, its love-scenes, and its magic transformations, and the elves and sprites that dance about the steps of Oberon and Titania. What chords of music, again, linger in the ear more voluptuously, than those in which the great Hebrew Epics of Milton rehearse heroic names from the lays of Arthur or of Charlemagne? But the memories of chivalry which never quitted him came to the Puritan singer from the 'utmost Isles,' where the Celt roamed in Hesperian fields with Saturn, oldest of the fabled gods, and an exile from the sky.

Last of all, in that prosaic century when poetry was reduced to rhyming couplets, and Homer had been taught the manners of the age of Anne, from a land hidden behind the mists came forth the ghostlike voice of Ossian, thundering with the floods and roaring cataracts, sobbing over a long-forgotten past, and calling on the dead names of Oscar and the Knights whom Fingal had led to victory against the 'King of the World,' but whose green mounds lay scattered by the sea and among the silent hills. It could have surprised no one, had the uncouth singing died away without an echo. But on every side, as though Ossian had broken the spell of prose which hung heavy upon Europeans, other strains took up the note. The passionate poetry which never since has ceased to pour out its soul, began in this key of reminiscence and lament; of sorrow for which there was no healing, yet which found in itself the secret of pleasure. All that is most lyrical in Goethe, Byron, Shelley, in the German romantic singers, in Heine, in Victor Hugo, bears on it somewhere the stamp of Fingal. We read in 'Werther' the quotations from Ossian, which betray how deeply he had coloured the imagination of Goethe. The descent of 'Childe Harold' from 'René' has been pointed out by Chateaubriand himself. And that incomparable Breton is wholly Celtic—nor then least of all, perhaps, when he pleads for the Christian faith as a transfiguration of Nature; as a sacred ritual borrowed from the fountain and the forest; and as a worship of the Divine presence in the woods and the solitudes of ocean.

Thus we have come round to French prose again;—a long history, from the time when Irish monks lectured in the schools  
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at Lismore, taught Charlemagne's Franks to read Latin, and inspired the prophetess of the Volospa. Yet who takes account of it? Says Professor Rhys with pardonable sarcasm, we must not dream that there is anything in the history of religion among the Celts which could vie in popularity with the pedigree of the last idol unearthed on Semitic soil, or even with the discovery of a new way to spell the name of Nebuchadnezzar. Well, let us rejoice that the interest in Hebrew and Assyrian grows apace. It is a tribute to that religious faith, which has made us neglect the beliefs of our Celtic and Teutonic forefathers. Perhaps, however, in an age idolatrous, above all things, of genius, we may entice some to study what is left from the Celtic shipwreck, if we assure them that the modern spirit, which has been described as Aryan rather than Hebrew, yet is not classic, will never be understood so long as the Celts are forgotten.

Now, of the doors opening into this delightful treasure-house none perhaps lies more convenient to us than that which has the name of 'folk-lore' above it. We give the word a large interpretation, so as to include not only the tales, traditions, and usages that are handed down among the people without writing, but also those records in which the things themselves are faithfully described, often amid fragments of true history, or even in the shape of chronicles. For what we have in view is to make lawful prize, wherever found, of the Celtic traditions, as distinguishable from the Latin or German. Folk-lore, then, we look upon as the geology of the human race, which bears its evidence within itself, furnishes not only the facts but also the key to them, and does not lose its worth when written down. But unless it was once a living speech in the mouths of a tribe or a nation, behind which lay an instinctive belief, we do not reckon it as folk-lore. By essence it must needs be prehistoric,—a saying, not a writing, even when the great literary 'makers' have wrought its materials into their creations. The fairies of Celtic heathendom became, indeed, part and parcel of the 'machinery' with which such craftsmen produced their effects hundreds of years ago. But, unlike the Olympian Zeus, and his aristocratic deities, who are all dead and gone, the fairies live in secluded corners still, and the peasant speaks of them with reverence as the 'good people.' To him they never have depended for their existence on the teaching of his pastors and masters, in books or elsewhere. They belong to his own world, and are as real as the mists in which they ride and the fairy-bolts they have flung.

If these principles be accepted, we may treat as folk-lore, not only Dr. Hyde's entertaining collection of stories, or Kennedy's 'Fireside

'Fireside Tales,' but the greater part of what Mr. Standish O'Grady has, with a success equal to his patience, edited from medieval and modern manuscripts, in his '*Silva Gadelica*.' And a most instructive commentary on these will be found in the '*Tales of the Western Highlands*,' which for over thirty years have delighted the antiquarian no less than the reader in search of amusement. The problem always is, how to recover that lost Celtic world, the strains of whose music floating on the breeze have breathed, as we say, a fresh soul into modern literature. That we light upon our materials in the '*Book of the Dun Cow*,' written a good seven hundred years ago, or in myths dressed out as fairy tales, and still extant among the fast-dwindling population of Roscommon or Donegal, can make no difference, provided we distinguish between the true prehistoric elements and the medium through which they have come down to our own time.

Thanks to Mr. O'Grady's efforts, extending over forty years, a treasury of Celtic literature has been laid open to the public which would otherwise pass by the '*Book of Lismore*' and the '*Book of Ballymote*,' not disdainfully but in pure ignorance. The student, while taking heed of Kuno Meyer's '*marginalia*,' will make the Irish text his own; and the general reader may do worse than turn over these clear and fascinating pages, as full of stories as they can hold, and far more likely to yield him a fresh delight than most of the novels which he innocently takes to be as new as their name. It is a pity he cannot be taught that old books are often the newest. Such, in part, is the moral at which we are aiming all through these reflections. For, while the Celtic literature, specimens of which may now be studied with comparative ease, leads us back to the childhood of mankind, it vies with Homer and the immortal Greeks in the simple dignity with which it invests common things, in the liveliness of its battle-pictures, the flow of its rhetoric, the touches of human feeling, and the naïve and hearty credence which it gives to the supernatural.

But the author of '*Silva Gadelica*' is aware that he can take nothing for granted, not even the most elementary acquaintance on the part of his readers with the language or antiquities of Ireland. He begins, therefore, by quoting Campion and Stanishurst in the reign of Elizabeth, who inform us that Irish chronicles are 'full fraught of lewde examples, idle tales, and genealogies'; and that the natives being 'greedie of praise,' and 'fearefull of dishonour,' 'to this end esteem their poets who write Irish learnedlie, and pen their sonnets heroically, for which they are bountifully rewarded; if not, they send out libels in dispraise.'

dispraise.' Moreover, Stanihurst goes on to say, 'The tongue'—meaning thereby Celtic—'is sharp and sententious, offereth great occasions to quicke apothegmes and proper allusions: wherefore their common jesters, bards, and rhymers are said to delight passingly them that conceive the grace and propriety of the tongue.' This witness any one who has looked into the best Irish verse, or narrative prose, even of a century ago, will confirm; while the more ancient writing abounds in keen sayings as well as brief and picturesque descriptions. Neither 'did the strangeness of the phrase and the featness of the pronunciation,' on which Stanihurst remarks, hinder the 'old English' from learning the language. So soon as they had grown 'conversant with the savage sort of that people,' says the same writer mournfully, they 'became degenerat, and, as though they had tasted of Ceres' \* poisoned cup, are quite altered.' Even in the year 1600, and, indeed, long afterwards—to quote Professor Froude—'the Irish who had been conquered in the field revenged their defeat on the minds and hearts of their conquerors; and in yielding, yielded only to fling over their new masters the subtle spell of the Celtic disposition.' The 'peculiar imaginative grace,' the 'careless atmosphere of humour, sometimes gay, sometimes melancholy, always attractive,'—who does not recognize the affinities between such a temperament and the modern literature of which we have pointed out the source in Ossian and Chateaubriand? 'Harpers, rhymers, Irish chroniclers, bards, and ishallyn (ballad singers) commonly go with praises to gentlemen in the English Pale, praising in rhymes, otherwise called "danes," their extortions, robberies, and abuses as valiantness; which rejoiceth them in their evil doings, and procures a talent of Irish disposition and conversation in them.' So wrote Cowley to Thomas Cromwell. And Spenser, who tells us in his 'View of the Present State of Ireland' that he had 'caused diverse of them'—the Irish poems—'to be translated unto me that I might understand them,' is fain to acknowledge that 'surely they savoured of sweete witt and good invention, but skilled not of the goodly ornaments of Poetrye; yet were they sprinckled with some pretty flowers of their own natural device, which gave good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is greate pittye to see soe abused.'

These reports from enemies should have weight with all to whom what Spenser denominates 'the very Brittish,' or aboriginal tongue of these islands, is a sealed book. It may be objected that a historical description going back only

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\* So quoted by Mr. O'Grady.

to the date of Elizabeth, cannot vouch for the manners and customs of a thousand years earlier. But, as Mr. O'Grady replies, down to the beginning of the seventeenth century, no violent change had come over the Irish way of living. At any period during these centuries the natives were, as Campion describes them, 'religious, franke, amorous, irefull, suffering of paines infinite, very glorious,'—that is to say, like the French, a little boastful,—'many sorcerers, excellent horsemen, delighted with warres, great almsgivers, passing in hospitalitie.' They were 'adventurous, intractable, kinde-hearted, secret in displeasure.' And from the very twilight of fable, there had existed 'in the house of a great man a tale-teller who bringeth his lord on sleep with tales vain and frivolous, whereunto the number give sooth and credence.'

Here is our folk-lore flourishing amain. As we so often read in Dr. Hyde's pages, 'they spent that night,' wherever it might be within the four seas of Erin, 'one-third of it telling Fenian stories, one-third telling tales, and one-third in the mild enjoyment of slumber and true sleep until morning.' This distinction between heroic recitals concerned with Finn Mac Cumhall and his militia, on the one hand, and mere tales, on the other, will help us to understand how the bardic poems are related to simple folk-lore,—a point which has been variously decided. It was the duty of the bards to compose verses which, if we may quote Spenser again, were 'taken up with a generall applause, and usually songe at all feastes and meetinges.' Their 'duans,' or rhapsodies, followed the most stringent rules of assonance and metre; and, as they were always sung to music, their intrinsic value need not have been great. But the Fenian tales also were interspersed with quatrains, the subject of which, and its handling, depended much more closely upon tradition than these rhymes made in honour of living chieftains. It was a kind of poetry dealing with the heroic or mythical past, which had come down, not only in manuscripts, some of which are still extant, but in the sagas, if we may so term them,—such as 'The Pursuit of Diarmuid and Grainne,' or 'The Fate of the Children of Tuireann,' that all good story-tellers knew by heart, and from the details of which they might not depart.

'Natio est omnium Gallorum admodum dedita religionibus,' observes Cæsar in his too brief account of the peoples over whom his greatest triumphs were won; and Bossuet would have echoed the sentence, which is still verified in all the Celtic groups, though Paris and the enlightened municipalities of the South and East of France no longer venerate the bishops who, as it has been rightly held, made the old French kingdom as  
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bees make their hives, or birds their nests. Bretons, Welsh, or Irish, they have kept alight the religious enthusiasm which has hitherto always implied some governing institution like that of the Druids—not simply holding an imperial sceptre and decreeing laws, but appealing to the spirit in man, conversant with powers unseen, never hostile to poetry or learning, and, in its palmy days, the guardian of all wisdom. From the earliest, it would appear that in Ireland, as in Gaul, there was an Academy of the arts and sciences—not as yet furnished with arm-chairs, but stringent in its rules of admission, and ready to maintain its privileges even against the High King who sat on Tara's hill, and whose weapons fell powerless before the Druid's magic. For the long mythical story of Erin is little else than a record of battles, round which has been flung an enchanted cloud.

Such is the unfailing characteristic by which its annals are contrasted with the like legendary time among the Greeks, nay, and, in spite of their Etruscans and their angurs, among the Romans too. From Welsh mythology the Druids have vanished, leaving Prince Merlin Emrhys to announce through the glass walls of his magic prison how mighty they were of old, when they interpreted the will of the gods, watched the omens, and told the meaning of dreams and visions to the common lay folk. But, as we are reminded by Professor Rhys, in Ireland the Gael's attitude towards Druidism, when he became a Christian, did not at all resemble that of the haughty Sicamber who burnt what he adored, as soon as he began to adore what he had burnt. In their new clergy from beyond the Ocean, the tribes of Erin recognized an order of Druids, or wonder-workers, against whom the spells of heathenism could not prevail. To the reign of the Pagan Druids succeeded the reign of the Saints,—those picturesque figures, armed with might for blessing and banning, whose names abound in Celtic regions, though little regarded in the great Church martyrologies. With the Druids they did incessant battle, nor were the weapons on either side altogether different. The opposing chiefs 'gave back prodigy for prodigy,' like Aaron and the magicians of Egypt. As we read the life of St. Kieran of Saighir, or St. Molasius of Devenish, or that most quaint and graphic 'Colloquy of the Ancients,' in which St. Patrick himself holds converse with the Fenian hero, Caoilte Mac Ronan, we are ever meeting tokens and proofs of the power to transform things animate and inanimate, which the missionaries claimed even as the Druids before them had claimed it,—a power, belief in which has by no means died away, any more than the veneration of holy wells,  
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or of the white thorn and the rowan tree, or the secret fear of falling under the displeasure of the 'good people,' if their haunts and green mounds are not held sacred, all of which are prehistoric feelings. The 'De druidhechta,' or god of Druidism, is still mighty where Finvarra keeps his court in the West, and where Donn, the prince of the Munster fairies, presides over the music and the revelry that from time to time may be heard about Cnoc Firinne, the Hill of Truth, within which his palace lies hidden from the eyes of men.

These, we must bear in mind, are not a poet's fancies—airy nothings to which genius, in its fine frenzy, has given a local habitation and a name. They live no longer in the faith of reason, the philosophic Schiller may declare; but the faith which was primitive man's reason, wherever it survives, has not ceased to look for its divinities under the most ancient forms. Still and always it clings to the gods of its infancy—

'That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,  
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,  
Or chasms and watery depths.'

Hardly a generation has passed, since Kennedy gathered at the fireside in Wexford cabins, stories of which the keynote was always a transforming power, dominion over the qualities that lie sleeping in stones and trees, in fire, air and water, and a sympathy founded on sameness of essence between man and the world of beasts. In a word, the belief that we call Animism, whose counterpart is magic, black or white, still coloured the imaginations, if it did not shape the conduct, of men and women descended from the first Norman settlers in Ireland, and that in a district where English had been spoken for hundreds of years. As we travel South and West,—going down into the strata of a population which, though called Celtic, is assuredly in some degree not Aryan at all, but, as Professor Rhys terms it, Ivernian,—we find traces of the animistic creed still more numerous. In very secluded parts, and in the islands, it lives under Christian forms slightly disguised. But we may rely upon it, that fifty years since, the four and a half millions who spoke Irish as their mother-tongue, held the primeval doctrines of Druidism with at least as real an apprehension, and as firm a faith, as had the Athenians, for whom Aristophanes wrote, in their own mythology. They may have laughed at their gods, but they worshipped them in the same breath.

Yet there was a difference, not as regards the 'sooth and credence' which in both cases men yielded to tradition, but in the rank assigned to these divinities. In Ireland, from the date  
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of its conversion, they have been accounted mere 'Dii Minores,' powerful though cast down from their high estate, and holding a doubtful place between the angels of the kingdom of light and the demons who stood not in their integrity. This very thing, however, had, according to the chroniclers, come to pass more than once in the Irish annals. The fairy chiefs never quite represented, to popular imagination, the great gods reigning formerly in the sky, and comparable to the Zeus and Apollo of the Greek State religion. They belonged to a much older dynasty; and they lived on while the Mercury, Mars, and Dispatēr commemorated in Cæsar's Gallic Pantheon have vanished in their true shape from the fireside and bardic stories. Whether, by careful searching, they may still be found, though no longer as divine, but with human attributes, in the flesh and blood of heroes like Cuchulainn, Cormac, Ossian, Finn, and their peers, is a question still to be considered. Meanwhile, the fairy race, which ruled in Erin long before these alleged mortals did their astounding feats, survived when the Druids had fallen; and the 'Land of Promise,' or of Youth, into which the enchanted paths opened, or which lay beneath the waves, admitted the vanquished within it, as the common home of all who were fleeing from the new faith into the unseen.

Two worlds, accordingly—the visible and the invisible—must be recognized in the philosophy which lies at the root of these beliefs; but the second is not a world of Platonic ideals, seated in the heavens. On the contrary, its place is underground, or 'behind the water'; it is the kingdom of Pluto and the chthonian deities,—Hades, Sheol, or Tír fa Tonn,—where the dead live, and the past is still the present. As there is a mythic geography of Hellas and Sicily, with many an entrance into the world below, so in ancient Erin, the fairy palaces, like the Brugh of the Boyne, stand as designations for a whole subterranean realm. Every great battle-field, such as still bears token of the slaughter done upon it at 'Southern Moytura,' near Lough Corrib, is a gate through which the fairy hosts pass up into the light, and inside which a mortal, now and again, has been caught in their toils. The association of the grave with a kingdom of the souls, or the Manes, is to be found everywhere; but in many Irish legends it appears rather as a door into Elysium than into the gloomy Tartarus. All the chief ones of the earth dwell there as in a glorious home. When Teig, the son of Cian, sails to the enchanted islands, he comes at last to a lovely land and a fruitful, where delicate woods with empurpled tree-tops are fringing the delightful streams. Nor, in spite of strain upon their strength, of foul weather and



and of tempest, do his men, after reaching that coast, feel any craving for meat or fire—the perfume of that region's fragrant crimson branches being by way of meat all sufficient for them. Birds brilliant and beautiful feast on the grapes of the summer-land, 'fowls they were of an unwonted kind, white, with scarlet heads and golden beaks.' And in three great fortalices, surrounded by ramparts of marble or gold,—jocund houses, in which the walls gemmed with crystal and carbuncle shine by day and night,—the kings and other noble persons, who have come from 'the dark unquiet land of Erin,' have their abode. All are there, in their several dwellings, from Heremon, son of Milesius, to Conn of the Hundred Battles, who was the last to arrive. Such is 'Red Lough Island,'—a late invention as to its details, but merely heightening the colour which, somewhat more subdued, is characteristic of the most ancient Irish fairies and their underworld. For the mysterious people known as the Tuatha De Danann are said to have retired, after their defeat by the Milesians at Tailte in Meath, to a land out of sight, abounding in precious things, as gold, silver, and magic cauldrons, the materials of rich banquets, and the charm of music and melody. In this fine poetic way do the Gaels of Erin furnish us with a gloss upon Cæsar's text, which was long a puzzle to the classical interpreter, 'Galli se omnes ab Dite patre prognatos prædicant, idque a Druidibus proditum dicunt.' The god has disappeared from Irish story, but his world and its treasures, with the succession of conquered dynasties passing down thither, remain as the fairyland where all good things may be had, not indeed for the asking, but for the stealing, whenever a Prometheus, or human hero, can make his way inside its defences. In this quite early creed, the Earth is likewise Heaven, and all good things come from its immeasurable depths.

It is at first sight perplexing that the mythology of Ireland has been given us, in all good faith, as sober history, and that, not only by men like Geoffrey Keating, the Irish Herodotus (a scholar to whom we owe a deep debt of gratitude), but even by such accomplished modern students as the late Eugene O'Curry. How long is it, nevertheless, since, on the broad highroad of Greek and Roman records, our wisest men were taking the genealogies of the Hellenic tribes, and the hero-tales of Livy, in earnest? The misguiding principle of Euhemerus offered itself, as far back as Tertullian, to the Christian apologist, as a handy weapon in his assault upon the throned gods; if they were shown to be men, there was an end of their divinity. The Celtic system underwent a similar fate,—how early

early the documents will not enable us to determine. It was early enough, however, to make the transformation complete, save as regarded the monstrous sub-human races of the Fomorians, Firbolgs, and other earth-born apparitions, which, from the shapes they put on, could not well be classed with the sons of Adam. Even the Tuatha De Danann keep in the story their mythic attributes, and are confessedly gods mingled with men—*devas* and *adevas*, to quote Professor Rhys's brilliant comparison. But the Milesians have lost their god-like form: they are mortals who have wrested the island from its magic rulers, and who carry on, thenceforward, wars among themselves, and rise in their Fenian knighthood to the crown of prowess and chivalrous daring. Always they are described as human, though gigantic and every way excelling the generations which sung of their amazing deeds. They correspond to the heroic race that warred against Troy, as we see them idealized in the poem of Hesiod. It is, however, on this battle-field that the scientific student of folk-lore must contend with stubborn antagonists, who will grant neither to philology nor to comparative religion that these worshipped heroes are solar myths, spirits of vegetation, Celtic parallels to Hercules, Indra, and Woden, or to Achilles and his companions, whose exploits signify nothing but atmospheric changes, the succession of the seasons, and the gradual progress of our ancestors from a state of predatory warfare to the pursuits of agriculture and of civilization.

Time was, not so long ago, when the saying of a French philologist, '*Tous les dieux, nous savons, sont le soleil,*' might have been written on the golden key which was to unlock all doors into the great human temple of religion. The dawn and the dusk, the march of the sun through the zodiac, seemed to explain primitive thought and leave no remainder. But we are now coming to understand that one key, though golden, will not suffice; we shall want a bunch of keys, so to speak, and then we may be a long time learning to use them. Primitive thought was so little formed, so slow to bind things under single terms, so childish in the dazed look it cast around, that we can compare it to nothing else than a disordered, broken dream, where the end does not correspond to the beginning, and extraordinary powers are assumed because the trained reason which might test them is asleep. Professor Frazer, in his delightful '*Golden Bough,*' has led many of us along a path into which we had stumbled unawares, perhaps when some unusual feature in an Irish, or a Mexican, or a Maori folk-tale, had taught us to suspect the too facile solar myth. Phœbus Apollo, standing in the

the chariot of the sun, and scattering on every side a radiance that lights up the mind as well as the world of nature, is no god for dim-eyed cave-dwellers, clad in skins, and doubtful whether the divine animal, which they see hunting across the sky to-day, is the same that yesterday plunged into the dark and was swallowed up therein. The pedigree of Apollo is a very long one, with humble beginnings, not in the heavens, as it would appear, but in the heart of the flint from which a spark might be kindled, or in the oak which stored up hidden fire. His obscure namesake, Ogmia Grianenech, or of the Shining Countenance, who explains why Gryneus happened to be an epithet of the sun-god in far-away Grynion, among the Asiatic Æolians, did not himself, probably, win to a place in the sky until he had burst forth from the high oak which, as we learn from Maximus Tyrius, afforded to the Celts an image of Zeus. To barbarians of low degree, the sun is not an ever-living god, but a series or group of gods, and they would understand Catullus literally when he whispers in his tender way, 'Soles occidere et redire possunt.' For there were many suns, and all mortal, subject to disease and even doomed to die, unless help were given to the stricken deity by magician, or heroic warrior, capable of striking down his dark enemies. It was a daily exploit with Indra to bring back the sun. In Mexico, a whole genealogy of suns was believed in, and hideous rites poured new blood into their dying veins. Among the Welsh Professor Rhys discerns a group of sun-gods; in Irish, the solar heroes belong to cycles far separated; and, as Hesiod pulls down one supreme power to make way for his son,—thus setting the new heavenly order above the old, and degrading Uranus and Cronos to the lower regions where they abide with the Titans or rule the dead,—so, in Irish story, the Daghdha, who was, while his dynasty prevailed, a good god, falls, at their defeat, into the under-world, and is there imprisoned.

The gods themselves, therefore, die like men, before Euhemerus touches them; nor have they, at first, a distinct name, or a clear and rounded personality. In the confused crowd of his impressions, the savage perceives chiefly that he is beset on every side. He feels the blows dealt him by the invisible. He sees ghosts in the visions of the night. Slain animals no less than slaughtered men inhabit the places to which his spirit wanders during sleep. It does not, for a long while, occur to him that these multitudes of influences may be summed up in a few grand poetical abstractions, any more than it occurs to a child nowadays to strike out a theology for himself. The most ancient idols are without shape, not human nor even bestial; and

and such, too, are the conceptions they body forth. Men worshipped the fire in the tree, which their own hands had kindled, ages before they rose to the idea of a supreme, all-seeing Sun-god. They adored the animals, tame or wild, in their neighbourhood, by no means symbolically, but with a deep reverence for the wisdom, strength, and power of evil possessed by these other-shaped mortals who disputed the world with them. In vegetation they recognized gods many and lords many, born with the spring, dying at harvest, and needing to be helped by the solemn magic ritual which made things flourish or turned aside mischief. The animal, the tree, and the god were all bound up together, incarnate in king and priest, liable to injury and even to death, so that a continual succession must be provided lest their life should fail. Of all these things and their close relation, Mr. Frazer has found a well-known but most striking instance in the priest of Aricia, whose significance he has brought out with an admirable wealth of illustration. But, on turning to the 'Pursuit of Diarmuid and Grainne,' what is our amazement to meet this same story of Virbius, in its essential points! No one will pretend that the legend of the Arician grove has travelled as far as the Lakes of Killarney, or that the Irish saga copies the few obscure allusions to 'the ghastly priest,' which occur in Strabo, Suetonius, and Ovid. Yet the resemblance is unmistakable. It is, indeed, an episode in a tale, not a public institution; but no stress can be laid on this, where the philosophy rather than the fact is our object. To tell the story in few words, it is as follows:—

Some of the magic race, known as the Tuatha De Danann, had been playing hurley with the heroic Fenians near the Lake of Lein, now called Killarney. During the contest, and in their journey home, these divine beings lived on 'crimson nuts, arbutus apples, and scarlet quicken-berries,' which they had brought from the Land of Promise. Careful as were the Tuatha lest any of these marvellous fruits should touch the soil of Erin, it came to pass that a quicken-berry fell from them in Dubhros (the Dark Wood) and a tree sprang up in consequence. Such were its virtues, that every one of its berries had in it the exhilaration of wine, and the satisfying of old mead; while, whoever ate three of them would, though he had completed his hundredth year, return to the age of thirty. But no sooner did the fairy-people know that the tree had sprung up, than they sent to guard it a champion, Searbhann of Lochlann, who is described as a giant of the race of Cain, hideous and vast, with a single broad fiery eye in the centre of his forehead. He was armed with a mighty club, chained to his body; and the power  
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of his magic was such that he could be killed neither by fire, by water, nor by weapons of war. One instrument alone could take fatal effect upon him,—his own club. By day he watched at the foot of the tree; at night he slept aloft in its branches. But the solar hero, Diarmuid, who is laid under command to fetch some of the quicken-berries by his paramour, the Irish Helen, challenges the giant to a duel. And he makes an end of him with three blows from the predestined club, after which he takes up his abode in the nest from which he has ousted the giant, and scatters the magic berries lavishly.

We cannot fail to perceive here the identity between the tree, the guardian, and the divine fruit, having the hue of fire and all manner of mystic virtues in it, as well as the subterranean nature of this Searbhann, the Bitter One—himself a sort of slave—which justifies him in defending the sacred tree of the light-gods. All this will remind us of the priest who must be slain in hand-to-hand combat by his successor, but not until the golden bough in which his life is wrapped up has been taken from him. Here, indeed, the branch that contains his 'external soul' is figured as an iron mace; but the idea remains unaltered. How much there is in it! Far away, on the shores of Lake Nemi, in the 'Dark Wood' which no one who has spent a morning under its shade will ever forget, this strange and deadly parable was acted during centuries. In Ireland it has survived only as a fairy tale. But the spirit in which men carried out the parable, or rehearsed the story, was one and the same in Latium as in the 'Sacred Isle.'

Diarmuid, who, on this occasion, plays the part of the new springing fire, and whose solar beauty was so captivating to the women of Erin, as the folk still remember, is also the Irish Adonis, killed in the prime of life by a sacred boar, on whose existence his own depends; for when a certain dead boy—his foster-brother—was transformed into a 'cropped green pig,' the charm was laid upon this creature that he should have the same length of life as Diarmuid, and that by him the hero should fall. Whence it was a prohibition,—*geasa*, which means taboo in this context,—for Diarmuid to hunt swine. Here the mythology lies upon the surface. We need only remind ourselves that the Highlanders used not to eat the flesh of the swine; that mythic animals of this species are common in the Irish tales; that the terrible sow of Mac Datho was 'reared with malice and venom that it might be the bane of the men of Erin'; that 'the cropped black sow' was invoked, within living memory, at Welsh bonfires; and that Diarmuid met his fate on the 'last day of the year,'—which was probably  
November

November Eve,—in order to see the points of resemblance between his legend and the ritual of those solemn Eastern *funeralia* in which women mourned for Thammuz, or Attis, and sang the song of Linus, Osiris, and Lityerses. Mr. Frazer has suggested, that ‘after the examples of the goat Dionysus and the pig Demeter, it may be almost laid down as a rule that an animal which is said to have injured a god was originally the god himself.’ And Professor Rhys concludes his account of the death of the Irish hero in these words: ‘So the noble Diarmait, beloved of all, and the grisly Boar, were the offspring of one mother: they represent light and darkness.’

Certainly, the ‘dark gods’ were depicted as ‘bald, cropped of their ears, deprived of one eye,’ as beings deformed and dumb. But we shall move on too hastily, unless we bear in mind that the ‘light and darkness’ which the savage typified in his childish imagery, were not universal powers like Ormuzd and Ahriman. They existed in the lower shape of the corn-spirit dwelling in every crop brought to harvest, or in the beasts that came and laid waste the fields; they had no personal names, or high majestic sanctity, but were as the Lares and Penates,—a plebeian crowd, or grim and monstrous. Yet, as in the case of the Calydonian Boar, or the Boar of Ben Gulbain, they were also animal-gods which kept their proper form.

And thus Grainne, the lady who runs away with Diarmuid, and whose name recalls that of Apollo Grannos, may be a goddess of the dawn and dusk, but was she not once the spirit of vegetation, the May Queen, or the Rose Maiden, celebrated all over Europe with peculiar customs at spring-tide? Her title of the Shining One cannot be straightway transferred to the sun; it has a long history, as we have remarked in the case of Ogma, likewise called the Shining. At all events, when we have seized upon this clue to the old Irish history, which purports to deal with real men and women, we find ourselves at once in the region of folk-lore. If Diarmuid is Adonis, how can we refuse to see in Cuchulainn the ‘Culture Hero,’ already appearing as Lugh the master of sciences, and destined to reappear under the style and title of Cormac the Wise, King of Erin? The generations of the gods are as those of mortals. They come and go. The Tuatha De Danann have their Nuadha of the Silver Hand, whom Professor Rhys identifies with Nodens, apparently the Welsh God of the Sea, and a subterranean Zeus. In good old Daghdha, whose name is interpreted ‘the good fire,’ he finds Cronos, for both alike are driven out by their sons; and Mac-Og, or Aengus, the Divine youth who succeeds him, bears many of the splendid attributes of

**Phœbus.** He is known as 'Yellow Mane,' and he travels with a glass-bower, in which the Lady Etain is imprisoned, thus furnishing more than one point of resemblance to Merlin's crystal dungeon. This Aengus it was, dwelling in the fairy palace at the Boyne, whose 'four kisses were changed into birds that haunted the youth of Erin.' By and by, Lugh of the Long Hand reigns in his stead. The later divinity has given his name to Lugdunum, or Lyons; it may be traced also in Laon and Leyden, and in the Welsh country wherever Llew was known; while at Osma, in Spain, a Latin inscription tells us that the Lugoves had their worshippers. Now, in 'The Fate of the Children of Tuireann,' Lugh is compared, for the splendour of his countenance, which they were not able to look upon, to the setting sun; his march is like the morning light; and, in the battle which ensues, not only are the monstrous Fomorians from the under-world routed, but their chief, Balor, is slain by a stone from the sling of Lugh, which puts out the giant's evil eye. Lugh was called 'of the Stout Blows,' and his spear (which must surely be the Glaive of Light, well known in Celtic folk-tales) was laid up among the treasures of the Tuatha De Danann. Moreover, as there were Gardens of Adonis, so too we read of the Gardens of Lugh, in which dwelt the fair maid Emer, daughter of the Coal-black King. Her Cuchulainn bore away after many perils, and made her his wife.

According to Professor Rhys, Cuchulainn, the great champion of Ulster against Queen Mab, in the Cattle Raid of Cuailgne, is an avatar of Lugh, and consequently a Culture Hero and Sun-god. He must be reckoned with the human divinities, so to call them, such as Indra, Woden, Gwydion, and Odysseus, of whom the general type is Prometheus, the man-loving. Their distinguishing quality is craft, or wiliness. They are great travellers who by experience have bought wisdom; yet their strength is equal to their knowledge, and their labours in subduing the world to be the abode of men entitle them to be worshipped as the much-enduring. When Lugh is asked what he can do, he answers that he is a good carpenter, soldier, harpist, poet, historian, man of law, magician, leach, cup-bearer, worker in bronze and in precious metals. In like manner, Cuchulainn boasts that he surpassed all the nobles of Ulster because he had learned all that every one had to teach in his own profession. He knows the arts of Druidism, and may lawfully take his place at the 'feast of visions.' Oghams of potent magic he can write, and so delay the march of the enemy when they come to spoil Ulster. From captain and charioteer, king and 'ollamh,' he has learned alike, and he avenges the  
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wrongs of all as bound to them by ties of fosterhood. Being, however, before all things a strong man armed, he reminds us especially of the might of Hercules; but nowhere in the Greek story do we meet with such an example of the fascination which strength has for beauty, as in the serio-comic 'Three Blemishes of the Women of Ulster': 'Every Ultonian lady who loved Cuchulainn made herself blind of one eye when conversing with him,'—for he was known as 'the Distorted One,' and had extremely peculiar eyes with seven gems for pupils in them,—'Every one who loved Conall Cearnach, who was cross-eyed, appeared to squint; and every one who loved the stammering Coscraídh Menn Macha, laid her speech under an impediment.' The art of flattery is an ancient one in Erin; and of this point the folk-tales are not sparing in illustration.

Cuchulainn's journeyings to Alba, to Scathach, over the 'bridge of dread' which is the only way to 'Shadowland,' to the Gardens of Lugh, and to Labraidh's Isle, have their well-known parallels in the voyages of Odysseus and the descent of Odin. The under-world had many names, and countries lying on the rim of darkness, which seemed beyond the sun, might well be counted among the kingdoms of night and of death. Hence, in the mouth of an Irish story-teller, Spain, or Lochlann, or even Alba, signified no definite country on this side of the Styx, but were resources in the mythic geography which peopled the unseen with gods, demons, and monsters, ascending out of Hades when fate called them. And to Hades the solar hero goes down, as when Cuchulainn, who was struck with his enchanted illness on November Eve,—the beginning of the dark season,—sets out that day year for Labraidh's Isle, being invited thither by Fand, or Undine, who wishes him to carry her off. This goddess was the wife of Manannán, 'the shape-shifting Son of the Sea,' and she corresponds in some degree to the Lady of the Lake, enabling us to identify the world of waters with that of darkness and the dead. Moreover, Cuchulainn's name, which was originally Setanta (a reference may be found in Pliny), came to him from the Cerberus-hound despatched by the hero when a mere child. He is, also, foster-brother to Ferdiadh, a dark champion, as Diarmuid was to the Boar of Ben Gulbain; and, in one of the most touching and poetical episodes of the Spoil of Cuailgne, they meet, being still friends, in single combat. Ferdiadh is slain at last with the help of the Red Spear that never failed of its aim. It is worth noting that Lugh used to be kept out of battle by reason of his comeliness; that Cuchulainn distorts himself before entering on strife; and that the elder sun-god comes to aid the



younger when he is worn with fighting, puts him into a fairy-sleep by means of music, and heals his wounds.

Queen Mab, his renowned antagonist, who rode in a chariot to war, and gathered round her the hosts of Connacht, has some deceptive attributes which might lead us to set her down in the group of sun-goddesses. Perhaps we shall be safe in reckoning her as a Lady of the Dawn, who has fled away from her lawful husband, Conchobar, to the princes of darkness. Her allies, however—Fergus, whose name denotes a sea-origin, and Lughaid, son of the Evil Triad, 'War, Shame, and Hell'—betray their true qualities in the battles with Cuchulainn. Lughaid is not unknown to the *Corpus Inscriptionum* from which we derive most of our scanty information touching the Celtic gods. At Segovia, one single word 'Luguadici,' occurring as the name of a man, suggests that his worship may have been practised in Spain, as it was in Ireland. He is clearly the opponent of Lugh; and his chief exploit, to be avenged in a most dramatic fashion by Conall Cearnach, was the slaying of Cuchulainn, although they were fosters. Both had lived on the milk of Scathach, nurse of the heroes in Shadowland. This perplexing relation of enemies to one another, which recurs again and again, may be cleared up by setting it in a line with the folk-customs of mourning at harvest, and 'driving out Death,' or 'the Hag,' or 'the old Woman,' so large a number of which have been collected by Mannhardt. Thus—to take a notable instance,—Professor Rhys, in dealing with the old August festival known as *La Lughnassad*, or 'Lugh's Day,' interprets the sports and games at Teltown, where it used to be kept as its chief centre, on the principle of its being a feast of the Sun. But he asks, Why should funeral ceremonies have also been added, when the name itself, 'nassad,' which he illustrates from the Latin *nexus*, probably means the wedding of the summer-sun with the land of Erin? To this we may reply, by asking, not one, but many other questions. Why did the Egyptian reapers lament when they were cutting the first sheaf of corn? What signified the weeping for Adonis? How comes it that funeral rites are still practised in the most widely separated corners of Europe, under the name, as we have said above, of 'driving out Death' from field and orchard? The song of Linus, which is echoed in the 'Agamemnon' of the great tragedian, as in the 'Orestes' and the 'Ajax,' still resounds over the Slavonic and German lands; it has been detected in Devonshire harvest customs; and doubtless in remote Irish baronies it has not died wholly away. But how shall we explain it, unless in the words of Mr. Frazer? 'The mournful strain which the reapers sang,'

sang,' thus he concludes, 'was probably a lamentation over the death of the corn-spirit, slain either in the cut corn, or in the person of a human representative; and the call which they addressed to him may have been a prayer that the corn-spirit might return in fresh vigour next year.' These funeral chants once accompanied human sacrifices, of which indications; lugubrious enough to satisfy the most sceptical, are not wanting in Celtic folk-tales. Thus, where the old harvest spirit dies, there is lamenting, and the dark Earth claims him as her own.

Although Lughaid of the Red Stripes comes nearest of all the powers of darkness to having a distinct personality, uniting in himself the qualities of Typhon and Loki, others may be noted, such as Mogh Ruith, the Slave of the Wheel, who play their tragic part even under a Cormac the Wise. In Cormac's time, as the poets say, 'Redeunt Saturnia regna.' He is the ideal king, at once a Numa and a Solomon, during whose reign,—which, according to the annalists, falls in the third Christian century—'Erinn was made a Land of Promise, she being then free of theft, rapine, and violence: exempt from all necessity of watching, of herding, and without perplexity in the matter of meat or raiment to affect any man.' This was not marvellous, considering that in his day every ridge produced a sack of wheat; a salmon might be caught in every mesh of the net; heifers grew into cows with unexampled rapidity; and men gathered honey with their finger-tip as they walked. Cormac was the lawgiver to whom the famous 'Book of Acaill' has been ascribed. He surpassed all the kings before him in magnificence, wisdom, and military prowess. But still, this perfect sovereign was compelled to quit his throne, and the reason given takes us deep into the prehistoric mind. One account says that his luxuriant hair was set on fire during an entertainment at Tara by the three brothers Fergus, 'Black Tooth,' 'Crooked Teeth,' and 'Slim Hair,'—demons, evidently, as their sea-origin and their ugliness proclaim. Another story runs that Aengus of the Poisoned Spear, no less Plutonic than the triple Fergus, invaded the palace, and put out Cormac's eye with his lance. The consequence was, in either case, the same. No king with a blemish in his body could be suffered to reign; and Cormac abdicated, like Nuada when he lost his hand during the battle of Southern Moytura. Nuada bears a strong resemblance to Tyr, whose hand was bitten off by Fenri's Wolf. And Cormac was surely one of the divine kings, whose health and vigour implied the prosperity of the land they governed, while any defect in them led to their being sacrificed, and a successor appointed in whom there was no blemish. The  
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sanctity of the hair which his enemies burnt, comes out in another legend, where Iubhdan, the fairy chief, is held in durance, and his folk, after many vain threatenings, at length declare to the monarch Fergus, 'Your women's hair and your men's hair we will shave, so that they shall be for ever covered with reproach and ignominy.' Who could resist a menace, in those far-off times, which, even now, is effective in the Dutch East Indies, and strikes a greater fear into evil-doers than the worst torture? Cuchulainn, also, when he entered on a combat, knew how to draw within his body all the many-coloured hair which was his adornment. In folk-*tales* from every quarter of the globe, a man's strength, which is his soul, is bound up in his hair; and either it grows without a razor coming upon it, or the ceremony of cutting it is secret and guarded with taboos. Sometimes, the hair is fatal to those that touch it. Lady Wilde has a curious story of St. Silan, in whose eyebrow there was a hair so poisonous, that to look upon it in the morning was death. Another Saint, Molaise, resolved to pluck out the venomous thing; he did so, and fell dead to the ground.

As became a solar hero, Cormac paid his visit to Fairy-land, whither his wife and children had been carried by Manannán, the Proteus of Irish mythology. There he was kindly entertained, while the splendid magic cup, the ever-replenished table-cloth, and the other precious things which he admired, were freely bestowed on him, together with a glittering branch that had nine golden apples growing on it, by his courteous host. This incident, occasionally to be met with in folk-*tales*, exhibits the powers of Sheol as abating somewhat of the envy with which they regard living mortals. Their common way is to keep guard over the treasures which in so great abundance they possess. When the young gardener is sent to fetch the golden bird, the King of Morocco's bay filly that outstrips the wind, the three apples, and the Princess of the Golden Locks, he wins them at the risk of his life, which would have been many times forfeit, did not the friendly 'dog of two colours,' otherwise the enchanted fox, come to his aid. The grave which swallows up all things, is slow to release its prey. The dwarfs' riches, of which Iubhdan sings a boasting song, cannot be touched until all manner of perils are successfully overcome. But, on the other hand, when the quests have been fulfilled, as in the grim and curious story of Kilhwch and Olwen, not even the most diabolical of giants may decline to execute the contract.

Here opens before us the wide region of sympathetic magic, of taboo, and of fatal burdens to be accepted, which, under the name-

name of *geasa*, play so momentous a part in the tragic tales of heroes as distinct from mere preterhuman gods. Even the gods may bind themselves under the Stygian oath, and are liable to have the word of promise given them in a double sense, which afterwards Prometheus will interpret to his own advantage. However, it is especially the noble champions of man, like Hercules or Cuchulainn, for whom labours are ordained. The Irish 'Hound of Ulster' must travel down to Hades that he may light upon the sons of Doel Dermuid, enduring a thousand troubles on the way; or he wins the king's cauldron there by the help of the king's daughter; and, in another story, he is sent to fetch the golden swans which had once visited Tara from Fairyland, with the result that every fine lady at Court desired to have 'a bird of those birds on each of her shoulders.' Touching Conn-Eda, the accomplished young prince, we read that his stepmother laid on him as a task to fetch her the golden apples, the black steed, and the fairy hound called Samer, all of which were in possession of the King of the Firbolgs, who lived under Lough Erne. Finn MacCumhall sends the children of Morna to seek the quicken-berries of Dubhros; and before it had been his pleasure that Conan should bring him the large-headed worm of Cian which was laying waste the South-country. On the children of Tuireann Lugh sets many innocent-seeming tasks, which prove to be enterprises of great pith and moment, fraught with peril; and though some of the instances here given fall under the law of Eric, or composition for man-slaying, the nature of the quest indicates that they are the same in kind as the spells which were imposed by magic, and were not to be taken off until the conditions, being fulfilled, undid the charm.

But the law by which no man could refuse them throws a broad light upon the savage's conception how behind chance and accident stands a secret necessity, which gods and men are compelled to obey. In vain do the threatened take precautions; the child who is to slay his father escapes all dangers, and at length carries out the doom; or Ireland's saints prophesy to King Dermot that he shall meet his death on the day when he finds a shirt woven of one grain of flax-seed, a mantle of one sheep's wool, bacon of a porker that never was farrowed, and ale from a single grain of wheat. All which seeming impossibilities come to pass when Black Hugh stands in the doorway, and burns the house over his head. On the other hand, Caridwen, who was afterwards Taliessin, may be exposed to perils of the most amazing sort, and some wholly without parallel, in his repeated transformations, but he comes safe out  
of

of them all, and is fished up at the weir of Gwyddno, to become the greatest of Brythonic bards. Had Deirdre, the fair bane of Ulster, been put to death, as soon as born, which the Druid Cathbad counselled, neither King Conchobar who spared the child, nor the sons of Usnech, her champions, would have gone through their Iliad of woes. Like Danae, the maiden was shut up in a high tower, secluded from the sun; but her nurse, a feminine poet, delighted in gossip, and Naisi, the son of Usnech, furnished a theme which ended all too fatally, in the most pathetic of the 'Three Sorrows of Story-telling.' The three young men, Naisi and his brothers, perished in a fight which recalls the slaughter of the Nibelungs within Atli's Hall, and Deirdre, making her moan in verses of simple tenderness and beauty, followed them into the grave. Fergus, her dark warrior, stormed and wrecked Emania, the palace of the Ultonian kings; and when he passed thence, took refuge with Queen Mab of Connacht, giving occasion afterwards to the heroic adventures of the Tain. In this fashion, weaving many threads upon his loom, does the primitive rhapsodist bind up the wide world's mad proceedings into a philosophy. Cause and effect in the moral order he has not yet grasped; history reads to him like the Book of Fate; and men and maidens dree their weird, with suffering, tears, and passion, most humanly, but all the while under a spell. For these things were they ordained,—a fate which, though long foreseen, can never be turned aside, even by the kindly gods.

The counterpart of burdens to be accepted we must recognize in things not to be done under a divine penalty. The mysterious doctrine of taboo, ceremonial pollution, and sacred persons, objects, and places, which are death to those who come in contact with them, is no less apparent in Irish customs of the last fourteen hundred years, than in those of Australians or Africans of yesterday. A most significant taboo was that which forbade the eating of swine's flesh, yet betrayed its own origin,—the worship of the living animal,—by such stories as we find again and again, telling how the Fenian knights pursued the wild boar, and, having slain it, tore its body in pieces, and devoured them for their evening meal. 'Leporem, et gallinam, et anserem gustare, fas non putant,' Cæsar remarks of the Britons. But in Ireland, the hare is a mythical or enchanted being, chased by the huntsman, yet most frequently serving as a form into which hags and evil powers throw themselves. And the swan, which was chiefest of their inviolate birds, has its most plaintive song and silver wings: witness the lament of the children of Lir, when, musically chanting their tender lays, they

they float on the waters of Moyle. Other birds, too, are sacred and prophetic. Aitherne the Importunate stole from Mider the 'cranes of denial and churlishness,' which were, perhaps, the very cranes now perched on the back of a god-like bull, which adorns one side of a Gallo-Roman altar in Paris. Two 'ravens of Druidism,' divining birds that bring light, went with Cuchulainn to the battle, and announced his arrival; nor is it unlikely that the raven was, by name, the 'bird of Lugh,' as, in the story of Coronis, it belongs to Apollo. Among Caoilte Mac Ronan's exploits, not the least famous is that which he did in the fairy fort of Ilbrec, where a certain magic bird from Lir, with whom this tribe was at strife, used to come with his iron beak and tail of fire, to torment the people. Caoilte slew him with a copper rod, at one cast, as Finn had slain the foul enchanter Aillen, who spoilt Tara year after year, and had driven his heart, like a lump of black blood, out through his mouth. Yet a second valiant deed which Caoilte did, was to smite with the spear's shaft a 'most impetuous wild deer' that laid waste annually the crops of Coscrach. That mythical stag has been driven out of the corn at every harvest festival, but he is always coming back. He bears a charmed life in the ceremonies which slay him only that he may rise again; and wearing golden antlers, he slips through the land, to be hunted with dog and horn by sportsmen as mythical as himself.

Mog Ruith's lean grey pigs; the cattle driven through fire at Beltaine; the dark slender men who are wolves in disguise; the hags of the long teeth released from their ugly shape and turned into seven swans; the charmed and charming princess who was filled with snakes; the Salmon of Knowledge which devoured the fruit falling into the secret spring from the nine hazels; the 'demon cats, foxes, otters, and phantom dogs, all have their place in a Beast-Epic, as old, perhaps, as the signs in the zodiac, and belonging to that stage of thought when the divine was synonymous with the whole of nature outside man. But man took to himself its powers in much the same way as Finn attained to universal knowledge, when he cooked the above-named Salmon of Wisdom, and put his burnt thumb to his lips. The savage eats his enemy that he may appropriate the good which is in him. But the soul escapes and will haunt the slayer, unless he can coax and wheedle it into believing that all was meant in love, nought in dishonour. From this philosophy proceeds the reverence paid to animals which are slain and eaten, or which, commonly suffered to roam at their pleasure, on a stated day furnish the sacrificial rite. Their blood, especially, contains all virtue; and as, at this stage, man

man is on a level with the brutes, we may illustrate his general belief from the practice of the Gonds, a Dravidian race, who used to kidnap boys of the Brahmans, and, slaying one of them with a poisoned arrow at seed-time or harvest, sprinkled his blood over the ploughed field or ripe corn, and then devoured his flesh. At all other times, the destined victim would be taboo, and receive tokens of worship.

So then, from the 'cursed stones of Usnech,' which would never stay in the wall of any building, and from the sacred oak, logs of which were taken to burn evil hags and other malefactors, all the way up through the non-human world we may travel, and at every step we shall find the holy thing with its two faces, one giving life, the other raying out destruction. No man but has a ritual which he is bound to observe. The monarch himself is nothing less than the incarnation of his kingdom's good or evil fortune, and on his due performance of all points the country stands. Finn may not look upon any dead man that has not been slain; Diarmuid is prohibited from hunting the boar; King Fergus, though allowed to pass 'under loughs, and linns, and seas,' receives the command not to go down into Lough Rudhraidhe, which is in his own country,—and when he does so, the monster dwelling therein slays him. Maidens are forbidden to be in the sun; if Sinann, daughter of Lodon, presumes to gaze into a sacred well, the water bursts forth and pursues her like a river-god, forming the Shannon during its course, and she is drowned in it. Tales beyond number, of which an extremely primitive one is that of the 'Horned Women,' relate the dangers of staying up at uncanny hours, when the fairies are abroad, or would like to be clustering round the deserted hearth-stone. To give away fire, salt, or milk on May Day is to put oneself in the power of evil. The good people claim whatever is spilled on the ground; nor, when the hero carries away the sword, the steed, or the damsel, can he get off safe if any one of them touches the doorposts while he is passing out. Colours have their appointed rank and power; the red, the white, the yellow, may not be worn indiscriminately. Red-haired men and women belong to Pluto, and their encounter is unlucky in the morning when light begins to reign. Words—above all, the rhythmic formulas of poetry and of high indignation or deep attachment—have in them a compelling charm; it is possible so to curse an enemy that he shall wither away, and to call and consecrate a loved object which must then yield to the lover. Yet counter-charms exist; and fire drives off evil; iron wounds or even kills malignant spirits; the demon may be cheated into taking an image for the soul he has come to snatch.

snatch. 'There are many Manii at Aricia,' quotes Mr. Frazer—a proverb which might have sprung up in Erin, where under the name of Mainè they were not less numerous. He explains it of the dough *simulacra* becoming at length mere cakes, which the gods accepted instead of living victims. Little by little, the wild and blood-stained ritual softens into symbolism; and mimicry, which always had a secret influence over the thing imitated, grows to be a sacerdotal art, or a species of rude but harmless jesting on the cornfield. As in the 'Brawl of Almhain,'—not, however, until many combatants have fallen,—the battle is stayed by music; and the bestial and the bleating gods, no longer accounted divine in themselves, now furnish the sacrifice at which they were once the only deities.

This upward movement, in which the gods become men, with minds inspired by lofty or benevolent ideals, and hearts touched to the kindlier emotions, is marked from India to Mexico, by the appearance of the Culture Hero. Not himself born in the purple, and compelled to endure a long apprenticeship, he comes to the aid of the failing heavenly powers, but much more does he toil and succeed on behalf of his fellows. For them he goes down to Hell, and by force or cunning brings back from thence many boons—the 'flame of all-creative fire,' the dog and the horse, the seed of corn and wine, the magic draught that is to give mankind their poets and eloquent soothsayers. But he does not win these treasures upon easy terms. When Cuchulainn sings of his own descent to Hades, the reflection breaks from his lips, 'It was a deed!'—a mighty and perilous adventure, in which the cruel tempest of the north drowned all his companions save those whom he could rescue by letting them cling to him. Among his duties it is reckoned that he shall bring up again the sun which has sunk into ocean, or two parts out of the three which make day and night. He is to be armed at all points, and ever on the watch against man's enemies. Nor is it surprising that after he has singly braved these perils, in the person of a wandering Odin, Hercules, or Cuchulainn, he should call about him a host such as Arthur led to battle, or, in the person of Finn Mac Cumhall, train up and rule over the chivalrous knighthood of the Fianna.

In ancient Erin, such was the final aspect of Paganism. It could reckon ideal kings—Conchobar Mac Nessa, Cormac, and Ollamh Fodhla; chieftains with divers and conflicting attributes, like Cuchulainn, who remind us too often that the Culture Hero must still, in this lower world, overcome as much by the sword as by potent runes; and a whole order of prophetic singers, including not a few of the daughters of kings  
and



and nobles, who were exempt from war, and would have thought it sinful to stain their white garments with blood. The under-world itself became more lightsome as human mortals learnt to adorn and beautify it. As the Tuatha De Danann laid aside their dreadful powers, they changed into the fairies whom we all know by their music, which charms to love, to laughter, and to sleep, according as it is played in its varied keys. Their raiment was all of bright colours, their meat and drink of the daintiest; their steeds ran before the March wind; and themselves were among the most beautiful creatures ever seen, with their complexion as it were of flowers and their golden locks. If huge and monstrous beings still abode in the land, they haunted solitary places, for their time was past; and they could come only by stealth or in disguise where the fire might scorch them, or words of a prevailing spell might put them to flight. The high feudal chivalry which took its pleasure by ranks and in orders at Tara and Emania, was faithfully reproduced in the 'land beyond Erin.' Such, at least, is the picture drawn by mediæval poets, who cannot have invented the main outlines of a system in which they did not believe—or rather, in which they did believe, for it had come down to them, however touched with new colouring, from their ancestors.

But even Finn and his warriors must yield at last. Not Apollo nor Athena could save Hellenism, and how much less was there worth preserving in the Celtic ritual, out of which no Socrates had emerged? The Culture Hero, as we view him in Cormac and the avatars of Lugh, does not rise into a public conscience governed by the law of righteousness; he is shrewd, and can be fair in his judgments, but he is no philosopher. The state of perpetual war and wasting has still to be transformed into civilized peace. And now Christian saints come across the world of dark waters; they subdue the land, consecrate its holy places to a new name, and go on a progress in which blessing and banning do their allotted task. The wizards fly to their enchantments, and King Dermot fasts against these new magicians—all to little purpose, for they can outlast him by stratagem, and the Druids have no remedy which will overpower Christian prayers. The old Fenian warriors, broken at the battle of Gowra, have long vanished underground. Yet Ossian, with Caoilte Mac Ronan, comes forth to the encounter of St. Patrick and his seventy clerics as they travel. The past and the present hold a colloquy together, not in unfriendly wise, although to inspire the heathen poet with a love of the mass-bell is impossible, and he would rather turn back to his people in Sheol than go up with the saints to their far-off heaven.

Has

Has the 'Colloquy of the Ancients' a parallel in any other language? We do not remember one. It dates, at least, from the fifteenth century, but the traditions contained in it are much older; and, as a vision of mythical Erin, it gathers up hundreds of stories which cleave to the names of places in the south and west. St. Patrick, while displaying a more than kingly style, is drawn with refinement and sometimes with a touch of light humour. To the Fenian chiefs he is invariably considerate; neither has he a Puritanic disdain of story-telling. On the contrary, when he enquired of his guardian spirits if it were convenient in God's sight for him to be listening to such tales, these delightful Celtic angels made answer, 'Holy cleric, no more than a third part of their stories do these ancient warriors tell, by lack of memory; but by thee let it be written on tabular staffs of poets, and in Ollamhs' words, for to nobles of the latter time it will be an amusement.' Which said, the angels departed. Patrick, accordingly, commands Brogan, the ready writer, to take it all down; and, in prose and verse, we of the latter time (though not, perhaps, especially our nobles), have the pleasure of reading it.

Caoilte Mac Ronan is, therefore, the Pausanias who knows all the tombs, treasure-mounds, enchanted caves and streams, hidden wells, and spots made venerable by the Fenian glories, which Patrick passes by. He is, himself, the pattern knight, as brave as blameless, and his enthusiastic praise of Finn becomes him greatly: 'Were but the brown leaf which the wood sheds from it gold—were but the white billow silver—Finn would have given it all away.' And of Ossian he says: 'He that, if only a man had a head to eat with and legs to go upon'—so as to carry off his largesse—'never refused any.' Here, also, is a delicate trait: 'No matter how much Finn had bestowed on a man, neither by day nor by night did he ever bring it up against him.' Finn was equal to Cormac, who would have judged right judgment 'between his son and his enemy.' Nor do the knights seem unworthy of their master in this description, which, though fervent and loyal, is not overcharged with epithets. Truly, to 'see Caoilte Mac Ronan was enlargement of mind,' as Conall and his friends deemed it. For he gave token of all that minute interest in heirlooms from the past which graces the antiquarian; he could tell the deeds done in battle, and shared in by himself, with a bard's impetuous rhetoric; and his songs of the hunting of Arran, of the red deer, and the forest trees—above all, the last—would have delighted Spenser as well as amazed him. The poet of 'The Faery Queen' was not, as he believed, the first that made Irish  
woods

woods and rivers sing. They had learned their music a thousand years before, if this story has any truth in it. And, as Brogan argues, 'If there be music in heaven, why should there not be on earth?' To which end, Cascorach, the graceful elf or pigmy, who plays the harp for Finn and his remaining heroes, is taken up in Patrick's train. As the mixed company passes through the land, there is much weeping over old times. When the green *tulach* opens, it displays the gold and things of price which were entombed with the warriors; and the generous Fenians bestow them all on Patrick. Thus in pathetic human fashion, with melody and sobbing, the old order passes out of sight. For Ossian has grown to be as 'a lonely tree against the wind,' whose branches are shaken with the music that blows through them, while it waits the hour when it shall put forth leaves no more.

Yet the Celtic tree, the oak which bears within it a heart of fire, is not dead. Ossian himself, coming with ancient harp from the fairy mound, and playing the melodies which still breathe in the under-world, has held our moderns captive. Nothing now touches the finest chords in poetry, unless it has some reminiscence of the days that are no more. It is not Virgilian but Celtic pathos which has stolen itself into our enchanted cup, brimming over with the wine of gods. As the foreground of civilized life becomes a battle-ground, with the squadrons of misery in their rags and tatters thronging to it, the high distant lights grow, as by some law of compensation, more transparent and ærial; the fine colours of sunset, as delicate as any dream, mount up and take their station in the sky. For the times are changing, and never was there an age when the poet, seeking inspiration among the 'grassy barrows of the happier dead,' might find it more easily.

Poetry, indeed, like all high literature, has ever lived in remembrance of the past. It appeals to what is deepest, and therefore most ancient, in the heart of man. Like the music which it invites as an accompaniment, it moves on the path of feeling; it feeds upon regret no less than aspiration; it looks before and after, and is a willing pilgrim to forgotten tombs. How else could it get free from the imperious present, with its clamour and dust, its burden of the commonplace, its surrender to appetite and instinct? The poet must make for himself an ideal solitude, or he will cease to sing. In this grass-grown Celtic literature, why should he not find the inspiring loneliness that will enable him to breathe and muse? The land of memories, with its purple hills, its changing April sky, and the mists which have entangled in  
their

their folds a golden gleam, is surely Inisfail, overspread with magic forests from the beginning, and keeping still as a fringe for its enchanted lakes the arbutus and the rowan-tree. Its ancient stones have carved upon them the Ogham writing; they whisper of gods and heroes in a speech hard to be understood, so long has it passed from the minds of men. As the poet looks round him in that solitude, he will catch a glimpse of forms that, like the glorious clouds which for ever haunt Niagara, rise up and turn to shapes of loveliness, melting in the sunlight while he watches them. Afar off, from the fairy hill, comes in faintest breathings the music which has enthralled the bardic poets, from Ossian down to Carolan, and which Moore, though he could not speak their language, has married to verse as spiritual and light-moving as if Finvarra himself had chanted it. And remote, as in sullen pride, from these trooping elves, with their raiment of silk and their fantastic merriment, the lonely but more awful spirits of the waste have set their dwelling,—the Leannan Sidhe, who has driven poets insane with love of her, and the monsters of the brook or the glen lying in wait until mortals shall venture nigh to them. Yet more distant, in a glimmering dawn, appear but as clouds on the horizon, those that ruled as gods in Erin, strange doubtful lineaments, uncertain if of the sky or the nether deeps. Their names survive—the rest is conjecture and mere oblivion. But, unlike the countries of to-day, which are covered over with Hebrew, Hellenic, and Roman institutions, so that the primitive life has been hidden away as in a palimpsest, this one island neither banished nor ceased to believe in its Druids, magicians, and elemental tribes. Its faith was large enough, or else so childlike, that it could accept in all its fulness the doctrine that life is everywhere, and that matter, how lowly soever we may deem it, has power to influence the spirit for good or evil,—Plena omnia Jovis. Strict science throws out many a shining thread in the direction of this old theology. But the poet? How can he sing at all, unless, in some fine sense, he gives to the universe a life that is more than allegory and symbol? It is for him, in his brave solitude, to confront our narrow-chested existence of the cities; to reveal the true sun-god, who is man caught up to a glory not his own; and, by the wisdom which has, in its permitted degree, learned the secret of eternal things, to take from the strength of the crowd its rudeness, and to set forth, in his mystic song, the beauty of a life at one with Nature.

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ART. IX.—*Memorials of Old Haileybury College.* By Sir M. Monier-Williams and other Contributors. Westminster, 1894.

NINETEEN miles due north of London—to be quite precise, it is from Shoreditch Church—one of the most striking façades in England breaks upon the view of the traveller in Hertfordshire. It consists of an immense frontage of white Portland stone, about 420 feet in length, divided by twenty-four pilaster strips, and broken only by three vast porticoes, each having four Ionic pillars, too lofty for true Greek proportion. This is the south front of the famous old East India College at Haileybury, the Memorials of which have been gathered together by Sir M. Monier-Williams in the book named at the head of this article, and is still a chief ornament of the flourishing public school which has succeeded to the site. But, though it is nearly unaltered in itself, the effect is now quite different from the severely classical monotony of the old print reproduced as the frontispiece to the book, since immediately behind the central portico now rises the noble dome of the modern chapel built by Sir Arthur Blomfield. This front was designed by William Wilkins, R.A., afterwards the architect of the National Gallery, who a year or two before had built Downing College at Cambridge, and was very much more successful in his ‘classical’ than in his ‘Gothic’ works, which are also to be seen in Cambridge at King’s, Corpus, and Trinity. Sir M. Monier-Williams is apparently not aware that it was only an alternative design; the other, which Wilkins probably preferred, being similar in outline, but much more elaborately varied with columns and pilasters. Both of these interesting designs were discovered a few years ago in a dealer’s shop at Bedford, and are now hung in the Library, which was the chapel of the old College.

But some of the tremendous indignation with which the late Mr. Freeman used to denounce the ‘sham’ of the fronts of Lincoln and Lucca might fairly be bestowed on this, which is much more truly to be called a sham than either of those. It is said to have cost 10,000*l.*, about one-fifth of the expense of the whole building, and apparently was like a cuckoo in the nest, starving out the rest of the family. It has only one gate, and that opens only on to a terrace. There is no drive, no footpath even, to approach it. Its sole object appears to have been to make a distinguished appearance to the East India director or other magnate driving down from Leadenhall Street. Nevertheless it must be admitted that it is in itself a very fine front, remarkably

remarkably well set off by the noble elms and park-like playing-fields before it, while the fortunate accident of a small sheet of water in the foreground is as useful for the view as the Minster Pool to Lichfield, or the Bishop's Moat to Wells Cathedral.

Haileybury was not the first home of the East India College ; for that we shall have to go two miles further on, to Hertford Castle. But the East India College itself was not the first attempt at supplying the preliminary training for the Company's civil servants, the need of which had been becoming for years more pressingly evident. The true pioneer in this work was Lord Wellesley, the Governor-General of India. He founded the Calcutta College in 1800, on a scheme which appears to have been too enlightened for the time, making provision 'for the study of the Oriental languages, and for lectures on almost every branch of literature and science.' Lord Wellesley's enlightened scheme, however, was severely cut down in two ways. In the first place the home authorities were, not unnaturally, alarmed at the expense to which they might thus possibly be committed, and remarked that, 'if general knowledge be necessary'—the 'if' is good—the presumption was in favour of it being imparted at home, 'of superior quality, and at a much smaller expense.' Secondly, the authorities had agreed that all their 'writers' should enter the Calcutta College, leaving it to the Governor-General to which Presidency they were afterwards to be appointed. But here the jealousy of Bombay and Madras was aroused, these presidencies thinking that the best men would probably be retained for Bengal ; so that when Lord Wellesley's scheme, after much paring down, was finally sanctioned, Fort William College was for one of the three presidencies only, and provided instruction merely in Indian languages.

Meanwhile further pressure for a preparatory College in England was being put upon the authorities by the great outlying factory of Canton, to which Fort William College was useless. The Committee of Correspondence, to which the subject was remitted, then reported strongly in favour of the establishment of a College, based on a broad system of education, in addition to training in Oriental studies. They recommended that a house should be procured 'in a healthy situation, and within a reasonable distance of London,' and that the inclusive charge for students should be 100 guineas a year.

Hertford Castle, which belongs to Lord Salisbury, was then vacant, and was found suitable for a beginning, which was made in February 1806. It is, or was—for it has since been much reduced—a substantial Jacobean house, with additions made by the Marquis of Downshire, who had resided here, and

had been Mayor of Hertford in 1791. It is close to the centre of the town, which originally grew up round the castle founded here by Edward the Elder, so that the grounds belonging to it are of no great extent, but a fine old embattled wall, with a tower or two and the mound of the keep, still surrounds them. Perhaps the College would have been permanently established here, but that the lease had only twenty years to run, and that no extension of it could be obtained. Happily, therefore, the Company were obliged to go further afield; and the far more suitable site of Haileybury was chosen, and the foundation-stone of the new buildings laid, within three months of the time that the College began in Hertford Castle.

No site more completely carrying out the recommendation of 'a healthy situation within a reasonable distance of London' could possibly have been found. The estate of Hailey, which was then in the market, was part of two old manors on the south side of the unenclosed Hertford Heath, not far from the bifurcation of the roads to Hertford and Ware—John Gilpin's road. It stands on the extreme eastern edge of the high land of Hertfordshire, some 300 feet above the sea, looking across the valley of the Lea and of the New River, which latter bubbles up out of the chalk two miles below, to the closely similar high land on the western edge of Epping Forest. It is securely protected against the invasion of bricks and mortar on the north and north-west by Hertford Heath, which, after ruthless encroachments, is now happily made safe from further ravages. The old manor-house or *bury*\*—the common name for the great house of an estate in Hertfordshire—stood near the south-east corner of the Quadrangle. It was made into a house for two professors, and is the nucleus of what is now known as Hailey House. The timber all round is very fine and varied, though doubtless it looks, owing to incessant care, very different now from what it did when the College began. The 'stunted horse-chestnuts' of which Sir M. Monier-Williams speaks were only stunted because they were young, and have since grown into two noble avenues. In every direction the view is not of bricks and mortar, but a wide one—

'Of bosky heath and misty vale,'

though the nineteenth milestone from London stands hard by. A site quite as good, and perhaps more beautiful, might easily then have been found in Surrey; but is there any site in Surrey within that range which has lost so little of its original wild-

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\* *Byrig* is the plural of *burh*, an earthwork.

ness, or is in so much safety from the encroachments of 'the great wen'? For, besides the great barrier of the common land of Hertford Heath, the estate was fortunately even then of considerable size—fifty-five acres in a ring-fence. Nor could it be called at all inaccessible. The Eastern Counties Railway was opened as far as Broxbourne in 1839, and, even before that, Hoddesdon had been a great place for coaches, where the Hertford road leaves the Great North road that runs through Ware and Royston to Huntingdon.

Here then, on an admirable site, Wilkins was commissioned to build the College, which he did very badly, giving such ability as he possessed entirely to the construction of the sham front above described. Sir M. Monier-Williams describes it as

'an attempt to construct a respectable academic quadrangle by adding to the line of the imposing show-front three sides of a square of dingy, common-looking brick buildings, pierced with small windows and roofed with cheap slates, the whole addition being of a pattern which would scarcely have been tolerable in a barrack, a prison, or a workhouse.'

He fortifies his description by appealing to a letter from the despondent Principal, Le Bas, whose pessimism was doubtless largely produced by the sense of his own incompetence for dealing with students who chiefly wanted discipline.

'As for the form of the building, I never think of it without being tempted to wish for an earthquake to swallow it all up! It is neither more nor less than a congeries of every imaginable defect. That the College should have existed so long' (this was only in 1843), 'in spite of the evils occasioned by this one prodigy of blundering—this original sin of the place—is to me a source of perpetual astonishment. And, alas! the mischief is incurable. The very thought of it, sometimes, makes me more than half an Abolitionist.'

No visitor nowadays would carry away such a gloomy impression, and yet the great Quadrangle is very little altered, except indeed in one great feature which dominates the whole, the beautifully proportioned apse and soaring dome of the modern chapel. But it is probably true that Wilkins's building was so bad that the money which has been incessantly spent on repairs would have raised a far better new building in its place. Of one distinction the College was and is not unfairly proud—that of possessing the largest enclosed Quadrangle in England. It is nearly an exact square of about 360 feet, while the Great Court of Trinity, which is not perfectly quadrangular, measures only about 330 feet by 270. The sense of spaciousness which this gives may perhaps be set off against



some of the defects, such as the lowness and monotonous outline of the roofs. There was, moreover, a great advantage in having the whole establishment, except a few houses of Lecturers—hall, chapel, library, studies, and Principal's and Professors' houses—all included in one great quadrangle. One is glad to find something to say for Wilkins after his many sins.

To this new building then the College was transferred from Hertford Castle in 1809. The first Principal, under whom the move took place from Hertford to Haileybury, was Dr. Samuel Henley. Of him so little is now in remembrance that he seems to have earned the praise of the ideal woman of Pericles, and to have been the least spoken of among men for good or evil. He had been a Professor in William and Mary College, Virginia, and was afterwards a master at Harrow; but whether this was conjointly with his vicarage of Rendlesham in Suffolk, and his curacy of Hendon in Middlesex, is not clearly stated. No portrait of him survives, and he alone among the four Principals is not commemorated in the name of a 'house' at modern Haileybury. He resigned his office in 1815.

His successor was Dr. J. H. Batten, Professor of Classical Literature. He died two years before Sir M. Monier-Williams entered the College, so that but few reminiscences of him are here given. It is to be regretted, however, that his portrait is not included among the illustrations, reproduced, for example, from the picture which still hangs in the Masters' Common Room. This omission is the more remarkable, as photographs of 'the Carpenter,' 'the Purveyor,' 'the Inspector,' &c., are included. There is a curious uncertainty of touch, indeed, throughout, as to whether the book is meant only for Old Haileyburians, or addresses itself to the public as the record of a great and historical institution. Sir M. Monier-Williams would, we think, have been better advised if he had more consistently magnified his office.

Principal Batten's time may be regarded as, on the whole, the zenith of the star of Haileybury. Hitherto the only Professor of much distinction had been the well-known Malthus, but now a remarkable galaxy was collected, including Sir James Mackintosh, William Empson, and Richard Jones, while H. H. Wilson, the Oxford Professor of Sanscrit, whom Sir M. Monier-Williams seems inclined to consider the strongest influence of all, was frequently in residence in his capacity of 'Oriental Visitor.' It is remarkable, too, that all the six great civilians who have given names to 'houses' in modern Haileybury, date from Dr. Batten's time. They are Lord Lawrence, Sir Bartle Frere, Sir Charles Trevelyan, Sir George Edmondstone,

stone, James Thomason, and John Russell Colvin. When we consider how many other distinguished names, both in India and elsewhere, belong to the same period—to name only Sir George Clerk, Sir Frederick Halliday, the late Dean Merivale, Sir William Muir, Sir J. P. Grant, Sir Cecil Beadon, and Bishop Forbes of Brechin—it will be clear that the intellectual stimulus of the place must have been considerable.

On Dr. Batten's retirement, owing to ill-health, in 1837, the doubtful precedent of elevating one of the Professors to the headship was followed. An unfortunate choice was made in the Rev. C. W. Le Bas, who held the Chair of Mathematics—an amiable, virtuous, and scholarly man; in every other respect singularly unfitted for a post which demanded, above all things, clear judgment and force of will. He was deaf, absent-minded, pedantic, and utterly incapable of maintaining the least discipline. As his principal assistant in this department was the Dean, Professor Jeremie, who was equally shy and afraid of the students; and as hardly any of the Professors, according to Sir M. Monier-Williams, had much more gift of asserting their authority, it is rather to the credit of the students themselves that the College was not literally as well as morally wrecked. Sir M. Monier-Williams's statement that, so far as he was able to observe, 'the Principal, Dean, and Fellows courageously faced the difficulties of their position, and manfully fought with them,' is flatly contradicted again and again in his own pages. We can quite believe that 'the dark spots at Haileybury were not so dark as they were painted, and that even "the bad bargains" had their merits. It has been proved that these idle and stupid men were often men of great courage and pluck. In some instances, they certainly did better service during the Mutiny than their more intellectual fellows.' But the fact remains that the place did acquire, and not unjustly, a bad name for license and insubordination of all kinds, and that the lessons of law and order which these lads went out to impress upon the natives of India were certainly not learned in the lecture-rooms of the Professors or the study of the Principal.

But, on the other hand, it may fairly be pleaded on behalf of the in-College authorities that the original machinery of government was, with a perverse ingenuity, made so radically vicious that only a born leader of men—which, whatever Batten may have been, Le Bas and Melvill certainly were not—could possibly have carried it on successfully for any length of time. It was from the first subjected to that hopeless system of divided authority, from which several public schools of this century,

century, and particularly Cheltenham College, have since suffered. The power of carrying out the College statutes was at first vested in the Principal, the Dean, and the whole body of Professors. This proving hopeless—as might have been expected—the ‘Council,’ as it was called, was now limited to four, only the two senior Professors henceforward being included. The natural result of having four Head Masters, each independent of the others, duly followed. The deliberations, we are told, ‘seem never to have been carried on without a certain amount of internal friction’; and unanimous resolutions, even in the first stage, for the enforcement of the most elementary discipline, were rarely arrived at.

But even this cumbrous body, the *resident Council*, might have done something, if it had been vested with real power. The mischief went deeper.

‘The chief impediment to the smooth working of the machinery of such a system arose from the constant clashing between the resolutions and decisions of the College Council and the judgment and wishes of the *Court of Directors*, most of whom had sons or relations among the students, and naturally disapproved of any verdict of the Council unfavourable to their nominees. Not only did the friction between these two bodies lead to frequent disagreements, followed by that state of tension commonly called “strained relations,” but their harmonious action was made still more difficult by the occasional interference of a second [third?] Court—the *Court of Proprietors*—as well as by the operation of another [the fourth] antagonistic force, represented by the President of the *Board of Control*, whose chief *raison d’être* seems to have been to serve as a living incarnation of censorious objection to all the words and actions of both Court[s] and College. Hence every decision and recommendation of the Principal and his Council had first to undergo the ordeal of carping dissection by twenty-four Directors, and a still more numerous body of Proprietors, some of whom were sure to criticize in a hostile spirit, and then had to be referred to the tender mercies of the President of the India Board.’

In short, the whole system, with its elaborate system of check and countercheck, resembles nothing so much as the Roman Republic, and, like it, tended to produce a chronic state of deadlock. A really strong man would doubtless have surmounted the difficulties of the situation by making himself Dictator, or letting the wheels only be moved by himself, but it is little ground for wonder that a body of learned, amiable old gentlemen, whose regard for their charges was much tempered by awe and bewilderment, found the difficulties of their position too much for them, and succumbed without much struggle. After six years Le Bas resigned, stimulated apparently not so much

much by the fact of having had his windows broken by the students, as that Jeremie positively for once 'persisted in bringing the leaders before the Council.' Le Bas seems to have attracted considerable affection, perhaps more as Professor than as Principal, and his old pupils subscribed upwards of 19,000 rupees for a memorial of him, with which was founded the Le Bas Essay Prize at Cambridge. His letters to Archdeacon Hale, of which the book makes large use, are models of stately Johnsonian English, lightened by some very full-dress humour. The stories of his fondness for long words, such as 'lithobolizing,' are probably apocryphal, and are told of other Professors, but Canon Heaviside contributes a much more characteristic anecdote. It is that

'when Le Bas occupied a small house as Professor, and his family was increasing, he petitioned the Court of Directors for a new house, his petition beginning: "It having pleased Providence in His wrath to visit me with twins."'

The resignation of Le Bas, with the unhappy circumstances which gave rise to it, materially contributed to bring about a complete change in the machinery of government, which, in the hands of a Principal carefully chosen for his organizing power, might now have completely re-established discipline. The principle of Odysseus—

οὐκ ἀγαθὸν πολυκοιρανίῃ· εἰς κοίρανος ἔστω,

now looked on as axiomatic in all public schools, and completely established in every modern one—was at last introduced at Haileybury in 1844. The cumbrous machinery of the antagonistic Courts was swept away, and the internal power of discipline made completely autocratic; all officials, expressly including the Dean, being now made liable to dismissal by the Principal.

The one thing necessary now was, clearly, to select the right man, but of his qualifications the Directors seem not to have had the dimmest idea. They decided not to follow the precedent of electing one of the Professors over the heads of the others—a wise principle in itself, but in this case also unluckily the *semen odiorum*. Their choice fell, it is true, on one of the best known of the many distinguished men associated with Haileybury—Henry Melvill, the famous preacher—but even his eloquence in the pulpit, though it was his chief qualification, was probably not the reason of his election. Sir M. Monier-Williams says that his appointment 'was, no doubt, mainly due to his brother, the Chief Secretary to the Court of Directors.' There seems to have been no idea whatever of the need

need for appointing a 'square' man for such a very angular place as was now to be filled. The one thing necessary was a man who could and would restore order and discipline, and the first step that such a man would have taken would have been to make the Dean, Dr. Jeremie, distinctly understand that he must either act loyally or go. It must be admitted that when every possible allowance has been made, Jeremie comes out very badly in the record. He regarded himself, without any justification whatever, as aggrieved in not being elected to the headship, as two Professors had been before, and deliberately set himself to counteract or belittle the authority of Melvill, for whom he had conceived a jealous dislike. Sir M. Monier-Williams indeed admits that 'any Principal would have been justified in dismissing a Dean with whom it was almost impossible to co-operate in the enforcement of discipline.' And, this being the case, it is not true that Melvill 'generously forbore to do this.' There is no generosity in sacrificing the well-being of those who are under your charge in order to shirk an unpleasant duty. The power of dismissal had been quite recently put into the Principal's hands, and with express mention of the Dean, in order that the antagonism of forces which had proved so disastrous might now be summarily ended, and discipline be satisfactorily enforced. Melvill, on the contrary, allowed himself to be continually thwarted and practically defied by his subordinate. The first six years of his *régime* therefore were those of the most unpleasant internal friction and tension in the whole history of the College; and it must have been a relief to everybody when in 1850 Jeremie was appointed to the Regius Professorship of Divinity at Cambridge. Jeremie's curious standard of duty does not seem to have been raised by leaving Haileybury, for he actually retained his Professorship together with the Deanery of Lincoln, to which he was appointed in 1864. In his time Lincoln was among the worst administered, as it is now among the best, of our English cathedrals. Jeremie was a polished scholar and an elegant preacher; and Canon Heaviside, with whom Sir M. Monier-Williams agrees, writes that 'of the three great Haileybury preachers, Le Bas, Melvill, and Jeremie, the last was the best preacher to young men, and the most telling and pathetic.' His grace and lucidity of style was probably largely due to his French descent; for he could preach and write as easily in French as in English.

Melvill's Principalship may have been on the whole a success, as Sir M. Monier-Williams somewhat hesitatingly thinks it was—at least after getting rid of Jeremie—but he does not seem to have left any very permanent impression. He came to Haileybury

leybury without any preparation for such a task, never having resided on his fellowship at Cambridge, and the great distinction which he had won, and probably justly, for pulpit oratory at Camberwell, and afterwards at St. Paul's, was not of a kind likely to attract or greatly to help public-school boys. 'He always seemed in the pulpit of the chapel to preach in fetters.' 'It is remarkable, too, that *the few who were in the habit of listening* to the College preacher preferred the sermons of Le Bas and Jeremie, possibly because of their more quiet delivery and comparative brevity.' It is evident that both students and Professors found Melvill's sermons long and unpractical.

'I myself confess,' admits Sir M. Monier-Williams, 'that after hearing Melvill's sermons for many years I found myself obeying a well-known psychological law [why psychological?] by the operation of which it happens that the constant repetition for long periods of time of the same truths from the same lips, in the same voice, makes,'

in fact, even a Professor go to sleep.

The list of Professors at the College is a very distinguished one, though by no means all of the great men were even moderately competent teachers. Many interesting reminiscences of most of these, from 1840 onwards, are given, but the best known perhaps of all, T. R. Malthus, died in 1836, before Sir M. Monier-Williams's time. He was one of the original Professors, holding the Chair of Political Economy from its foundation. The celebrated and very much misunderstood work by which he is almost exclusively remembered was written when he was only thirty, before his Haileybury days. A late porter of the College, when pointing out some of the famous sites, was asked who was Mr. Malthus. The porter, however, knew at least as much as most people do now. 'He was the gentleman, sir,' he replied, 'what wrote against the population'! Some reminiscences from Miss Martineau's Autobiography (i. p. 327) are included here. Of the famous Professor himself she says:—

'Of all people in the world, Malthus was the one whom I heard quite easily without my trumpet,—Malthus, whose speech was hopelessly imperfect from defect in the palate. I dreaded meeting him when invited by a friend of his, who made my acquaintance on purpose. He had told this lady that he should be in town on such a day, and entreated her to get an introduction and call and invite me; his reason being that whereas his friends had done him all manner of mischief by defending him injudiciously, my tales had represented his views precisely as he could have wished. I could not decline such an invitation as this, but when I considered my own deafness, and his inability to pronounce half the consonants in the alphabet, and

and his hare-lip, which must prevent my offering him my tube, I feared we should make a terrible business of it. I was delightfully wrong. His first sentence—slow and gentle, with the vowels sonorous, whatever might become of the consonants—set me at ease completely.’

Again (p. 211), she says:—

‘Mr. Malthus, who did more for social ease and virtue than perhaps any other man of his time, was the “best-abused man” of the age. I was aware of this, and I saw in him, when I afterwards knew him, one of the serenest and most cheerful men that society can produce. When I became intimate enough with the family to talk over such matters, I asked Mr. Malthus one day whether he had suffered in spirits from the abuse lavished on him. “Only just at first,” he answered.’

We cannot reconcile Miss Martineau’s statement that when she next went to Haileybury ‘Mr. Empson lived in the pleasant house where she had spent such happy days,’ with Sir M. Monier-Williams’s—which we believe to be correct—that Malthus lived in the house under the clock-turret, afterwards occupied by Professor Richard Jones, and then by Sir James Stephen, while Empson certainly lived in the old Hailey House. Behind the Clock-house is a fine spreading medlar-tree, supposed to be a remnant of Malthus’s garden, under which the sixth form of the later Haileybury have been able to read Plato in the summer term, amid surroundings more suggestive of the gardens of Academus than most public schools possess.

It is curious that Miss Martineau—writing her recollections presumably long afterwards—speaks of Haileybury as ‘the now-expiring College’; whereas when she visited Malthus it had scarcely reached the midmost of its career. She sketches the interesting life of the place excellently in few words:—

‘The College itself, abolished by the new Charter of the East India Company, will soon be no more than a matter of remembrance to the present generation and of tradition to the next. The subdued jests and external homage and occasional insurrections of the young men, the archery of the young ladies, the curious politeness of the Persian Professor, the fine learning and eager scholarship of Principal Le Bas, and the somewhat old-fashioned courtesies of the summer evening parties, are all over now, except as pleasant pictures in the interior gallery of those who knew the place, of whom I am thankful to have been one.’ (i. p. 327.)

The Persian Professor here named was the Mirza Mohammad Ibrahim, a man remarkable for many reasons, among which we should scarcely have supposed his ‘curious politeness’ to be pre-eminent.

pre-eminent. He is described as 'a very able, clever, and resolute man, with an iron will and a vindictive temper, qualified by much latent good nature, which occasionally showed itself in an unexpected manner.' The impression of power held in reserve is, as all schoolmasters can bear witness, one of the greatest secrets of discipline. Accordingly while Professor Francis Johnson, the most hopeless of the lecturers, was endeavouring—or at least professing—to expound Sanskrit 'amid scenes of disorder which no verbal description would enable an outsider who had never been present adequately to picture to himself,' 'the most rowdy students were like lambs' in the presence of the Mirza in the adjoining lecture-room. He came from Persia as an exile under suspicion, 'knowing little of English, and yet in a short time he mastered our language so thoroughly that he was able to speak it correctly and fluently, and with scarcely any accent.' He even appears to have taken a special delight in 'the practice of playing upon words, or as it is commonly called, "punning."' The instances that are here given are scarcely likely, we confess, to add much to the gaiety of nations. But the Mirza must have been a very interesting character, a sort of embodiment of the famous Count Fosco in 'The Woman in White.' One of the points of resemblance between the two was their power of teaching singing-birds. Nightingales abound at Haileybury as much as anywhere in the kingdom, and the Mirza, we are told, 'had trained them to sing, even in winter, when the sun's rays fell upon their cage.' This remarkable man returned to Persia in 1844, with a pension from the College, having apparently managed to purge the suspicion which the Mollahs had entertained of his orthodoxy, and became the tutor of the present Shah, then thirteen years old. It may not improbably be found hereafter that he was an important agent in the *entente cordiale* which has since subsisted between Persia and Great Britain.

The Francis Johnson mentioned above was another character who seems to have stepped straight out of a book—this time from 'David Copperfield.' The description of Professor Johnson, with his absent mind and his unending Dictionary, is exactly like Dr. Strong of Canterbury, only that Dickens sentimentally makes all the boys very good because 'the doctor was the idol of the whole school,' whereas in real life—as the kind-hearted but incapable Johnson proved—there are no limits whatever to what a boy will do to a master whom he personally likes, except what the master will himself assert. The lecture-room was only a disagreeable interlude, two or three days a week, to the beloved Dictionary of Persian and Arabic.



Arabic. A student came to Johnson's rooms, which were on the right of the gateway upstairs, to say good-bye on leaving :—

‘There he found him seated as usual in a particular chair, at a particular table, attired in a particular working-day coat, surrounded by a number of huge books of reference, and making entries on the margin of the first edition of his Dictionary—now with black ink, and now with red—in preparation for a revised edition. He went to India, and came back on a visit to Haileybury, *after more than ten years' service*, to find Johnson seated in the same chair, at the same table, in the same coat, occupied in revising exactly the same Dictionary, poring over identically the same enormous books of reference, and dipping his pen into precisely the same bottles of black and red ink.’

Time flies fast at work, and it flew so fast for the lexicographer that as he could not, of course, spare any of it to get married until the revised edition was out, he was—again like Dr. Strong—about sixty when he was led (for he certainly could never have led anybody else) to the altar.

Hailey House, which stands a little outside the great quadrangle at the south-east corner, may be looked on as the *Stammhaus* of the institution. It was the manor-house of the Hailey estate, and was made into two Professors' houses. One of these was occupied for nearly thirty years by William Empson, a man of high literary position, who held the Chair of Law in succession to a still more distinguished predecessor, Sir James Mackintosh. The latter unfortunately died before the period covered by Sir M. Monier-Williams's reminiscences, so that little is told of him in connexion with Haileybury. Hailey House was once an important literary centre, Empson being Editor of the ‘Edinburgh Review.’ His selection for this post, after the death of Napier, who succeeded Lord Jeffrey, was, no doubt, largely due to his marriage with Jeffrey's only daughter. He accepted the post, says Miss Martineau,

‘rather to the consternation of his best friends. His health had so far and so fatally failed before he became Editor, that he ought not to have gone into the enterprise, and so his oldest and best friends told him. But the temptation was strong, and unfortunately he could not resist it.’

Miss Martineau also tells a pretty story of Empson's scrupulous delicacy :—

‘From the time of my becoming acquainted with the literary Whigs, who were paramount at that time, I had heard the name of William Empson, and it once or twice crossed my mind that it was odd that I never saw him. Once he left the room as I entered it unexpectedly; and another time he ran in among us at dessert, at a dinner-party, to deliver a message to the hostess, and was gone, without

without an introduction to me, the only stranger in the company. When his review of my Series in the "Edinburgh" was out, and he had ascertained that I had read it, he caused me to be informed that he had declined an introduction to me hitherto, because he wished to render impossible all allegations that I had been favourably reviewed by a personal friend; but that he was now only awaiting my permission to pay his respects to me.'

Empson was a man of singularly endearing character, as might be inferred from his attractive portrait. Lord Jeffrey, his father-in-law, was naturally a frequent visitor to the College, and Empson's literary position brought many celebrities as visitors to Hailey House, among whom Lord Brougham, Lord Cranworth, Lord Campbell, Sir John Herschel, and Sir George Cornwall Lewis may be named. Empson is buried in the neighbouring churchyard of Amwell, in which parish the College stands, but the tablet to his memory, with the words *hujusce Collegii*, was evidently once in the College chapel.

The Professor, however, around whom the most and best anecdotes cluster is Richard Jones, the successor of Malthus in the chair of Political Economy and History. His admirable portrait would in itself inspire an anecdote. Sydney Smith is said to have remarked that he 'carried a vintage in his countenance,' and another writer remarks that 'any sketch of Jones would be lifeless and insipid, unless it were boldly coloured with port-wine'; but it must not, therefore, be supposed that he was incapacitated by his habits for steady business. Richard Jones was a man of much greater ability and practical energy than the stories about him would tend to show. His 'Essay on Rent,' though a mere fragment, was an important work, which even now is not entirely forgotten, and he did much useful service both as a Tithe and a Charity Commissioner, while as a lecturer he was far ahead of all the other Professors put together. But his face and figure and burly ways must have been irresistibly predominant in the memory of old Haileyburians. Certainly the most racy piece of writing in this volume—it is good enough to be compared with the famous sketch of Keate in 'Eothen'—is an obituary notice of Professor Jones from the 'Delhi Gazette,' traced by Sir M. Monier-Williams to Mr. J. W. Sherer, who as Magistrate at Cawnpore had almost as much to do as Havelock with the famous relief of Lucknow. We are not surprised to find that Mr. Sherer showed early promise with the pen by twice carrying off the Essay Prize when he was at Haileybury, and that he was an editor in his teens.

'There are few Haileybury men in this country who will read without emotion the announcement in the present mail of the death of

of Professor Jones. How well they will recollect the portly form, the rubicund face, the rolling gait—all the peculiarities, in short, natural or artificial, which went to make up that portentous hybrid between the intellect and the flesh—"Old Jones!"

'How they will recollect, too, the little house under the clock, with its sweet garden at the back—"a garden full of sunshine and of bees"—and the pleasant summer evening parties there, when Jones was mighty in "Badminton," and glorious with racy stories, scarcely fit for ears polite, whispered indeed (as he fondly thought), but alas! too audibly, into the confidential ear of some favourite among his youthful guests. There was a window, too, in that little house, doubtless remembered by some, from whence, in the weird midnight, a most scarlet countenance has been known to issue, surmounted with a huge white nightcap, and eloquent with unheeded imprecations on certain losels and springals who were murdering sleep hard by with tavern catches and unholy shouts.

'And who can forget the Lecture Room? Who can forget the wonderful struggling out of the gown and out of the great coat, and then into the gown again, and the rolling, and the roaring, and the coughing, and the choking, and all the other marvellous accompaniments which, grievous as they were, could not conceal the clear apprehension, the lucid and unencumbered arrangement of the subject, and the sterling sense and masculine judgment which made the lectures so highly valuable and instructive? Those on Political Economy, however, were infinitely superior to the others on History. The latter, indeed, were not deficient in vivid sketches of character and able general remarks, but they were quite wanting in detail and completeness; and one may safely say that, if a student had derived his only knowledge of Indian history from Jones's lectures, he might have passed a good examination, and yet have known exceedingly little about the subject.

'But let any one who can do so recall Jones as a preacher. The pulpit in the chapel at Haileybury was [1845] in front of the altar, and stood facing the congregation, with its back to the Communion rails. It had to be ascended, with some agility, from behind, and the appearing of the minister was rather like that of the figures of those toy-boxes, whose lid you open, and whose inmate starts at once into considerable stature. Oh! who can depict the appearing of Jones! First, an amazing rumbling of stools, over which he invariably fell; then a panting for breath, a groaning, and a muttering; and, lastly, with a start, the elevation, in the sight of all men, of a huge torso, surmounted by a colossal red face, incarnadined beyond its wont by recent exertion, and this, again, wreathed with a little brown wig, somewhat disarranged by the troubles of the ascent. The temper, too, was a little exasperated by the inconvenience of the rostrum; and when, after a good deal of rocking and diving after spectacles, which *would* fall off the cushion, we were bid to prayers, it was with such a voice as a zealous sea-captain would use in a storm to an inattentive sailor. Then followed a sermon, the chief peculiarity

peculiarity in the delivery of which consisted in this, that as soon as the preacher got hot and uncomfortable, the discourse was abruptly brought to a close, without reference to its completeness or otherwise.'

The life of the students, which is excellently described by Sir M. Monier-Williams, who has the advantage of seeing things both from the student's and the Professor's side, seems to have been rather an odd compromise between an Oxford College and a public school on the hostel system. The quarters were decidedly rather of the latter sort, as Sir M. Monier-Williams, coming from Balliol, ruefully observed. Each student had a study which was also his bedroom, equal in size to two sleeping compartments in the present school-dormitories, and in these breakfast was served. Dinner in hall was at six o'clock, and the grumbling at its substantial plainness was probably not greater than goes on steadily at every College. Lectures went on from ten to one only, though, of course, as at the Universities, they did not cover nearly the whole of the work. Lock-up was at nine, and every student had to be in College by that time, and in his own room by eleven. As for amusements, the place was fairly well supplied, according to the modest standard of those days. The cricket-ground was probably as good as most in its time, though we are not surprised to learn that 'long-stopping to Richard Breeks, our fastest bowler, was no easy task, owing to the roughness of the ground behind the wickets.' Boating was at the Rye House, on the Lea, about two miles off, a place famous for the plot against Charles II., and now one of the most popular places for the excursions of East Londoners, whose artless oarsmanship delights themselves and all beholders every Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. The Lea is also a famous river for coarse-fishing, Broxbourne and Hoddesdon being the favourite haunts of Izaak Walton, but fishing demands more both of time and of patience than ordinarily falls to the lot of students or undergraduates. Hunting was too expensive to be much indulged in, but a remarkable tribute to the value of the Persian Dictionary is given by Sir M. Monier-Williams, who says that it could always be pawned in Hertford for six guineas, which enabled a student to have six mounts.

Of course the students also had literature of their own, and Sir Stuart Bayley has contributed a chapter on the successive periodicals which lived their little life. The first was the 'Scrutator,' which lasted over a year. It had a very short-lived contemporary and rival, the 'Anti-Scrutator,' presumably the organ of rejected contributors. The 'Student' had only two numbers—

numbers—the name would seem to account for this—and the ‘Hertfordian’ five. Then came a period of literary sterility, to which colleges, like nations, seem to be liable; and last of all and best, the ‘Haileybury Observer,’ which flourished from 1839 till the end of the College. It was published, of course, by Stephen Austin, the head of a famous firm at Hertford, which still possesses almost a monopoly of the Oriental printing done in England. Mr. Austin, who died at a great age in 1892, was a remarkable link between the ‘old’ and the ‘new’ Haileybury, it having been largely due to his suggestion and practical help that the buildings were happily rescued from all sorts of inappropriate uses, and made the home of a public school. In 1846 the ‘Observer’ suddenly appeared with an illustrated wrapper of great merit, signed H. B., and almost undoubtedly the work of the famous John Doyle. The balancing little elves remind one of the wrappers of ‘Punch,’ which had been designed by his son, Richard Doyle, five years before; but the father, though gifted with a less exuberant fancy, has a firmer touch. The list of editors and contributors, so far as they can be ascertained, contains a remarkable number of names of men who have risen to literary distinction since, including Sir M. Monier-Williams, Sir George Campbell, H. G. Keene, the historian of the Mogul Empire, J. W. Sherer, author of the brilliant sketch of Professor Jones already quoted, W. S. Seton-Karr, the critic and essayist, Sir Richard Temple, Sir A. C. Lyall, and Sir Auckland Colvin. We agree with Sir Steuart Bayley that, ‘on the whole, the amount of literary talent was considerable, the tone excellent, and the whole career of the Magazine interesting and creditable to the College.’ There were not so many societies as every public school has now-a-days, Haileybury contenting itself with a Debating Society, of which Sir Richard Temple is said to have been a pillar, and a whist-club named after Lord Wellesley, which met on Saturday nights. As Sir Steuart Bayley says, it would be interesting to know what became of ‘the magnificent volume in white vellum, in which all the members had to inscribe their names.’ It is to be hoped it has not been cut up by some ghoulish autograph-hunter.

Thus, then, by piercing together the different contributions to this volume, we gain a picture of a very singular institution, which deserves to have its record. The Haileybury life comes out in the result with sufficient vividness to make it remarkable. There is quite as much intellectual life as in the best of Oxford or Cambridge Colleges of the day, with a good deal superadded that now is supplied at the Universities  
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in a less satisfactory form. At Haileybury, the Professors, besides being the teaching and governing body, were themselves resident amongst the students, most of them in the great Quadrangle itself; and being nearly all of them men of great distinction, men who were largely consulted in various matters of public concern, they both formed and attracted a singularly brilliant society, which saved them from falling into the narrow groove of teachers devoted to a single interest. That there were grave faults in the constitution of the College, which could not but have grave results, we have already seen to be the case. The constitution was framed without the experience which every public school now possesses. It was a system of wheels within wheels, and of interests mutually antagonistic, and every one can see now that it was certain from the first to prove the utmost possible hindrance to the maintenance of efficient discipline and teaching. The selection of the Professors, again, though doubtless always for some distinction, seems never to have included the slightest inquiry into their power of imparting as well as possessing knowledge, and their tenure, when once elected, seems to have been practically as secure a freehold as any benefice. It is no wonder, therefore, that Haileybury gained a bad name, not only in the neighbourhood but all over the country, for its state of discipline, and it is, on the whole, very much to the credit of the students themselves that the case against the College was no worse. But in spite of these grave defects—which Sir M. Monier-Williams is not merely justified, as he pleads, in recording, but without which his picture would have been grossly untrue—it is clear that the College had a wholesome, vigorous, and singularly varied intellectual life, which could not fail to leave a permanent impression on every student, however unconscious he may have been of it at the time. Haileybury has thus permanently set its mark upon our administration of India, through the pride with which its students have looked back to the school of their training. A fine motto is said to have been in the old dining-hall—

*‘Ne culpa facias vitiove minorem’—*

and history must gladly recognize that Haileyburians have gone far towards living up to that high ideal.

But the East India College was doomed, nor could any amount of distinction won by old Haileyburians, nor their regard for what was to them an Alma Mater, stop the irresistible march of events:

*‘nec te tua plurima, Panthu,*

*Labentem pietas nec Apollinis infula texit.’*

Vol. 179.—No. 357.

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The East India College was the creation of the East India Company, and adapted for the Company's requirements, so that when 'John Company' came to an end, his school of training passed with him. It may well be contended that a larger foresight at the time would have taken account of probable needs which have enforced attention since, after a considerable period of general vacancy; and that much of what the Indian Institute, the special provision for Indian studies at Oxford, and the various regulations for the training of accepted candidates for the Indian Civil Service at Balliol and elsewhere, have shown to be an urgent want, might have been anticipated and supplied by the continuance of Haileybury as a Government institution. But the time was not ripe for these things, and the consequence was that Haileybury, as it is depicted in the pages of this record, came to an end; and England gained while India lost, in the rise of one of our most flourishing public schools. The end came, however, somewhat gradually. It was not till January 31, 1858, that the College was finally closed. For more than four years the famous Quadrangle was left almost in absolute solitude, with the grass like a neglected meadow and almost hiding the paths, though for a few months a regiment fresh from the Indian Mutiny was, with fine irony, quartered in the Alma Mater of Indian civilians. At length, owing in great measure to the clear insight and determined character of Mr. Stephen Austin, the printer and publisher whom we have before alluded to, several of the leading gentlemen of Hertfordshire subscribed a sufficient sum for buying the estate, in order to found a public school, on the general plan of Marlborough College, which was then triumphantly emerging from its early difficulties. The College was incorporated by Royal Charter, and began its second life in September 1862. In the first term there were 54 boys; the number is now 515. The estate of the East India College was 55 acres; under the present management of the College it has risen to 105 acres. Many buildings have gathered round it which would be strange to the old East Indian civilian revisiting the place, particularly the beautiful Bradby Hall, near Hailey House, a memorial to its late distinguished Head Master, and the noble Sanatorium on the northern hill. But the great Quadrangle would still look but little changed, except for the magnificent dome of the Chapel, which now forms the distinguishing feature from every point of view.

And, indeed, we think that Sir M. Monier-Williams scarcely appreciates how much of the old—the East India—Haileybury has been assimilated by truly English methods into the new.

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The gap is not so wide nor so deep as he seems to think. It is quite true, as he says, that

‘the present excellent Public School, although it has inherited the name and succeeded to most of the material possessions of the old College, has a history of its own, and memorials of its own, which are wholly and radically distinct from those of its namesake, and must always remain so.’

But over and above these, there is a continuous tradition which has bridged the gap, and which it has been the wise policy of the Haileybury authorities to encourage from the very first. The old Indian civilian, returning to the place, would find the memory of the East India College continuously and sedulously preserved everywhere round him. All the six ‘houses’ or blocks of building in the great Quadrangle are named after great Indian civilians, while the three in the new quadrangle bear the names of three Principals,—Batten, Le Bas, and Melvill. In the Library he would find one bookcase, ‘Presented by the Secretary of State for India,’ containing books from the old College library, while another is a memorial to Stephen Austin, a familiar figure in both the old and the new institutions. At the ‘Speech-day’ of 1876, Lord Lawrence, speaking from the ‘high table’ in the hall, remarked that forty-seven years before he had come up to that very table to receive the medal for Law. Sir Bartle Frere, the guest of the Speech-day of 1881, was equally surprised and pleased to be shown by the Master of ‘Bartle Frere House’ a small brass plate marking the site of his old study. Haileybury School has, indeed, history and memorials of its own to make, but it has also assimilated those which it found. The ‘Haileyburian’\* was right in dwelling upon the fact that Haileyburians of the younger generation ‘assuredly feel that they have a *genius loci* to be proud of—that they tread on ground consecrated by bright examples, and that they have succeeded to noble associations.’

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\* April 7, 1880.



- ART. X.—1. *Charakter und Geist der politischen Parteien*. Dargestellt von J. C. Bluntschli. Nördlingen, 1869.  
 2. *Deutsche Kern- und Zeitfragen*. Von Albert Schäffle. Berlin, 1894.  
 3. *Die nationale Rechtsidee von den Ständen und das preussische Dreiklassenwahlsystem*. Eine social-historische Studie von Rudolph von Gneist. Berlin, 1894.  
 4. *De la Liberté politique dans l'État moderne*. Par Arthur Desjardins. Paris, 1894.

IT is an observation of Sir Henry Maine, 'No force acting on mankind has been less carefully considered than Party, and yet none better deserves examination.'\* That examination we propose to make in the present article. We shall first consider party government in theory; we shall next examine its past history and present condition; and then we shall inquire what are its apparent prospects in the civilized world.

We begin with the theory: not, of course, because party government is the result of a theory—it is the outcome of circumstances; but because we can know the nature of a thing only by knowing the idea which it is to realize. Perhaps the first apologist for party government—certainly the first considerable apologist—is Burke. Party he defines as 'a body of men united for promoting by their joint endeavours the national interest upon some particular principle in which they are all agreed.' He argues that such 'connexions in politics' are 'essentially necessary for the full performance of our public duty': because 'where men are not acquainted with each other's principles, nor experienced in each other's talents, nor at all practised in their mutual habitudes and dispositions by joint efforts in business, no personal confidence, no friendship, no common interest subsisting among them, it is evidently impossible that they can act a public part with uniformity, perseverance, or efficacy.' He continues:—

'Therefore every honourable connexion will avow it is their first purpose, to pursue every just method to put the men who hold their opinions into such a condition as may enable them to carry their common plans into execution, with all the power and authority of the State. As this power is attached to certain situations, it is their duty to contend for these situations. Without a proscription of others, they are bound to give to their own party the preference in all things; and by no means, for private considerations, to accept any offers of power in which the whole body is not included; nor to suffer themselves to be led, or to be controlled, or to be overbalanced,

\* 'Popular Government,' p. 98.

in office or in council, by those who contradict the very fundamental principles on which their party is formed, and even those upon which every fair connexion must stand. Such a generous contention for power, on such manly and honourable maxims, will easily be distinguished from the mean and interested struggle for place and emolument. The very style of such persons will serve to discriminate them from those numberless impostors, who have deluded the ignorant with professions incompatible with human practice, and have afterwards incensed them by practices below the level of vulgar rectitude.\*

Let us turn from this fine rhetoric of the most accomplished political thinker that ever adorned English political life, to a publicist of a different school and age and nation—the illustrious Bluntschli, who, whatever deductions must be made for the theological prejudices which sometimes cloud his judgment, is certainly among the most eminent masters of what the Germans call *Staatswissenschaft*. His little work, ‘The Character and Spirit of Political Parties,’ is the best reasoned exposition of the subject with which we are acquainted, and may, in some sort, serve, according to his design, as ‘the physiological key’ to it. Moreover, the fact that the treatise was published a quarter of a century ago gives it a peculiar value. Events have moved fast in those two and a half decades, and it will be interesting and instructive to survey, by and by, political parties as they actually exist, in the light radiated upon them from so far.

Herr Bluntschli begins by laying down the proposition that, wherever there is free movement of political life in a State, political parties appear; and that the richer and freer such life is, the more sharply and clearly defined are the lines of party. Political parties, he insists, are not, as so many narrow and timid spirits suppose, a perilous evil, a disease of the body politic, but are, on the contrary, a condition and a token of sound public health: the necessary and natural manifestation and outcome of the mighty inward springs (*Triebe*) of national existence. Herr Bluntschli next goes on to consider the true nature of a political party. In the first place, he reminds us that it is, as its name (*pars*) implies, only a portion of a greater whole. It contains the consciousness of merely a part of the nation, and must not be identified with the totality, with the people, with the State. Again, parties are not limbs (*Glieder*) in the political organism: they are free and voluntary associations of individuals, who, by reason of a common feeling and judgment, associate themselves for common public action.

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\* Works, vol. ii. p. 335.

But how distinguish, scientifically, parties from factions? Our author owns that this is not so easy as could be wished, owing to the looseness and uncertainty of ordinary language.\* He tells us, however, in effect, that a faction is a degenerate party, and is as salt which has lost its savour. A political party should be animated by a *political* principle, and follow a *political* object. But the word 'political,' in its full sense, means resting on the State, in unison with, not opposed to, the State, and serving the common welfare. Political parties may display unwisdom both as to the ends they follow and the means they employ, without ceasing to be, properly, parties. But when they place themselves above the State, and subordinate public interests to their own interests, then they cease to be parties, in the true significance of the word, and become factions. The distinctive mark of a faction is that, instead of seeking to serve the State, it seeks to make the State serve it; that it follows, not political—that is, commonly beneficial (*gemeinnützliche*)—but selfish ends. And it is easy enough, Herr Bluntschli admonishes us, for a political party to sink down and degenerate into a faction, although it is hard for a mere faction to be raised and ennobled into a party. 'If,' our author further insists, in an emphatic passage, which concludes his discussion of this point, 'if party zeal and party passion become so overmastering that parties would rather tear the country to pieces than join hands for its delivery and welfare, if a party abuses the public authority of which it has gained possession, unjustly to oppress and persecute them who do not hold with it, if parties combine with foreign enemies against their own country and the nation to which they belong, then so unpatriotic a course expels the essential idea of a political party, and the party becomes a faction.'†

Of political parties, properly so considered—'natural political parties,' he sometimes terms them—Herr Bluntschli allows four, Radicals, Liberals, Conservatives, and Absolutists or Ultra-Conservatives; and he considers, at some length, the characteristics and functions of each of them. We need not follow him in detail through this interesting discussion, but we may observe that, founding himself upon an ingenious speculation of Friedrich Rohmer, he finds in the psychological law, ruling the stages of human life, the key to the spirit and character of political connexions.‡ In Radicalism we see the love of ideals, often unreal and unpracticable, the delight in abstractions, the thirst for novelty, the disdain of experience, which characterize

\* 'Charakter und Geist der politischen Parteien,' p. 9.

† Ibid., p. 12.

‡ Ibid., p. 84.

youth. Liberalism corresponds with the period of early manhood which has put away childish things and the illusions of fancy, when the more developed understanding (*Verstand*) discerns facts as they are and traces their connexion; and which, desiring and striving for their amelioration, avoids 'raw haste, half-sister to delay.' 'The love of freedom is most eminently seen in the young man, who, having outgrown the authority of tutors and governors, now, for the first time, thinks and acts independently, proving things for himself, and doing freely what is suited and fitted to him. That is also the most forcible characteristic of all true Liberalism. But,' adds Herr Bluntschli, 'the Liberal knows well that freedom is not a coin which circulates from hand to hand; that it is the revelation and development of a personal faculty.' Conservatism he describes as less sparkling (*weniger glänzend*) than Liberalism, but as making a firmer, more durable, and more solid impression; as like the fully developed man of from thirty to forty, not so intent upon the acquisition of new possessions as upon the preservation and improvement of things already gained. The specially characteristic ideas of Conservatism, our author tells us, are Piety (*pietas*), Loyalty, and Right (*das Recht*). But its starting point is the real; it goes on from the reality to the idea. 'The true Conservative does not shut his eyes to the claims, the advance, of all innovating time; he merely insists that the movement towards the future shall respect the preconditions of the past.'\* Absolutism, or Ultra-Conservatism, is the political counterpart of unproductive and unreceptive old age. The ideas proper to it have neither the splendour of youth, nor the fulness of wisdom, the depth of feeling characteristic of perfect manhood. They are lacking in virility. They are of a somewhat feminine type. Peace and stability are wont to appear to it the highest good.

Such, in briefest abstract, is Herr Bluntschli's account of the four 'natural political parties.' He points out that in practice they tend to coalesce into two, Radicals and Liberals forming one, and the two schools of Conservatism the other. They all express tendencies and faculties of the body politic; they all have their proper function in the State and in the Parliament which, we suppose, he would agree with M. Fouillée in considering (although he does not use the expression) a sort of national brain ('une sorte de cerveau national'). Constitutional governments he regards as depending upon their proper working and due balancing according to the exigencies of the age; and

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\* 'Charakter und Geist der politischen Parteien' p. 138.

the duty of the prince, in a constitutional monarchy, is, while himself keeping carefully aloof from them all, to watch narrowly their condition and to commit the administration of public affairs to the one which is numerically strongest, and can command a majority in the Legislature. Spurious party types, our author judges, are such as represent nationalities, or religious convictions, or class interests.\* And he accounts it great gain—he wrote, it will be remembered, a quarter of a century ago—that political parties have gradually shaken themselves loose from non-political objects, that they have become ‘more true to principle, wiser, and freer.’†

Herr Bluntschli, although his book was written with especial reference to Germany, had constantly before him, when writing it, the facts and conditions of English public life.‡ This was, of course, natural, since England is the original home of modern party government, whence other nations have adopted it, with more or fewer changes. Political parties are, indeed, as old as the human race. But party government, as it exists in these latter days, is the product of circumstances, and of a very peculiar set of circumstances, in English history. North, in his ‘Examen,’ § gives us an amusing account of the origin of the terms Whig and Tory. Tory, as is well known, was a nickname first applied to those who opposed the Bill for the exclusion of the Duke of York in the Parliament of 1679. According to North, the word originally denoted ‘the most despicable savages among the wild Irish,’ and was applied to the Duke’s partisans ‘because the Duke favoured Irishmen.’ ‘Being,’ North adds, ‘a clever vocal sounding word, readily pronounced, it kept its hold,’ and ‘the anti-exclusionists were stigmatised, with execration and contempt, as a parcel of damned Tories, for divers months together.’ Then, ‘according to the common laws of scolding, the loyalists considered which way to make payment for so much of Tory as they had been treated with, and to clear scores.’ After essaying divers repartees, they, at last, hit upon Whig, ‘which was very significative, as well as ready, being vernacular in Scotch for sour whey. And so the account of Tory was balanced, and soon began to run up a sharp score on the other side.’ ‘This,’ North affirms, ‘fell within my own personal knowledge and experience.’

The names thus originally used as invectives were gradually adopted by those to whom they were applied. And from the close of the seventeenth century the two great parties designated

\* ‘Charakter und Geist der politischen Parteien,’ pp. 16-20

† Ibid., p. 27.

‡ Ibid., p. 95.

§ Ibid., p. 320.

by them are prominent factors in English public life. It was not, however, until the accession of the House of Hanover that party government, in the proper sense of the word, was established. William III. and Anne both set themselves persistently against it. William naturally relied chiefly upon the political leaders who had been most active in raising him to the throne. Yet he never renounced his preference for a mixed ministry, composed of moderate Whigs and moderate Tories, between whom, probably, he saw no great difference; and during almost the whole of his reign he succeeded in attaining some degree of that moderation in which, like Pope, he placed his glory. Indeed, as Hallam quaintly puts it, he 'was truly his own minister, and much better fitted for the office than most of those who served him.\*' Anne, though her own personal leanings were to the Tories, by no means desired, as she expressed it, 'to be their slave': she wished them to predominate in her counsels, but not to monopolize power, and to reduce her authority to a shadow. 'Her plan was not to suffer the Tory interest to grow too strong, but to keep such a number of Whigs still in office as should be a constant check upon her ministers.'† After her death the conditions of government were greatly changed. It was inevitable, Hallam thinks, that the Whigs should come exclusively into office under the line of Hanover; and George I.'s ignorance of England and English disqualified him from presiding over the deliberations of his ministers after the manner of his predecessors, and reduced the monarchy to the shadow of a great name. The Sovereign 'was no longer the moderating power, holding the balance in a heterogeneous and divided Cabinet, able to dismiss a statesman of one policy and to employ a statesman of another, and thus in a great measure to determine the policy of the Government. He could govern only through a political body, which, in its complete union and in its command of the majority in Parliament, was usually able, by the threat of joint resignation, which would make government impossible, to dictate its own terms.'‡

Such was the beginning of the system of party government which is with us to this day, and which has been so largely imitated throughout the civilized world. It is not necessary, for the present purpose, to trace in detail its vicissitudes during the well-nigh two centuries that it has existed in this country.

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\* 'Constitutional History of England,' vol. iii. p. 292 (8th ed.).

† Lecky, 'History of England in the Eighteenth Century,' vol. i. p. 225.

‡ Ibid., p. 227.

The broad fact is, that, through all that tract of years, England has been really ruled by successive jundos of politicians, whose title to office has been that they could command a majority in the House of Commons. The influence of the Crown has, of course, been more at one time and less at another. Had George III.'s ability been on a level with his character, he might, not improbably, have recovered much of his lost prerogative, and have vindicated for himself an authority similar to that now exercised by the Prussian monarch. He failed in the attempt; and succeeding British sovereigns have been content to reign without governing. 'The reputation of public measures,' wrote Junius in 1770, 'depends upon the minister who is responsible, not upon the king, whose private opinions are supposed not to have any weight against the advice of his council, and whose personal authority should therefore never be interposed in public affairs. This, I believe, is the true constitutional doctrine.' For a century that doctrine has been universally accepted, and the real governing power in England has been an informal Committee, not of the Legislature, as is sometimes said, but of the party able to command a majority in the Lower House of the Legislature.

Such is party government as a historical fact. Its history may be said to divide itself into two periods. Up to the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832, there were, practically, only two parties in Parliament—Tories and Whigs. Hume, in one of his Essays published in 1742, wrote: 'To determine the nature of these parties is, perhaps, one of the most difficult problems that can be met with, and is a proof that history may contain questions as uncertain as any to be found in the most abstract sciences.\*' As a matter of fact, however, it would seem—and Hume goes on to recognize this, in some sort—that, speaking broadly, each party roughly represented a principle very deep in human nature, and very necessary to human society: Toryism the principle of loyalty, and Whiggism the principle of liberty.† Lord Stanhope, in a well-known passage of his History, has gone so far as to assert that 'in Queen

\* 'Essays,' vol. i. p. 137 (Green and Grose's ed.).

† Herr von Gneist's account of the matter is—he is speaking of the middle of the eighteenth century: 'Mit Unterordnung der Interessen formiren sich nunmehr die politischen Parteien, nach den beiden Grundanschauungen welche einerseits die nothwendigen Zwangsgewalten des Staats und der Kirche über der Gesellschaft (Tories), anderseits die Freiheit des Willens und der wirthschaftlichen Entwicklung in der Gesellschaft (Whigs) als ihr Parteiprogramm bekennen.' ('Die nationale Rechtsidee von den Ständen und das preussische Dreiklassenwahlssystem,' p. 143.) A pungent, but partisan account of the difference between Whigs and Tories is given by Swift in No. 35 of the 'Examiner.'

Anne's time the relative meaning of the terms Whig and Tory was not only different from, but opposite to, that which they bore at the accession of William the Fourth.\* Mr. Lecky has had small difficulty in showing that this view is based upon the error of confounding the accidents of political life with the essence.†

‘Who keeps a spirit wholly true  
To that ideal which he bears?’

we may ask of parties as of the individuals composing them. But if we survey the history of England, as a whole, from the accession of George I. to the passing of the first Reform Bill, we cannot say that the two great political connexions which from time to time held power, were unfaithful, the one to the principle of Church and State, the other to the principle of civil and religious freedom. Nor, although bodies like ‘the king’s friends’ at one period, and ‘Mr. Canning’s friends’ at another, confuse the prospect, can we deny that, through all those hundred and fifteen years, the Tory party and the Whig party form homogeneous wholes; and both parties, we should remember, were essentially aristocratic. Mr. Goldwin Smith well puts it: ‘Elective, in theory, the House of Commons no doubt was; but in fact only a small part of it was at that period elective, while the larger part, by far, consisted of actual nominees of the Crown, or of the proprietors of rotten boroughs, of members for constituencies so close that the election was a farce, or of men who owed their seats to the fiat of great landowners, or to some local influence not of a popular kind.’‡

The Reform Act of 1832 introduced a new era in party government. It was the manifestation, in England, of the reaction against the political principles that had dominated Europe since the settlement made by the Congress of Vienna: a reaction which, two years before, had overturned in France the monarchy of Charles X. The authors of the Act professed to aim, and no doubt did aim, at making the House of Commons more truly representative of the nation. But their minds were dominated, perhaps unconsciously, by the inorganic, the atomistic, the materialistic conception of civil society, then so widely prevalent; and, as Coleridge expressed it, the gist of their measure was ‘to raze out the sacred principle in politics of a representation of interests, and to introduce the mad and barbarising scheme of a representation of individuals.’§ The

\* ‘History of England,’ 1713–1783, p. 7.

† ‘History of England in the Eighteenth Century,’ vol. i. pp. 1–6.

‡ ‘North American Review,’ vol. 154, p. 594.

§ ‘Table Talk,’ p. 144.



policy which it embodied was the direct outcome of the principles of the French Revolution, which had, more or less, infected the Whig party since the time of Fox, and against which Burke had hurled the thunderbolts of the fiery rhetoric wherein his profound political philosophy found expression.

The effect of the Reform Act upon political parties, which is our immediate point, was, in the first place, to introduce into the House of Commons two new sections: the Radicals, as they soon came to be called, who counted some fifty members; and those Irish representatives, of about the same numerical strength, who followed the leadership of O'Connell. It is noticeable that soon after the passing of the Act, the old historic parties changed their names, the Tories taking the designation of Conservative, and the Whigs of Liberal. It was, probably, an unconscious tribute to the fact that a change had begun in the parties themselves. Such unquestionably *was* the fact. The sixty odd years that have elapsed since the passing of the first Reform Act have witnessed a vast alteration in the actual working of our Parliamentary system. From the first the Radicals were a thorn in the side of Lord Grey's Government: 'Jealousies and distrust were apparent in every debate, and disagreement in every division,' Sir Erskine May tells us.\* A further element of discord among the ministerial ranks, he goes on to observe, was found in the Irish clique. 'These men represented another country, and distinct interests, sympathies, and passions. They could not be reckoned upon as members of the Liberal party. Upon several measures affecting Ireland, they were hotly opposed to Government; on other questions they were in close alliance with Radicals. In the struggles of the English parties, they sometimes voted with the reformers; were often absent from divisions, or forthcoming only in answer to pressing solicitations: on some occasions, they even voted with the Tories. The attitude and tactics of this party were fraught with embarrassment to Earl Grey and succeeding ministers; and when parties became more evenly balanced, were a serious obstacle to Parliamentary government.'† The Conservatives, under the pressure of the Reform Act, were, for some years, a tolerably compact body. But, gradually, one root of bitterness after another sprang up among them, producing 'diversities of opinion hardly less marked than those which characterized the ministerial ranks:† diversities of opinion, the dissolvent influence of which was manifested

\* 'The Constitutional History of England since the Accession of George III,' vol. ii. p. 201.

† *Ibid.*, p. 202.

† *Ibid.*, p. 208.

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when Sir Robert Peel took office in 1841. In 1845 Peel resigned, and his immediate followers, separating themselves with him from the party he had led, formed the group known as Peelites, and continued in isolation for six years, when they coalesced with Lord Aberdeen. It is not necessary for our present purpose to chronicle the Parliamentary history of England from that time until the present, when the original Radical party has split into three well-marked sections,—an English, a Scotch, and a Welsh,—and the Irish party into as many apparently irreconcilable factions; while a Labour party has arisen, as ‘a rival candidate with Liberalism for the support of Democracy,’ ‘to take charge of the revolution which economic conditions are leading us towards.’\* Sir Erskine May, writing of the restoration of Lord Derby to power in 1858, observes, ‘The events of the last few years had accomplished the fusion of parties in the Government, and their combination, on particular occasions, in opposition. The relations of all parties were disturbed and unsettled. It was now to be seen that their principles were no less undetermined. The broad distinctions between them had been almost effaced; and all alike deferred to public opinion rather than to a distinctive policy of their own.’† Who that considers candidly the facts can deny that these words may also be applied, with substantial correctness, to the last four decades of our Parliamentary history? Lord Salisbury—then Lord Robert Cecil—writing in the same year 1858, observed, ‘In politics . . . no one acts on principles or reasons from them.’‡ Is it possible to attribute the great legislative changes, by whichever party introduced, that have so largely transformed the political order of our country, to any other motive than the desire of acquiring or retaining place and power? Is it possible to imagine any wider departure from old Toryism or Whiggism than the destruction effected by the Third Reform Act (1884–5) of the ancient franchises of counties and boroughs,§ and the vesting of

\* We are quoting from Mr. Keir Hardie’s interesting article, ‘The Case for an Independent Labour Party,’ in the ‘New Review’ of June 1894. Mr. Hardie, after remarking ‘Liberals had gone on denouncing Tories for generations, and Tories, Liberals, the Independent Labour Party denounces both,’ affirms that ‘there is a growing feeling of uneasiness among politicians at the growth of the Independent Labour Party,’ and adds, ‘it is generally conceded that at the next General Election the Independent Labour Party will decide the fate of parties.’

† ‘The Constitutional History of England since the Accession of George III,’ vol. II. p. 221.

‡ ‘Oxford Essays,’ 1858, p. 52.

§ On this subject see an interesting page (p. 164) of Herr von Gneist’s ‘Die nationale Rechtsidee von den Ständen und das preussische Dreiklassenwahl-system.’ The author justly remarks that this dispersion of the historical constituencies was the unavoidable consequence of universal and equal voting.

predominant

predominant political power in the hands of the numerical majority of the population, consisting of manual labourers,—hands, as Coleridge observed, ‘the least fitted to exercise any authority’; or than the introduction of secret voting, whereby, as Mill pointed out, the sense of the fiduciary character of the suffrage is effaced, and the elector is enabled ‘to yield himself up to personal interest, or class interest, or some mean feeling, free from all sense of shame or responsibility’; or than the gradual development of caucuses and their machinery, and the ever-increasing degradation, as Burke had prophesied, of our ‘national representation into a confused scuffle of local agency’? Perhaps few of us really realize the magnitude of these changes. Herr von Gneist, in his important volume just published, truly says that they are ‘more easily discerned by outsiders than by the society concerned.’ He continues in a passage worth quoting—

‘To outsiders, this mighty edifice [of the British Constitution] appears almost a ruin. The professional politician of the Continent might be tempted to regard with a certain malicious joy the present development of Parliamentary government in “the land of hereditary wisdom.” There, too, is the old formation of the great Parliamentary parties torn into six or seven factions, which, again, exhibit in themselves points of difference whence will issue still further subdivisions. There, too, have Radical parties arisen, whose programme seems incompatible with the working of a constitutional ministry. There, too, extreme parties combine with their direct opposites for a factious opposition, which falls asunder as soon as there is question of assuming the responsibilities of government. There, too, the personal level of the representatives is declining, as is also the observance of Parliamentary manners and decencies. There, too, fortuitous alternations of party ministries seem likely soon to be the rule, as in France and Greece. There, too, appear unintelligible changes of opinion in the newly-constituted electoral districts—more like changes of the weather than anything else—which place the existence of every Administration in question, and seem to make adherence to a settled policy impossible. In the place of the old Whigs and Tories with their programme—corresponding to what are called in Germany the middle parties—there have arisen in the Parliament new groups, with class interests (*neue gesellschaftliche Interessengruppen*), which gradually swell to majorities, and which have in common with one another only the negative characteristic that neither singly nor in coalition are they in a position to carry on Parliamentary government.’\*

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\* ‘Die nationale Rechtsidee,’ &c., p. 165. The whole section in which this passage occurs—it is entitled ‘Die Zersetzung der englischen Parlamentsverwaltung’—is well worthy of attentive perusal.

It must not be supposed that this transformation of our Parliamentary system is the result of accident, or the outcome of superficial causes, or the product of external events. It is the necessary consequence of the new principle which the first Reform Act introduced into our political life. Mill, in one of his most suggestive essays, truly observes, 'The world's wisest political thinkers have, with one consent, regarded the democracy of numbers as the final form of degeneracy of all governments.'\* And it is natural that this degeneracy should be first manifested in political parties. Nay, if we employ the tests quoted from Herr Bluntschli in a previous page, must we not say that our English parties have largely degenerated into factions? Do not some of them manifest, only too legibly, what he esteems 'the distinctive mark' of a faction: 'that instead of serving the State, they seek to make the State serve them; that they follow, not political—that is, commonly beneficial—but selfish ends'?

Consider Welsh Radicalism, for example. At the present moment its immediate object is the destruction of the Established Church within the Principality. It is doing its best to make the State serve it for the accomplishment of its aim. And can any candid man regard that aim as a commonly beneficial object, as anything else than a selfish object of the lowest type? Here it is eminently necessary to clear one's mind of cant, and to see facts as they are. The question is not whether, if we were excogitating a brand-new public order, or inditing a treatise 'De Republicâ,' we should make provision for the Established Church as it now exists, the outcome of the national history, shaped and moulded by national exigencies in successive generations. No; the question, the *political* question—we are not concerned just now with the religious question properly so called—the political question, the question for statesmen, is whether, having such an institution among us, the common good, the national welfare, would be promoted by its destruction. Now we venture to affirm very strongly that any mind, not blinded through sectarian hatred, will find the advantages derived by the country, in Wales and elsewhere, from the Established Church, vastly to outweigh any that would accrue from overthrowing it. In the first place, the Established Church is a vast instrument of charity. The amount of money which finds its way to the relief of the poor, the sick, the helpless, through the hands of its clergy—no inconsiderable portion of it contributed from their own narrow incomes—is

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\* 'Discussions and Dissertations,' vol. i. p. 57.

enormous.

enormous. And it is charity of the best kind: not the charity of the State, which too often wounds the soul while it nourishes the body, but charity which blesses him that gives and him that takes. Again, the clergy form a great system of moral and social police. Carlyle, in whom the prejudices of the Scotch peasant were always masterful, was constrained to allow that 'the [Anglican] bishop does really diffuse around him an influence of decorum, courteous patience, solid adherence to what is settled, teaches practically the necessity of burning one's own smoke,'—surely a lesson much needed in the present age—'and does, in his own case, burn said smoke, making lambent flame and mild illumination out of it, for the good of men.\*' And this is true of the inferior clergy as a body; criminous and disreputable clerks are the very infrequent exceptions which prove the rule. Once more. There is no positive religion in the world which does not do something to idealize life, to raise men's thoughts above the seen and actual, to rivet the claims of duty. And is it possible for the philosophic mind to prize too highly the uses of the Established Church in this respect? The healing and elevating influences which it brings home to millions through its beautiful formularies and bright and melodious services, the lessons of self-denial and sacred aspiration taught by the eloquent lips of many of its clergy, and by the eloquent lives of many more, are surely forces for good which we can ill afford to dispense with or to weaken. And what is to be set off against all the loss which Disestablishment would certainly cause? Nothing, except the accrual to the State of that *damnosa hereditas*, a Church surplus, and the satisfaction of 'an insolent and aggressive faction' animated by sectarian hatred.

We use these words advisedly; but we desire not to be misunderstood. We are far from denying the many excellences of Protestant Nonconformists, whether in Wales or elsewhere. They have maintained faithfully for many generations, according to their lights, the great principle that the State has no right to intrude into the domain of conscience. They have been, and are still, as a body, frugal, industrious, and, although in a sour and superstitious way, earnestly religious. They may truly claim the praise of having done much in the last century to keep alive in this nation the conception of Christianity as a spiritual power, when it was too generally regarded as little more than a system of morality and an adjunct to respectability. But against these merits must be set

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\* 'Latter-Day Pamphlets,' p. 232.

off their narrowness, their ignorance, their uncouthness, their meanness, their vulgarity. It is not too much to say that the Radical Dissenter, especially in Wales, is animated largely by hatred of the clergyman. And the reason is that the clergyman is a constant reminder to him of social inferiority. He belongs, as a rule, to the lower middle class, for Dissent eschews the very poor, and a very little intellectual cultivation is usually sufficient to lead a man to eschew Dissent. The clergy of the Church of England represent that cultivation. Hence the Radical Dissenter's burning desire to disestablish them, and to level them down, as he fondly hopes, to the range of the Nonconformist ministry. We have elsewhere discussed the other feelings at work in the demand for Disestablishment. The desire for Home Rule, combined with sectarian hatred of the Church, are the dominant motives of Welsh Radicalism. Neither alone nor in combination do they raise the Welsh Radicals from the level of an 'insolent and aggressive faction' to that of a political party.

But, indeed, must we not say that the same note of faction now adheres to official Liberalism itself? Mr. Gladstone, in a famous speech delivered in Edinburgh,\*—which, often as it has been quoted, may, with advantage, be referred to again,—declared that 'it would not be safe for the Liberal party' 'to deal with the great constitutional question of the government of Ireland, in a position where it was a minority, dependent upon the Irish vote for converting it into a majority.' Time has verified the correctness of this declaration. The Liberal party, led by Mr. Gladstone himself, has bargained to hand Ireland over to the irreconcilable enemies of England, the American Irish and the native Irish in their pay, as the price of power. It is a proceeding the significance of which Herr Bluntschli may enable us to appreciate. 'If,' he writes, in a passage already cited from him, 'parties combine with foreign enemies against their own country and the nation to which they belong, then so unpatriotic a course expels the essential idea of a political party, and the party becomes a faction.'

The British Legislature is often called the mother of Parliaments. Most European countries have provided themselves, during the last half-century, with imitations of it, in order to replace the free institutions which, under one form or another, very generally prevailed until the close of the Middle Ages. And the Senate and House of Representatives in the United States are adaptations of our Houses of Lords and Commons.

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\* On the 9th of November, 1885.

It appears to have been supposed that all that was necessary in order to ensure constitutional government was to set up two Chambers, framed more or less after the English model. That once done, it was apparently believed that two great political parties, like our Tories and Whigs, would at once spring up, and that the plenitude of civil and religious liberty would be attained forthwith. We need hardly remark that in no European country—we shall say something presently concerning the United States—have these fond anticipations been realized. Speaking generally, it may be said that the same cause which has led to the degeneration of party government among ourselves, has prevented it from being realized in the other European countries which have endeavoured after it. Bluntschli has somewhere observed that ‘the radical vice of all the prevailing constitutional systems in Europe is that they take the individual vote as the unique point of departure.’ He adds, ‘This radical vice dissolves the nation into electors—a most perilous proceeding—nay, pulverizes it into millions of disunited atoms. How is it possible that this dust should not be raised by the first wind into tumultuous whirlwinds?’ How indeed! Anarchy, in a greater or less degree, is the necessary result of this political atomism. The groups into which continental legislatures are divided—they reckon some twenty in the French Chamber—are nothing more than factions, whose sterile strifes and rivalries of self-interest have, not undeservedly, brought the idea of Parliamentary government into disrepute with the thoughtful and cultivated. It was remarked, not long ago, by a distinguished French publicist to the present writer, ‘*Nous vivons dans une crise continue, sous le régime de la division des partis, du conflit des programmes, des traitements en tout sens, des contradictoires qui se neutralisent et se perdent en piétinement.*’ The remark would hold good of the Latin races generally.

In Germany, though Parliamentary institutions exist, party government does not. When Frederick William IV. consented to give a Constitution to his subjects, he invented the formula, ‘A free people under a free king.’ It was reserved for his successor to translate the formula into practice. King William, from first to last, showed plainly that he meant to remain at liberty to fulfil his monarchical office; to guard and strengthen the State founded by his ancestors, to extend it as they had done, and for these ends to organize his army in accordance with the exigencies of the times. Of the constitutional conflict which resulted from his carrying out this view, it is not necessary to speak here. But we will observe that, practically, the  
German

German emperor is to Germany what the Prussian king is to Prussia. The representatives of Germany have two political rights: they fix each year the amount of the contingent; and no new tax may be levied without their consent. The Emperor chooses his ministers with small regard to the parties in the Reichstag, and prescribes their policy. Most English publicists who treat of the politics of Germany—their treatment is not often marked by profound knowledge of the subject—regard this condition of things as deplorable, and would gladly see Constitutionalism of the British type prevailing there. The wisest German thinkers are of a different opinion. Herr Schäffle, whom we may take as a specimen of them, and whose personal sympathies, as might be expected from so strong a Liberal, are with the system of Parliamentary government, owns, in his recently published work, that in the exclusive predominance of universal suffrage, that system would probably be fatal to his country. The following passage from this weighty writer may be worth pondering:—

‘No nation has gone so far in the unlimited adoption of universal suffrage as the German people, in elections for the Reichstag. Is it due to this that precisely in Germany the despisers and accusers of universal suffrage are apparently most numerous? In all directions, throughout the German Empire, we hear it said that the effect of universal suffrage has been to render the German Reichstag poorer in capacities, in characters and leaders, with each successive election; that only those social powers (*nur jene sociale Mächte*) which specially and strongly influence the masses—labour leaders, parsons, peasant kings, anti-Semitic screamers and croakers—attain to ever-increasing authority and an ever extremer position; that social democracy, Ultramontanism, agrarianism, anti-Semitism become, and must become, ever stronger under universal suffrage; that the formation of fresh coalitions of Parliamentary parties, incapable of ruling, strong only in negation, ever more and more embarrasses the Government; that the most weighty interests of the nation find no representation, or, if any, only an accidental and altogether disproportionate representation.’ \*

And now let us glance at the United States of America, which, with other English institutions, adopted party government. It is perfectly evident that there, as elsewhere, parties, if judged by Herr Bluntschli's criteria, must be pronounced to have degenerated into factions, striving after, not political, but personal ends; seeking, not to serve the country, but to make the country serve them. There is an overwhelming mass of evidence to this effect. It may suffice here to turn to the well-

\* ‘Deutsche Kern- und Zeitfragen,’ p. 134.



known volumes of Mr. Bryce, which, certainly, are written in no spirit of hostility to the American Commonwealth. 'Neither party,' he writes, 'has any principles or any distinctive tenets. Both have traditions. Both claim to have tendencies. Both have, certainly, war-cries, organizations, interests enlisted in their support. But those interests are, in the main, the interests of getting or keeping the patronage of Government. Tenets and policies, points of political doctrine and points of political practice, have all but vanished. . . . All has been lost except office or the hope of it.\* . . . "What," said an ingenuous delegate at one of the National Conventions at Chicago in 1880, "what are we here for except the offices?"† Of those offices there are over a hundred thousand; they constitute the spoils, the distribution of which is the real issue, in a Presidential election. And for every office there are hundreds of applicants. Is it possible to imagine anything more demoralizing to the country? But, further, the wide extension of the suffrage in the United States has placed the manipulation of politics in the hands of professional politicians, who make a business of collecting the infinitesimal fragments into which power has been split, and of selling them. Elections are almost entirely determined by 'Bosses,' who work the whole machinery of the National and State Governments. To quote again Mr. Bryce, 'Parties have been organized far more elaborately in the United States than anywhere else in the world, and have passed more completely under the control of a professional class. . . . Politics, considered not as the science of government, but as the art of winning elections and of securing offices, has reached in the United States a development surpassing in elaborateness that of England or France as much as the methods of those countries surpass the methods of Servia or Roumania.'‡ There is, indeed, one redeeming system in this ignoble system. The struggle between parties is decided once every four years at the Presidential election, instead of perpetually occupying the time and energies of the Legislature. Parliamentary or Cabinet government does not exist in the United States, although party government does. Hence a relative stability of policy and administration.

So much as to the actual condition of party government. What are its prospects? M. de Laveleye, one of the most intelligent of continental publicists, in an article published a few years ago—in the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*,' if our memory

\* 'The American Commonwealth,' vol. ii. p. 344.

† Ibid. vol. ii. p. 455.

‡ Ibid. vol. i. p. 7.

is not at fault—quoted, with apparent assent, a dictum of Prince von Bismarck, that the golden age of the Parliamentary régime is passed; that its downfall throughout Europe is foredoomed. We are not disposed to attach much importance to the vaticinations of political prophets. They often—usually perhaps—mistake the indicative for the optative mood. We are sure, however, that in order to avoid the consummation which the Prussian statesman, ‘rapt into future times,’ not unwillingly discerned, a vast change must be made in existing political arrangements. We are sure, too, that the *fons et origo* of the degeneration of party government is the spurious individualism of Rousseau, which has, apparently, been adopted as a first principle of modern political thought, or thoughtlessness, throughout Europe. Equal and universal suffrage is the direct consequence of the doctrine of the *Contrat Social*, which regards a nation as a mass of equivalent and unrelated human units, altogether ignoring the organic nature of human society. The theory of Rousseau is, however, merely the perversion and corruption of a truth; and it is precisely the truth underlying it that has given it its vast vogue, and has made it an instrument of such incalculable mischief. That truth, which was very generally forgotten throughout Europe in the age of monarchical absolutism when Rousseau began to preach and to teach, is that man is a person and not a thing; and that as a person his rational co-operation is necessary to his own development, as to the development of his fellows. Every man ought to be considered in the legislation of a community. This is no modern doctrine. It was taught by the masters of the medieval school. It was taught, long before them, by ‘the master of those who know.’ And in a highly developed civilization, such as that in which we live, ‘considered’ means ‘consulted.’ The most obvious way of consulting a man in political questions is by taking his vote; but it is by no means the only way. A vote is merely one out of many channels whereby a man’s natural right to some share of political power may be exercised. We use the phrase ‘natural right’ advisedly: for it is a right attaching to human nature; to man as a person.

But it does not follow, because a man has a right to some share of political power, direct or indirect, that all men have a right to the same share; that they should be equivalent in the political organism. ‘Every man to count for one, no man for more than one,’ is a formula much in vogue just now. The first part of it is true enough. Every man should count for one, in virtue of the fundamental democracy implied in every form of human association. The second part is opposed to the great fact,

fact, the great law, of inequality extending through human nature and human society. Some men should count in the public order for many more than one. 'It is impossible to form a State the members of which are all alike. The parts which are to constitute a single organic whole must be different in kind.' So wrote Aristotle two thousand years ago. His words are as true now as they were then. They will be true to the end of time. Hence, as Mill has tersely expressed it, 'Equal voting is in principle wrong.'\* It is opposed to the truth of things; it is unjust. Justice lies in a mean; it lies in the combination of equal and unequal rights. The law of the social organism is not an unnatural and enforced equality, making numbers supreme—an equality which necessarily leads to Socialism†—but complexity, differentiation, unlikeness. Universal suffrage by all means! It is in accordance with the natural dignity of men. Properly organized—not, as at present, organized by wire-pullers and 'bosses'—it is the best school of political education for the masses. But to make universal suffrage just, that is, accordant with 'the moral laws of nature and of nations,' it must be supplemented by a recognition of real inequalities,—inequalities arising out of the nature of things, and corresponding with that reason which is at the heart of things; it must allow due room to powers and interests other than those of numbers, which play so necessary and so important a part in the co-ordination and subordination of civil life.

These are truths practically ignored in a democracy, as it now exists. To obtain for them due recognition is perhaps the supreme political problem of our time. Mill thought its solution might be to some extent found in a system of plurality of votes; Taine in a system of double election. Two of the most thoughtful of living publicists, M. Desjardins and Herr Schäffle, in works, published within the present year, the titles of which we have prefixed to this article, point to the due representation of *interests* as necessary for the rational organization of modern democracy. M. Desjardins, indeed, who is addressing primarily French readers, speaks, as it were, with bated breath. He compares democracy, as it is at present, to a conqueror intoxicated with victory, and resting on the field of battle; watching with jealous eyes its conquests, and apt to be alarmed by a word, a gesture that may seem to threaten them. Still, he thinks that the abuses of unlimited numerical

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\* 'Representative Government,' p. 80.

† A certain 'Citizen' Volders truly observed, at the recent Working Men's Congress at Namur, 'La loi essentielle du Socialisme est d'assurer le libre exercice de la force du nombre.' (Quoted by Desjardins, 'De la Liberté politique,' &c., p. 238.)  
force

force may cause even the least clear-sighted to reflect; that democracy, 'majeure et maîtresse d'elle-même,' may set itself to organize its victory, may itself open the door to some reforms: he thinks that the representation of interests may be regarded as 'a desideratum of the future.'\* Herr Schäffle more boldly declares, 'A true popular Chamber (*Volkskammer*) is not to be found in a Chamber representing merely the majority told by heads.'† 'The four essentials to a good representation of the people are completeness and proportion, independence and capacity' (*Tüchtigkeit*). And this, he argues at length, can be obtained only through 'a combination of representation by universal suffrage with the representation of the communal and corporate articulation of the nation,'‡ that is, of the local and social interests and capacities of the whole body politic: 'eine gliederungsmässige Territorial- und Berufs-Vertretung,' he elsewhere calls it. This idea is, of course, not new. Krause and Ahrens, Mohl and Bluntschli, among the Germans, have expounded it more or less fully; and M. Prins, one of the most eminent of Belgian publicists, has discussed it with much force in his remarkable work on 'Democracy and Representative Government.' Proudhon, again, who excelled in appropriating the ideas of others and in clearly enunciating them, qualifies the merely mechanical system of universal suffrage now existing as 'mystification' and 'tyranny,' and demands for every social and political element in the nation its proper influence. 'La représentation nationale,' he writes, 'là où elle existe comme condition politique, doit être une fonction qui embrasse la totalité de la nation dans toutes ses catégories de personnes, de territoire, de fortunes, de facultés, de capacités et même de misère.'§ We take these to be the words of truth and soberness, although they proceed from the pen of Proudhon. They indicate accurately the true remedy for that *morbus democraticus* of which the age is sick. How to give effect to it is a problem not of political philosophy, but of practical politics, which we seriously commend to those who bear the name of statesmen.

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\* P. 238. It is one of M. Desjardins' many pregnant observations, 'Ce qui fait le principal obstacle à l'établissement de la liberté politique dans les républiques modernes, c'est que la force du nombre y tend à tout remplacer' (p. 227).

† P. 147.

‡ P. 123.

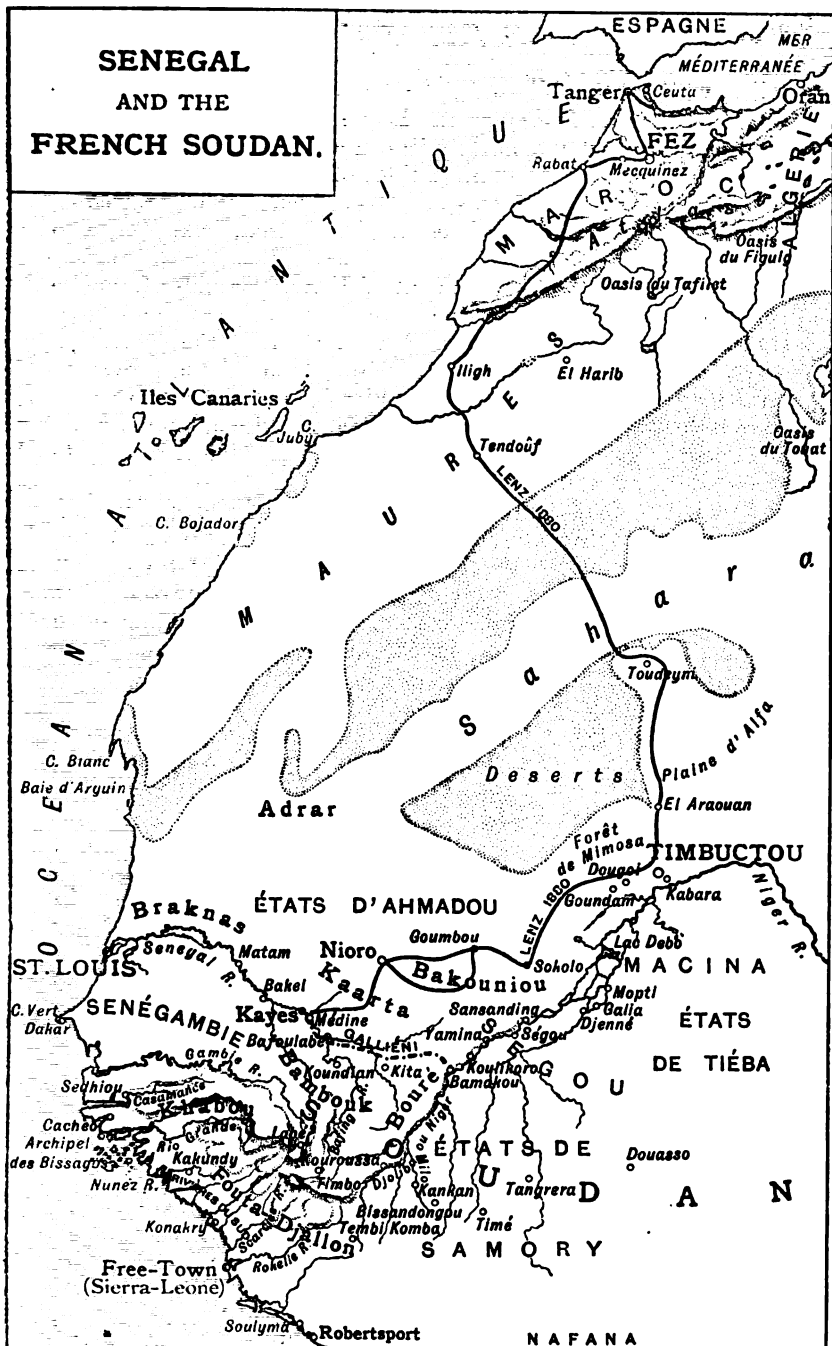
§ 'Théorie du Mouvement constitutionnel au dix-neuvième Siècle,' p. 101.

- ART. XI.—1. *Voyage au Soudan Français (Haut-Niger et Pays de Séjou)*. 1879–1881. Par Le Commandant Gallieni. Paris, 1885.
2. *Campagne dans le Haut-Niger*. 1885–1886. Par Colonel Frey. Paris, 1888.
3. *De Saint Louis au Port de Tombouktou. Voyage d'une Canonnière française*. Par Lieut. E. Caron. Paris, 1891.
4. *Les Explorations au Sénégal, et dans les Contrées voisines depuis l'Antiquité jusqu'à nos Jours*. Par J. Ancelle, Capitaine du génie. Paris, 1887.
5. *Soudan Français—Kahel, Carnet de Voyage*. Par Olivier de Sanderval, Ingénieur. Paris, 1893.
6. *La France et ses Colonies au XIX<sup>me</sup> Siècle*. Par Ernest Lalanne. Paris, 1893.
7. *Le Sahara. Thèse présentée à la Faculté des Lettres de Paris*. Par Henri Schirmer. Paris, 1893.

THE remarkable expansion of French territory and the consequent extension of French influence in Western and North-Western Africa have hitherto aroused little interest in Great Britain. The recent squabbles of the Niger Company, together with the regrettable incident of Waima, so closely followed by the naval operations at the mouth of the Gambia, drew attention, for a brief period, in that direction. But even the later occupation of Timbuctoo, accompanied as it was by the tragic fate of Colonel Bonnier and his staff, failed to excite more than a languid curiosity on this side of the Channel concerning the advance of French arms along the course of the Niger. It is, therefore, our object in the following pages to trace the sequence of recent military operations which have enabled France to establish herself throughout that wide extent of country now recognized as 'Le Soudan Français.'

The results of these operations within the last decade of years have been to give France actual possession of 'Le Soudan Français,' a territory which includes the whole extent of the valleys and basins drained by the upper affluents of the Senegal and of the Upper Niger. To the west the French Soudan is bounded by the old colony of Senegal, the narrow wedge of the Gambia (British), and the Portuguese Guinea coast; to the south-west it is limited by Fouta-Djallon, Sierra Leone, and Liberia. To the south it joins the French Ivory Coast, whilst the French sphere extends in this direction beyond Ashanti to Dahomey, likewise French. Timbuctoo marks the north-east corner; and from this advanced position to Bakel on the Senegal, the distance, as the crow flies, is over six hundred miles,

# SENEGAL AND THE FRENCH SOUDAN.



Par Ernest Lalanne.

Walker & Boutall sc.

miles, whilst from Niore in the Kaarta to the source of the Niger on the frontier of Sierra Leone the distance is not less than four hundred and thirty miles in a straight line. Towards the east and north the delimitations of the French Soudan are indefinable, but the French sphere of influence is recognized as including the whole of the Western Sahara from Lake Tchad to Cape Juby.

An outline of the development of French progress from the banks of the Senegal to the Upper Niger may be briefly sketched, in order that our readers may follow the successive stages of the various expeditions by which whole provinces bordering on the arterial communications of these two rivers have been subjugated piecemeal and annexed wholesale by the personal energy of a few French commanders, almost in despite of the Mother State herself.

The Dieppois claim for their mariners the honour of having first opened trade with the African ports beyond Cape Verde as early as the fourteenth century (1364-65). But no French commercial settlements were actually established on the coast of Senegambia before the seventeenth century, when the little island of Saint Louis was, in 1626, first occupied under the patronage of Cardinal Richelieu. With the early vicissitudes of this small colony, which was sustained by the merchants of Bordeaux mainly for the purpose of traffic in slaves, we need not here concern ourselves. It is sufficient to recollect that, after falling into the hands of the British from 1758 to 1793, this small islet was again taken by the English in 1808, and held by them until it was restored to Louis XVIII. in 1815. For nearly forty years afterwards the indifference of France and frequent change of Governors paralysed all progress in the colony. Each succeeding Commandant arrived wholly ignorant of the conditions of his charge, and left as soon as he had commenced to understand the true requirements of the colonists. The position of the few resident Bordelais traders during this period was humiliating in the extreme. Annual tributes or 'customs' had to be paid to the several native chiefs at the few stations where trade was permitted on the banks of the river Senegal, whilst the Trarza Moors on the north side of that river plundered the passing vessels and carried their raids up to the very outskirts of the town of St. Louis. At last, about the time of the Crimean War, the merchants at Bordeaux persuaded the Minister of Marine, M. Ducos (himself a Bordelais), to nominate a competent governor to rule the colony for a longer term of years. Captain Faidherbe, an officer of Engineers, who had already distinguished himself in Algeria,

Algeria, and who had seen colonial service both in Senegal and Guadeloupe, was selected for the appointment, which he held for something like ten years; and it is almost wholly due to this officer's perseverance and energy that the colony of Senegal has become as prosperous as it now is.

Commandant Faidherbe's first measures, after his arrival at St. Louis, early in 1855, were to establish fortified posts at intervals along the navigable waters of the Senegal, to protect the traffic, and to ensure the safety of St. Louis and its environs. At this period the tribes of the interior were excited against the Europeans on the coast by a Toucouleur chief, El Hadj Omar, who, at the head of several thousand 'talibés' and 'sofas,' horse and foot, had conquered Bambouk, and, after over-running other provinces, flushed with success, was advancing to attack the French outposts. The station highest up the stream was Médine, then defended by a French officer (a half-caste named Paul Holl) and seven Europeans, with fifty Sénégalais soldiers and 'laptots.\*' For ninety-seven days did Holl and his small garrison gallantly hold out against the hordes of Toucouleurs, until Faidherbe himself was able to come to their relief, forcing Omar to retire, and thus turning the tide of the Toucouleur invasion, in August 1857.

When security had been restored to the neighbourhood of the colony, Commandant Faidherbe turned his attention to public works at head-quarters. Bridges, roads, telegraph lines, quays, piers, barracks, warehouses, schools, a museum, a bank, a post-office, and in fact public establishments of all kinds, were constructed. Fine buildings, boulevards, and gardens soon rendered Saint Louis by far the most attractive capital in all West Africa. These works having been completed, or set in progress, Governor Faidherbe next occupied himself with extending the frontiers of the colony and opening up new channels of traffic with the neighbouring countries. No bands of marauding nomads were permitted to remain on the left or southern bank of the Senegal, whilst block-houses efficiently guarded the various fords and passages across that river, whose upper waters were also patrolled by steamers. Treaties were made with the Trarza Moors, the Braknas and Bambouk tribes. In place of the humiliating 'customs,' payable at the 'escales,' or native fairs and periodical markets at the trading posts, regular factories and marts of exchange were established at Médine, Bakel, Matam, and elsewhere, under the protection of forts held by colonial levies. It must be remembered that

\* 'Laptot' is an old Sénégalais word which designates the black native boatmen employed on the river and coast.

the



the actual number of Europeans in the colony at this time was very small. At Saint Louis, for instance, out of 13,000 souls, but 185 Europeans were resident in 1856-57; yet the French under Faidherbe's guidance quickly made themselves masters of the valley of the Senegal as far as Médine, upwards of five hundred miles from the Atlantic.

A series of explorations was now instituted under picked officers to visit the most notable chiefs of the tribes along the coast, as well as those ruling the inland provinces on the higher affluents of the Senegal. Among these expeditions Captain Vincent, in 1860, traversed the country of the Adrar or Western Sahara, as far as the Ouled Delim tribes near Cape Blanc; M. Bourrel was sent to inspect the country of the Braknas; Lieut. Pascal undertook an exploration through the Bambouk district; Lieut. Lambert led a similar mission into the high plateaux of Fouta-Djallon, where the Senegal has its principal source; and in 1861 Lieut. Mage made an adventurous journey as far as the oasis of the Tagant. Most of the tribes visited were induced to acknowledge the protectorate of France, whilst numerous treaties of friendship were brought back from all sides by the several missions.

Governor Faidherbe left Senegal for a time in 1861, but, as the colony evidently declined after his removal, he was recalled in 1863. One of his first acts after his return was to send Lieut. Mage, who had already proved his ability for such an undertaking, on an important mission to El Hadj Omar, whose head-quarters were then (1864) said to be at Ségou on the Niger. Faidherbe's instructions on this occasion supply the key-note of the policy then initiated of rapidly expanding the French influence inland, and thus forestalling the extension of the British colonies towards the interior from the West coast. Lieut. Mage, accompanied by Dr. Quintin, leaving the outermost station held by the French in January 1864, embarked on the Niger at Yamina and reached Ségou. There he remained over two years before Ahmadou, the son and successor of Omar, who had disappeared rather mysteriously, could be induced to sign a treaty. It was not till June 1866 that the belated envoys returned to Saint Louis, only to find that, during their absence, Governor Faidherbe had been replaced by M. Pinet Laprade; and finally, as it happened, the treaty they brought back was never ratified by the Imperial Government.\*

This expedition was the last of the series organized by

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\* 'Voyage dans le Soudan Occidental,' par Lieut. E. Mage; Paris, 1872. Lieut. Mage was lost in the wreck of the 'Gorgone,' outside Brest, on the 19th of December, 1869.

General Faidherbe. After his departure from the colony a season of inactivity ensued, which afforded, however, time for French influence to become consolidated throughout those districts where Faidherbe's numerous missions had procured treaties of commerce and amity. Moreover the Franco-German war, during which General Faidherbe's reputation as a wise commander was thoroughly established, and the military and financial disasters which accompanied the fall of the Empire, prevented for many years any further expansion of the French colonies in West Africa beyond their then limited frontiers.

The next advance inland was due to private enterprise. In 1878, M. Paul Soleillet succeeded in reaching Ségou, where he found that Ahmadou had greatly profited by the prestige of his treaty with the French, and had cleverly utilised it to increase his borders about Ségou and Nioro. M. Soleillet was prevented from penetrating into Macina, lower down the Niger, by the jealousy of Ahmadou, who was unwilling that his rival Tidiani, the sovereign of that country, should also enter into treaty with the French.

At this period a recrudescence of colonial activity began to replace the indifference which had hitherto prevailed in France with regard to the Soudan. M. de Freycinet, then Minister of Public Works, instituted a commission to study the question of the best method of communication by railway between Algeria, Senegal, and the Soudan. This commission was in favour of a line to be constructed from the Senegal to the Niger, and the Governor of Senegal, Colonel Brière de l'Isle, drew up a programme whereby this line could be completed within six years. The projected line was to be in three sections: the first to connect Saint Louis with Dakar, which has now been in working order for the last ten years; the second between Saint Louis and Kayes, which has not yet been constructed, the passage being made by water; and the third, from Kayes to Bamakou, which has been finished as far as Bafoulabé, with a narrow-gauge tramline to Dioulaba, a distance of 150 kilomètres. The necessary credits for the surveys were duly voted by Parliament, and MM. Jacquemart, Pietri, Monteil, and Sorin were despatched to carry out the preliminary reconnaissances and to obtain possession of the required country. A more important mission, however, was confided to Captain Gallieni—viz., that of surveying the route from the Senegal to the Niger, and of obtaining from Ahmadou a concession of his territories which extended directly across the track of the projected *Chemin-de-fer Sénégalonigérien*.

The fanatical Toucouleur chiefs urged Ahmadou to resist the advance

advance of the foreigners; but, after keeping the members of the French mission in suspense for a period of ten months, the successor of Omar, on learning that Colonel Borgnis Desbordes had occupied the strategical points of Kita and Goubanko (previously indicated by Faidherbe), in great alarm signed with Captain Gallieni a convention, by which the French obtained access to the Upper Niger, on the 21st of March, 1881.

Whilst Captain Gallieni was at Ségou, he heard of an European traveller who had just left Timbuctoo and proceeded by way of Nioro to Senegal. This was Dr. Oscar Lenz, who had reached the Saharan capital in July 1880 by way of Tendouf, Toudeyni, and Arrouan across the desert from Morocco, and this explorer claimed to be the fifth European who had ever been known to enter that famous trade-centre of the Upper Niger.

Dr. Lenz found that Timbuctoo was not the only important trade mart of these regions, as Europeans had been led to suppose. Thus he visited Sokolo to the westward, a town containing 10,000 inhabitants, and another place, Goumbou, consisting of two towns, separated by a lake, which together are larger and more populous than Timbuctoo, and where the Arab inhabitants are not so intermixed with the black races of Nigritia. From the date of Gallieni's mission the possession of these large centres of the Saharan trade, the keys of the Saharan desert, became the immediate objects of French military projects in this direction.

At this time a warlike chief of Malinka origin, named Samory, who had constituted a large realm around Bissandougou, was attempting to extend his dominion westwards and northwards across the Niger, and was thus repeatedly bringing his armed bands of Bambara slaves, or 'Sofas,' into collision with the troops under Colonel Borgnis Desbordes.\* Though continually defeated, it was not till 1886 that the Sofas made a treaty with their European enemies and ceased for a time to constitute a danger to the French colony. This treaty was readily recognized by the British, to whom Samory had previously been making overtures for the protection of Sierra Leone, with the native merchants of which colony his delegates had established friendly relations.

In May 1887 Lieut.-Colonel Gallieni obtained from Ahmadou a treaty by which his states were also placed under the Pro-

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\* *La France dans l'Afrique Occidentale*, par Colonel Borgnis Desbordes.  
Paris 1884.

tectorate of France.\* Thanks to the peace which then temporarily prevailed, the organization of the colony, now first named the French Soudan, progressed tranquilly enough; whilst the French engineers were able to proceed with the construction of the railway, and the village of Siguiri on the Upper Niger was occupied as an advanced post. The gunboat 'Niger,' launched at Bamakou in May 1884, had not hitherto been able to pass beyond the 'marigot' leading to Djenné. In 1887, however, Lieut. Caron was able to penetrate this channel, and, continuing down stream, arrived at Kabara, the port of Timbuctoo. During this same interval of peace Captain Binger (now Governor of the Ivory Coast) made his enterprising explorations south of the Niger, and Captain Audéoud carried a military reconnaissance across the plateaux of the Fouta-Djallon, a country which had been explored fully by the Vicomte de Sanderval and his agents, MM. Gaboriaud and Ansaldi, between 1880 and 1885.

The newly-appointed military Commandant, Colonel Archinard, on taking over the administration of the Soudan Français at the end of 1888, finding that the Toucouleurs of Koundian levied blackmail on all caravans passing the Bafing River, proceeded to attack that stronghold. The place was taken by assault after a stubborn resistance, and its fate prompted Ahmadou's determination to join with Samory in making a simultaneous attack upon the French posts along the Niger and on the Upper Senegal.

On learning the intentions of these allies, Colonel Archinard decided to take the initiative by striking directly at Ségou, which was then defended by Madani, one of Ahmadou's brothers, thereby cutting off Ahmadou at Nioro from co-operating with Samory at Bissandougou. Ségou was taken on April 6, 1890, its capture causing all the Bambara tribes in the neighbourhood to give in their submission, and the administration was confided to a Bambara chief, Bodian, who had long been an adherent of the French, under the control of a French Resident, who was supported by a strong escort. The anchorage of the gunboat flotilla was at the same time transferred from Koulikoro lower down the stream to Ségou. Continuing their victories, Colonel Archinard's column captured stronghold after stronghold, and, after more fighting, the French troops entered triumphantly into Nioro, the capital of the Kaarta, which the Toucouleurs under Ahmadou had just evacuated, in January 1891. A decisive action was next fought at Youri, whither Colonel Archinard had pursued the fugitive Toucouleur chieftain, who

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\* 'Une Colonne dans le Soudan Français' (1886-1887), par E. Gallieni, Lieut.-Colonel d'Infanterie de Marine. Paris, 1888.

fled,

fled, almost alone, to take refuge in Macina; and the whole of the Kaarta thus fell into the possession of the French.

While Colonel Archinard, however, was pursuing his victorious progress in the neighbourhood of Niore, the Baninko tribes about Ségou rose against the administration of Bodian, who happened to be away assisting an ally at some distance from Ségou. On hearing of this rising, Colonel Archinard, leaving garrisons in the Kaarta, hastened towards the Niger and relieved Lient. Hourst, whose gunboats and 'laptots' were blockaded by the Baninko at Diéna.\* The insurgents were severely punished, and soon submitted to French authority; but the sceptre was given to Mademba, under whom the kingdom of Sansanding was re-established, as Bodian at Ségou was incapable of governing this northern portion of his territory from the right bank, where his capital was situated.

Meanwhile Samory had concluded, in February 1889, an amended treaty, whereby all his possessions on the left bank of the Niger were conceded to the French. But in less than three months he sent back this instrument, refusing to ratify it, although he was promptly given to understand that such a proceeding would be resented by armed interference. Colonel Archinard lost no time in negotiations, but, crossing the Niger, at once occupied Kankan, a stronghold in the valley of the Milo. Samory himself, in full retreat, was hotly pursued and twice beaten, on April 8 and 9, 1891, and the campaign resulted in the French occupation of Bissandougou, Samory's capital.

In October 1891, Lient.-Colonel Humbert succeeded Colonel Archinard in command of the French Soudan. His first arrangements were to push on the survey for a prolongation of the railway line from Bafoulabé as far as Kita towards the Niger; and next to organize a column for operations during the cool season by advancing against Samory from Kankan. After some obstinate fighting, he marched into Bissandougou, and, closely following up Samory, pushed further on into the country, in spite of the resistance which he still experienced at various points on the road. But, although much war material was captured or destroyed, and Samory himself nearly made prisoner, the results of the campaign were not decisive. Everywhere Samory's troops still overran the country, except within range of the posts held by the French.

Nevertheless, the moral effect produced upon the Sofas by

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\* Diéna is on the Bani, or Mayel Balevel River, below Djenné.

the uniform success of the French attacks was considerable. The effect of the projectiles of the Lebel rifle especially terrified them. Although there were only thirty of these weapons in Colonel Humbert's column, yet, placed in the hands of picked marksmen, they created a profound demoralization throughout the ranks of Samory's army. Colonel Humbert, on returning to Kayes after this campaign, found that the Peuhls had again risen in the north of the Soudan against the rulers placed by the French in charge of Sansanding and Ségou; but in less than two months Commandant Bonnier, whom he despatched against the insurgent tribes, succeeded, after some sharp fighting, in extinguishing this insurrectionary movement, which, if allowed to make way, might have seriously threatened the French possession of the Upper Niger.

In 1892 the Under-Secretary of State, M. Jamais, gave to the French Soudan a political autonomy, a necessary consequence of its administrative autonomy, which had, in fact, existed since 1887; and he confided the direction of affairs to Colonel Archinard, whilst the conduct of active operations in the field was delegated to Colonel Combes, under whom a Soudanese native regiment was now newly organized. The first task of Colonel Combes was to cut off the communications of Samory with Sierra Leone, from whence he obtained arms and ammunition, as well as from the Fouta-Djallon, where he was able to exchange slaves for oxen and provisions.

Colonel Combes concentrated his small force on the line from Kita to Siguiri by the end of the year, and marched on to Kankan, finding all the villages ruined and burnt, but meeting with no opposition, although the outposts of the Sofas were constantly visible on the crests of the neighbouring hills. On reaching Ouomi, an important strategical point on the left bank of the Milo, the commander divided his expedition into two columns,—one under Commandant de Gasquet to guard the fords and communications on the Milo, and another under his own orders to follow up Samory's marauding bands, whose only object was now to escape from any encounter with the French troops. Colonel Combes himself led his lightly-equipped column into the Nafana country, a region hitherto unexplored by Europeans, and respecting which only the vaguest information was obtainable. In this thickly-wooded Nafana region, inhabited by a savage black race, impassable except by narrow paths through the bush, and intersected everywhere by deep streams, the fighting was incessant. During this trying campaign the French troops fought in 14 actions, marched 550 miles, crossed 172 'marigots,' with steep banks and full of

water, 13 large rivers, and re-entered the post of Keronané on the 33rd day (March 10, 1893), without having lost a single European. They lost 4 Tirailleurs and Spahis killed, and brought back 2 of the Foreign Legion and 15 natives wounded. It was a remarkable exploit.

Ably seconded by his subordinates, Colonel Combes had broken up the Sofas into small bands, driven them across the river Milo, and established French posts far south of Kankan. Whilst these important results had been achieved in the southern regions of the French Soudan, serious events were happening in the valley of the Niger, where Ahmadou had succeeded to the throne of Macina on the death of the Sultan Mounirou. The Moors of the Ouled Nacer tribe also became troublesome, but were reduced to terms by the stoppage of their supply of millet from the Kaarta at Nioro. Colonel Archinard placed a French officer at Ségou, and, at the head of two companies of tirailleurs and four companies of Soudanese auxiliaries, with two guns, he himself marched on Djenné, the commercial centre of Macina. Although the garrison of Djenné was not anxious to resist, the fanatical inhabitants of the town, which is celebrated for its Mussulman schools, induced the Toucouleurs to hold the place against the French, who, after a smart bombardment, entered the place on April 22, 1893. Aguibou, a Toucouleur chief, although a brother of Ahmadou, was placed on the throne of Macina by the French Governor, with a French resident and escort to control his proceedings. This occupation of Djenné, together with the establishment at Mopti of the gunboat flotilla, was a notable indication to all the sedentary populations along the banks of the Niger that the French influence was now preponderant in the Soudan. As soon as Djenné had been subdued, the merchants of Timbuctoo sent emissaries to Colonel Archinard, protesting their desire to be at peace with France,\* recognizing that they were dependent for all their supplies on Macina. From this date it was only a matter for calculation when the propitious moment should arrive to enter the great metropolis of the West Sahara. But the Under-Secretary of State in Paris insisted that no further advance or unauthorized annexation should take place in this direction. Already, in fact, the Soudan itself had become too unwieldy an acquisition to hold without an excessive expenditure of men, material, and, above all, money, which the French Chamber showed an extreme unwillingness to vote for such a purpose. In this attitude they

\* Lieut. Mage states that the 'Touaregs' from Timbuctoo had signed a treaty of commerce with the French at Saint Louis previous to 1863. (*Op. cit.*, p. 4.)  
represented

represented the views of the mass of the French people, who, with the exception of the Colonial party, were absolutely indifferent to West African affairs.

For some ten years past, indeed, the frontier line between Sierra Leone with Liberia and the French Soudan had been the subject of negotiations between France and Great Britain. But an agreement had been arrived at in 1891, which determined the line of demarcation from the remarkable mountain of Tembi Komba, where the most remote source of the Niger takes its rise, along the watershed on the left bank of its highest affluent, the Faliko, as far as the 10th degree of latitude which formed the northern limit of Sierra Leone. As we have seen, many of the Sofas, driven off French territory by the spirited exertions of Colonel Combes, had taken a southern course and were devastating and plundering the Konno country within the sphere allotted to the British. It was to drive back these intruders and to protect the tribes within the Sierra Leone boundaries that Colonel Ellis advanced from Freetown, with some companies of the 1st Battalion West India Regiment and the Frontier Police, through the Konno country, in search of Poro-Kerri's \* warriors at the end of last November.

'The Sofas under Poro-Kerri were simply slave-hunters. With or without pretext they attacked in succession the surrounding tribes, taking the rice and other crops for their own use, slaughtering the men and seizing the women and children as slaves. Once embarked on this career, they were obliged to continue it, for they grew no food for themselves and could only subsist upon what they seized from others. The traffic in slaves was carried on by Mahomedan dealers from Porto Lokko, the Susu country and Fouta-Djallon, and the majority of the slaves were sent out of the sphere of British influence. In exchange for the slaves the Sofas received arms and gunpowder from Freetown, which were sent through Porto Lokko to Bumban, and forwarded on by Suluku, Chief of that town. I was informed that several of the Mahomedans of Freetown were engaged in this traffic; and when it is remembered that Nalfu Modu, a leading Sofa, had been for some months residing in the house of the Chief Interpreter of the Department of Native Affairs, himself a Mahomedan, it can scarcely be doubted that some of the officials of that department were privy to the arrangement, even if they did not profit by it.' †

It was solely on interpreters that both the French and English expeditions could rely for information. It is not

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\* Poro-Kerri seems to have been one of Samory's lieutenants. The name does not appear in any of the French accounts.

† Official Despatch of Colonel Ellis.



wonderful, therefore, that, by collusion of Sofa agents, the regrettable collision at Waima was brought about on December 23, when Lieut. Waritz made his night attack on the British camp under the belief that it was a Sofa post. This unfortunate affair has been thoroughly explained. The purely accidental nature of the occurrence has been so clearly proved, and the explanation has so completely satisfied the Powers interested, that we need not further discuss the circumstances.\*

The history of the French Soudan was now about to enter upon another phase. Hitherto, as we have seen, the administration of this country had been entirely under military chiefs, who reported to the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, but, at the same time, looked to the Ministers of War and of Marine for their approval and promotion. At last, after continual but ineffectual remonstrance, the French Government, in order to check the annual expenditure incurred by these numerous expeditions, to control the too rapid strides of annexation which followed in their wake, and to limit the increase of auxiliary native battalions, determined to put its foot down on such proceedings in future by placing a civil governor over the French Soudan and organizing the administration on a civilian footing.

It was accordingly notified to the authorities in Senegal and the Soudan that in December a civil governor, M. Albert Grodet, would be sent from France with special instructions to undertake the government of the Soudan under new auspices. At this date, however, it happened that the Commandant at Kayes, who had only been waiting for the cool season to go to the relief of Ténétou (where Samory had been for some time past operating with his horde of plundering Sofas), had already organized another important expeditionary force at Bamakou, whilst with a light column he first proceeded on a brief campaign against his old antagonist on November 17, 1893.

Ténétou, after a long blockade, had now fallen into the hands of Samory, who, with his usual tactics, at once retired towards the south before the French advance. But, tracking his route by the ruin and destruction which always marked the progress of the Almamy, Colonel Bonnier succeeded in catching him up and inflicting severe punishment on the Sofas, the Almamy himself narrowly escaping during the last action, when his 'griot,' or personal attendant, was captured. Instead, however, of continuing the pursuit, to the surprise of his men Colonel

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\* The inquiries necessary to verify the geographical position of Waima had not been concluded, when Sir E. Grey was questioned on the subject, in the House of Commons, on May 7, 1894.

Bonnier hastened back to Bamakou by December 17. The fact was that he had heard of the impending arrival of the new civil governor, who, as he well knew, was despatched from France for the express purpose of putting a stop to his intended expedition, and he had resolved, whilst still in independent command, to gain additional reputation by a rapid advance on Timbuctoo before his project could be interfered with.

The advance on Timbuctoo had in fact been adroitly preconcerted. Supplies and boats had been previously collected, so that when M. Grodet reached his head-quarters at Kayes and telegraphed the news of his arrival to the various officers in charge of districts, he found to his surprise that the senior Commandant, his second in command, the entire staff, and all available troops had departed on an expedition towards an unknown destination, which, however, could hardly be doubted to indicate Timbuctoo. M. Grodet's message seems to have reached Colonel Bonnier as he was leaving Ségou, for he acknowledged its receipt from that station, but gave no further clue to his movements. Two divisions had been organized. One, including the Commandant himself, his staff, a battery of mountain guns, and most of the infantry (*tirailleurs*), embarked on flat lighters and boats to descend the Niger. The other, under Colonel Joffre, comprising all the cavalry (Spahis, regular and irregular) and the horses, battery mules and baggage animals, was ordered to march across country, at some distance from the inundated banks of the Niger, on the north bank, and timed to reach its destination eight days behind the infantry division, which proceeded down the stream, leaving Ségou on December 26, 1893.

Meanwhile the ambitious Commandant had himself been anticipated in his advance on the Saharan capital. Lieut. Boiteux had been strictly enjoined by Colonel Bonnier to stand fast with his flotilla of gunboats, the 'Mage,' the 'Niger,' and their attendant launches, at his station, Mopti, and there await the arrival of the expedition; for hitherto the naval lieutenant had been permitted by Colonel Bonnier's predecessor, Colonel Archinard, to convoy trading vessels from Djenné to Kabara, the port of Timbuctoo.

But, in the Soudanese atmosphere, as M. Casimir-Perier afterwards remarked in the Chamber of Deputies, '*certaines ardeurs ont été excessives et certains courages irréguliers.*' Lieut. Boiteux did not hesitate, in his turn, to refuse compliance with the orders of his superior officer. Hearing that he was to be superseded by Lieut. Hourst (who was about to leave France destined for special hydrographic duty on the Niger, where

where he had previously served with distinction), the Commandant of the 'Mage' at once pushed on with all his vessels to Kabara, disembarked on Dec. 23 with a landing party, and after a few preliminary skirmishes with some neighbouring Touaregs, who were easily dispersed by a shell or two from the machine-guns of the gunboats, took possession of the port, and marched quietly into the unresisting town of Timbuctoo. There he hoisted the tricolour on Christmas day, whilst Colonel Bonnier was embarking his expedition, some 300 miles distant up the stream. After this brilliant but somewhat insubordinate *coup de main*, Lieut. Boiteux despatched his subaltern, Léon Aube, to visit the neighbouring villages on the banks of the Niger, in order to receive the submissions of the sedentary population who were disposed to be friendly. This gallant young officer, who had just been nursed through a severe attack of fever by his comrade and senior officer, to whom he was devotedly attached, was unfortunately cut off with his small detachment of 'laptots,' and the whole party, excepting two who escaped, were slain by the Touaregs on the plain of Kabara.

Meantime the Governor of the Soudan, finding no one to receive him at Kayes—for all the military officials were absent on this unknown expedition—telegraphed to the Minister, explaining the situation, and received assurance of the entire support of the Government in upholding his supreme authority over the subordinate military officers. But distances are great in the Soudan, and Colonel Bonnier was, by this time, far beyond the reach of any message of recall. The first division reached Mopti on the 31st of December, and then, for the first time, Colonel Bonnier learnt of Lieut. Boiteux's ill-advised and too precipitate action in entering Timbuctoo before the arrival of the land forces, and of the disaster thereby incurred by M. Aube's detachment, an event which might have led to the entire wrecking of the whole expedition. Without losing a moment, Colonel Bonnier embarked the 5th company of Tirailleurs in all the boats he could lay hands on and pushed on with part of his force to Timbuctoo, which place he was enabled to enter, without further mishap, on the 10th of January, 1894, leaving, however, his guns and supplies to follow, three days in the rear, escorted by the 2nd company of Tirailleurs.

On his arrival at Timbuctoo, Colonel Bonnier sent for Lieut. Boiteux, and reproached him for direct disobedience of orders and for negligence in the affair whereby the disaster at Kabara had been brought about, finally sentencing him to the mild punishment of thirty days' open arrest. We get a glimpse  
behind

behind the scenes from Colonel Bonnier's own report of this stormy interview :—

‘ M. Boiteux m’a répondu sur un ton insolent et irrité, employant des expressions telles que: “Nom de Dieu! . . .” et criant qu’il n’avait pas été battu, qu’il avait au contraire, lors de l’affaire de Kabara, marché à l’ennemi, lequel avait été mis en déroute par lui.’

Consequently the Colonel ordered the naval lieutenant to go on board his gunboat and remain there under arrest for fifteen days in addition, the maximum punishment he was able to award for his subordinate's insolence on this occasion. The whole affair exhibits a certain slackness of discipline, which recalls scenes that occurred during the old East India Company's days, but which seem impossible in our own military and naval services of the present date.

The definite occupation of Timbuctoo was now telegraphed to M. Grodet, who thereupon promptly recalled Colonel Bonnier, and sent orders to Commandant Hugny to construct a block-house and establish himself in charge of the garrison with six guns, sending back all troops not absolutely necessary to their respective stations. But graver events had happened before these orders reached their destination.

On the 12th of January Colonel Bonnier set off on reconnaissance duty at the head of a lightly equipped flying column, accompanied by Commandant Hugny, his second in command, the whole of the 5th and part of the 11th Tirailleurs and all his staff, mostly mounted on donkeys, for the horses were all with Colonel Joffre's division. The senior captain, M. Philippe, was left in charge of the entrenchment at Timbuctoo and the block-house which was in course of construction at Kabara, where he was reinforced on the following day by the guns and 2nd company of Tirailleurs with supplies from Mopti.

After marching two days, the light column took possession of a deserted Touareg encampment as well as of a quantity of cattle belonging to the Tenguereguif tribe, on January 14. Leaving a detachment under Sub-Lieutenant Sarda to guard this camp, Colonel Bonnier at once proceeded to Dougoi, another evacuated encampment, which offered an inviting resting-place after the long march. The native troops and officers were worn out with fatigue, and, as the enemy seemed to have disappeared, although sentries were posted, no outlying pickets or outposts appear to have been stationed outside the camp. So accustomed were Colonel Bonnier and his Tirailleurs to find the Soudanese flee before them, without making a stand, that they calculated on meeting no resistance whatsoever on the part of the Touareg tribes

tribes—a very different kind of enemy, as they were soon destined to experience.

At 4 A.M., when the moon had set and before daybreak on the 15th January, a large troop of Touareg horse and foot, who had approached under cover of herds of cattle, suddenly dashed into the encampment, surprised the sentries, and seized or overthrew the piled arms, whilst a picked body made straight for the head-quarters. A number of loose cattle driven in among the sleeping troops completed the confusion. Nearly all the French officers and men were cut down and slain before any alarm or attempt at rally could be made. Captain Nigotte was the only officer who, with a very few Tirailleurs, managed to escape, and, in spite of a wound, made his way back to M. Sarda's detachment, with which they retreated to the garrison at Timbuctoo. On learning the disaster, Captain Philippe sent out reconnoitring parties to bring in any of the fugitives who might have escaped the general slaughter, and put the garrison in a state of defence ready for any emergency. As he had been reinforced by the rear portion of Colonel Bonnier's column, and as Colonel Joffre's mounted division was known to be advancing, there was no fear for the safety of the post; although groups of Touareg horsemen immediately made their presence known in the vicinity, disappearing, however, whenever they attracted the fire of the French outposts.

We must now return to Colonel Joffre's force, which had left Ségou on the 27th of December. This column crossing the Niger made its way through Sansanding by the left bank of the flooded river, until it reached the lower country inundated by the winter rains. To avoid this impassable ground, Colonel Joffre took a more northerly course, and proceeded through a difficult country to Soumpé, the chief of this latter place accompanying the force onwards as a guide. Some envoys were sent on to obtain supplies at Niafouké; but the local chief refused his assistance, and even threatened the French. A company of Tirailleurs, with a couple of guns and an escort of Spahis, who were at once sent to enforce the French demands, found 400 warriors drawn up in battle array to contest their approach. These tribesmen did not hesitate to charge right up to the French line; it was only when fire was opened upon them with telling effect and one-third of their number were killed, that the remainder broke and fled, leaving the village open to the French detachment.

On the 26th of January, 1894, the force arrived at a broad and deep 'marigot,' where a delay was inevitable until boats could be obtained from the main river. The Touaregs who had cut

cut off Colonel Bonnier's head-quarters staff, here made their appearance, threatening to dispute the passage. But a few shells and the appearance of the gunboats, which had by this time been warned of Colonel Joffre's approach, soon put them to flight, and the whole of the mounted division effected the crossing by the 3rd of February. A move onward was made on the 7th, the column reaching two days afterwards the site of the camp where Colonel Bonnier's party had been surprised. Here the bodies of the French officers and men killed on the 15th of January were found and taken on to Timbuctoo, which place Colonel Joffre entered on the 12th of February. The effective occupation of this famous city by the French was now complete. A fort was soon in process of construction, whilst a blockhouse to command the landing near Kabara established its safe communication with the river and gunboats.

The chiefs and notables of the various villages in the neighbourhood soon began to come in, signifying their submission and asking for protection. The Touareg nomads, however, still held aloof, and against these wild tribes of the desert several small expeditions were organized. A large number of their cattle was seized, and wherever resistance was offered the Lebel rifles made short work of the enemy's ineffectual defence. The tribe of Touaregs who had destroyed the French expedition at Dougoi, was specially followed up and well-nigh exterminated on the 25th of March. One chief, who, having been previously wounded, had remained absent at a more distant camp, alone remains of all the ruling family in this tribe. All the other chiefs have been killed. Such slaughter seems dreadful to contemplate, but doubtless it was absolutely necessary, from a military point of view, to re-establish French prestige throughout the Sahara, where mercy would only be taken to indicate weakness, if such an incident as the night surprise at Dougoi had been allowed to pass unavenged.\*

The news of the occupation of Timbuctoo had aroused little enthusiasm at Paris, and the intelligence of the disaster at Dougoi was likewise received by the French nation with great calmness; the confident attitude of M. Casimir-Perier preventing any scene of recrimination or excitement. 'La France ne recule pas devant un échec quelque douloureux qu'il soit,' was his patriotic declaration to those who asked if Timbuctoo was to be evacuated. The subsequent reports of Colonel Joffre

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\* According to the latest news from Colonel Joffre, dated June 20, the situation at Timbuctoo was satisfactory. Two new posts had been established at El Waledji, north of Safay, the other at Salaféré on the Barra Issa.

and M. Grodet were sufficiently reassuring; but they only made it more evident that the military spirit must no longer be permitted to remain predominant in this as well as in other outlying colonies. Whilst the Government decided to telegraph congratulations to Colonel Joffre on the skilful conduct of his operations, and especially on his brilliant march from Ségou to Timbuctoo, they at the same time strengthened the hands of M. Grodet. To put an end to the constantly prevailing misconception of the fundamental attributes of civil government throughout the colonies, they created a special Department of the State for the Colonies, wholly distinct from the Marine Office. In the middle of March M. Boulanger was appointed Minister of the Colonies, with a competent staff, who proceeded to organize the new department. Its organization in four distinct services was duly announced in the 'Journal Officiel' of May 6. It is beyond our province, in the present paper, to discuss M. Boulanger's report on his new organization\*; in fact, it is only alluded to here as having been finally brought about by these momentous operations in the French Soudan.

To return to Timbuctoo, where the French garrison was now strongly entrenched, with their communications assured and an ample supply of ammunition and provisions. Timbuctoo, the capital of the Songhais people of the Middle Niger, at one time the centre of a great Nigritian Empire, was conquered, in 1591, by Moors commanded by Jodan, a Spanish adventurer from Almeria, who was followed by a band of Andalusians equipped with fire-arms. Henceforward these Rumas held supremacy over the Songhais, until displaced in succession by Peuhls, Touaregs, and, finally, Toucouleurs. After the brief Toucouleur occupation of 1863, the townspeople have been ruled by a *djemaa*, or association of merchants, under a Kabia or hereditary Mayor, paying tribute now to one tribe, now to another,—in fact, to whatever Touareg chief has held power in the neighbourhood for the time being. Oscar Lenz estimated the population, in 1880, at 20,000 souls, consisting mainly of Arabs, Berbers, Songhais, Touaregs, Mandingans, Bambaras, and Peuhls. The family of the Bakhai marabouts has long wielded great influence over the Mahommedan inhabitants.

The arrival of the French relieved the town from the scarcity which had begun to prevail. As soon as the occupation

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\* M. Boulanger has since been succeeded by M. Delcassé, late Colonial Under-Secretary, who has had practical experience of the old system under which the Government's hand was so repeatedly forced, and is therefore well qualified to deal with the situation.

had been definitely secured, deputations from the Soudanese towns both up and down the river appeared to enquire if trade could be re-opened. Satisfied that commerce would be safe under French protection, the merchants at Bandiagara, Djenné, Diaréfaré, and Mopti have, we are told, manifested their confidence in the security of their market by sending in lighters full of grain and Soudanese produce. The caravan traffic also, which had lately fallen into disrepute for want of protection, was expected to resume its movement across the desert, or possibly in the direction of the route to Saint Louis by Nioro.

In regard to this caravan traffic across the Sahara to Morocco, some slight idea of what it was not long ago may be gained from an example furnished by M. Lacoste, the French Consul at Mogador, who gives details of the actual cargo transported by a large caravan from Timbuctoo across the desert to Tendouf, on the frontier of Morocco, after a journey of fifty-five days in 1887. This caravan consisted of 650 camels, of which 50 were employed to carry water and 600 laden with merchandise, ivory, gold dust, ostrich feathers, &c., together with more than 520 slaves. The total value was 36,680*l*. But the traffic in slaves will anyhow cease to be carried on by this route in the face of the French occupation. Most of the slaves were sold at Tendouf with proportions of the heavier merchandise. The remainder of the giraffe skins and Soudan cloths were disposed of at the market of Iligh in the Tazeroualt. The ostrich feathers, gold, ivory, and gum, however, are taken on to the merchants of Mogador who own the cargo and fitted out the consignment. Formerly the Morocco port was the town of Agadir, where there is an excellent harbour; but the Sultan has closed this port to commerce, as he could not control the exports and imports. The export of Soudan products from Mogador has averaged annually, in gum 326,000 francs, in feathers 377,000 francs; whilst from Tripoli it has been valued at 507,000 francs of ivory, 1,825,000 francs of ostrich feathers, and of hides 235,000 francs.

Taking Timbuctoo as the centre trade-mart of the Soudanese traffic, it has been well remarked that there are three channels for its commerce, each of which has its advantages as well as its disadvantages, viz., the desert, the Senegal, and the Niger. France is the only European nation which possesses, north of the Sahara, ports along an extensive stretch of the Mediterranean coast; and, therefore, the question of a Trans-Saharan railway has always possessed a fascination for a number of French economists and speculators. The way across the desert  
is



is healthy, the base of operations on the Mediterranean frontage is likewise healthy, inhabited by Europeans and in close connexion with the European ports. The objections lie in the enormous distance, nearly 2,000 miles between the termini, the desert nature of the intervening country, and the indubitable hostility of the marauding nomad tribes; obstacles which make any mode of transit except by a protected line of railway impossible. The way by Senegal is infinitely shorter. From Kayes, at the head of the navigation of the Senegal, it is only 280 miles to Koulikoro on the Niger. The Senegal in fact forms almost a continuation of the main artery of the Middle Niger, and, as M. Schirmer points out, the old geographers were not far wrong when they described this 'Nile of the Blacks' as issuing by way of the Senegal delta into the Atlantic. The defects of this route are the numerous obstacles in the channel of the rivers, which obstruct navigation, on the Senegal at 217 kilometres from the coast, and at 280 on the Gambia; and further, the bars at the mouths and embouchures, which make Dakar, 124 miles away from Saint Louis, the true port of the French colony. Again, more particularly on account of its climate on the coast, Senegambia can never become a colony with a permanently resident European population. Not only are local malarious fevers prevalent, but yellow fever recurs so constantly as to be well-nigh endemic. In addition there must be taken into account the absence of all convenient harbour or dock accommodation; so that, as it has been aptly remarked, the real base of operations in Senegal is at Bordeaux.

Last, there is the natural channel of the Lower Niger, which traverses a yet more unhealthy, in fact a deadly climate. In Senegal, at all events, Europeans can labour during the dry season; thus the railway from Dakar to Saint Louis was constructed by European labour. Similar work is impossible for white men at the mouth of the Niger. The delta of the Lower Niger and all its lower course is through the forest region of Equatorial Africa; yet, nevertheless, even a fatal climate cannot prevent this route being by far the most advantageous from a commercial point of view. A noble stream, navigable for steamers of some size and bordered by the rich Haoussa country, it gives access not only to the Soudan, but, by the stream of its great affluent, the Benue, to a far greater distance into the interior of the African continent than the main Niger itself. The Benue is a large river at 600 miles from its confluence with the Niger, and by its waters steamers can approach at flood-time within a hundred leagues from Lake Tchad. The Benue is the true road to and from the heart of the Black Continent;

Continent; and forms a great transverse artery, east and west, through the most populous and productive regions of Central Africa. That powerful British association, the Royal Niger Company, by purchasing all the French factories and establishments\* in the Delta, has obtained the practical monopoly of all the trade on the Lower Niger and the Benue; and although the navigation of this important commercial highway is by treaty declared open to all nations, yet Britain has officially notified her protectorate over the countries possessed by this great Company.

‘The position of the English representatives, supported by over two hundred treaties, is no longer challenged, and the support of the Home Government is gradually transforming their prerogatives into a political dominion. Not only can the Company trade along the river to the exclusion of all others, but it has also the right of buying or otherwise acquiring mines, quarries, forests, fisheries, and manufactures; of cultivating the land and erecting structures on it. The Company is moreover the political ruler of “all the territories ceded to it by the kings, the chiefs, and peoples in the Niger basin,” and, in return, undertakes to treat with justice “the nations in its territories,” to respect their religions, their laws and properties. Nevertheless, the Company is bound to treat with the natives for the gradual abolition of slavery, on this condition obtaining a royal charter which places it under the control of the Secretary of State. Thus has been constituted a second East India Company, which enters on possession of a territory with a coast-line of no less than 600 miles, and at least double that distance along the inland stream.’†

We have seen how France has obtained possession of the route by the Senegal, and has opened a railway to Bafoulabé; but the continuation of the line from Bafoulabé to the Niger, a distance of 264 miles, has been laid aside for the present, and it would seem as if public opinion in France was again turning more favourably to the Trans-Saharan route. This is due in a great measure to the special pleading of M. Rolland, to the extension of the Algerian railway system towards the south, and to the change of situation at the present day, one line from Oran to Ain Sefra crossing the high plateau, whilst that from Constantine reaches the desert at Biskra, and another line is projected between Biskra and Ouargla. The Anglo-French

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\* *La Société française de l'Afrique équatoriale*, founded, by Count de Semellé, and *La Compagnie du Sénégal*, which had extended its operations to the Niger.

† ‘*Universal Geography*,’ vol. xii., p. 324. By Elisée Reclus. Edited by A. H. Keane. But M. Reclus must include the whole coast-line from Porto Novo to Rio del Rey, including the Oil Rivers’ Protectorate, not under the Niger Company, to measure 600 miles. Perhaps 600 kilomètres are intended?

convention

convention of the 5th of August, 1890, it will be remembered, includes the following clause:—

‘The Government of her Britannic Majesty recognizes the sphere of influence of France to the south of her Mediterranean possessions, up to a line from Say on the Niger to Barraua on Lake Tohad, drawn in such manner as to comprise in the sphere of action of the Niger Company all that fairly belongs to the kingdom of Sokoto; the line to be determined by the Commissioners to be appointed.’

By this agreement the whole of the Sahara, worthless indeed except for facilities of transit across to Tunis and Tripoli, west of the 16th meridian, is handed over to France, whilst all the rich Haoussa States between Bornou and the Niger fall to the share of Great Britain.

The Colonial party in France, as represented by certain publicists, insist upon the construction of the Trans-Saharan line, however costly, as indispensable to the conquest of this region. M. Henri Schirmer points out how his country has her hands too full already of populations in a state of tutelage, of dominions only held at the point of the sword—Algeria, Tunis, Dahomey, on the Niger, Tonkin, Madagascar. With these to hold against hostile populations, is it prudent to enlarge these vast possessions by undertaking new extensions of territory by conquest? He declares that such undertakings do not belong to the State, they are for private enterprise. Look at England, he says: ‘Regardons l’Angleterre, la grande colonisatrice: partout ses colons ont précédé le protectorat.’ Those English push their way into Africa, merchants, engineers, surveyors, well armed and supplied by syndicates, and their Government only intervenes to protect them from foreign interference and to reap, later on, the fruit of their labours. Of what good would it be for France to make new conquests in Africa when there are no Frenchmen ready to turn them to account?

A great French company is said to be forming to carry out the Trans-Saharan Railway, and such an enterprise deserves all encouragement. With sufficient capital, and under able direction, it ought not to be a difficult task to accomplish the conquest of Bornou and to open up a free transit across the Sahara. A few hundred Europeans, well armed, have nothing to fear from the scattered tribes of Touareg nomads in the desert. South of the Niger, as we have seen, armies consisting of less than 800 natives, with but 300 Frenchmen, have conquered the whole French Soudan; and the Royal Niger Company holds its territory with but 70 European officials and 500 Haoussa soldiers.

A private

A private company thus formed, on the pattern of the English companies, authorized by the State, can indeed claim support and ought to succeed ; but the French are not in the habit of doing anything without official subsidy. The fact is that they themselves recognize the fact that their tenure of power in tropical Africa can never be anything but ephemeral ; and all that we can hope to witness, at least in the immediate future, is the introduction of some amount of discipline over the refractory tribes of the desert and the amelioration of the worst horrors of the slave-hunting Sofas, from the banks of the Niger and the swamps of Lake Tchad to the Atlantic coast.

Lastly, there is no reason why there should be any enmity, or indeed rivalry, between France and England throughout these regions. Great Britain enjoys the most profitable share of the bargain, and can well afford to be generous in future boundary commissions. The conquest of the Soudan Français by our neighbours may for a time divert, in a trifling degree, some of the local trade from our ports on the Gambia and at the mouth of the Niger, or at Sierra Leone ; but, with quiet and prosperity in the interior, such a general increase of trade must inevitably ensue, that Liverpool, as well as Bordeaux, will sensibly perceive the benefit of French expansion throughout the Soudan.

The Republic has expended many valuable lives and much capital in acquiring this costly dominion, which can never be properly colonized by Europeans ; and it remains to be seen whether it can ever return a profitable interest on this expenditure by an increase of commerce through her ports. Whilst we are writing, the French Colonial party is becoming excited over the recent so-called Anglo-Congolese convention of the 12th of May ; and whilst political affairs in France are in their present unstable state of equilibrium, it is impossible to forecast the shape in which the inevitable French remonstrance may form itself. Of one thing we may almost be certain, and that is, that the new Colonial Minister must find his hands full, and sincerely protest against his responsibilities being increased by any additional territorial aggrandizement, at least by any extension of the boundaries of the French Soudan.

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# CONTENTS

OF

No. 358.

ART.	Page
I.—1. Marcella. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. London, 1894.	
2. The Heavenly Twins. By Sarah Grand. London, 1894.	
3. Woman in the Past, Present, and Future. By August Bebel. Translated from the German. London, 1893 - - - - -	289
And other Works.	
II.—Songs, Poems, and Verses. By Helen, Lady Dufferin (Countess of Gifford). Edited, with a Memoir and some Account of the Sheridan Family, by her Son, the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. With Portrait. London, 1894 - - - - -	319
III.—1. Découvertes en Chaldée. Par Ernest de Sarsec, Consul de France à Bagdad, Correspondant de l'Institut. Publié par les soins de Léon Heuzey, Membre de l'Institut, &c. Paris, 1884-93.	
2. Keilinschriftliche Bibliothek. Band III., Heft 1. Von Eberhard Schrader, &c. Berlin, 1892.	
3. Records of the Past. Edited by Professor Sayce. New Series, vols. 1 and 2. London, 1888-1889 - - -	338
And other Works.	
IV.—1. Rembrandt. Sa Vie, son Œuvre, et son Temps. Par Émile Michel. 1 vol. Paris, 1893.	
2. Rembrandt. His Life, his Work, and his Time. By Émile Michel. Translated from the French by Florence Simmonds. Edited by Frederick Wedmore. 2 vols. London, 1894.	
3. Rembrandt. Sa Vie et ses Œuvres. Par C. Vosmaer. La Haye, 1877 - - - - -	365
And other Works.	
V.—1. Buchan. By the Rev. J. B. Pratt, M.A. Aberdeen, 1870.	
2. Transactions of the Buchan Field Club. Peterhead, 1887-1893.	
3. Spalding Club Publications. Aberdeen and Edinburgh, 1840-1870 - - - - -	387
And other Works.	

ART.	Page
VI.—1. Labour and the Popular Welfare. By W. H. Mallock. London, 1893.	
2. Method and Results. By T. H. Huxley. London, 1893 - - - - -	414
VII.—The Life of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, to the accession of Queen Anne. By Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley, K.P. 2 vols. London, 1894 -	439
VIII.—1. Labour and Life of the People. Edited by Charles Booth. 3 vols. London and Edinburgh, 1889–1891.	
2. Pauperism and the Endowment of Old Age. By Charles Booth. London, 1892.	
3. The Aged Poor: Condition. By Charles Booth. London, 1894.	
4. Plain Words on Out-Relief. London, <i>n. d.</i> - - -	463
And other Works.	
IX.—1. Obras completas de Lope de Vega publicadas por la Real Academia Española. Tomo I. Nueva Biografía por D. C. A. de la Barrera. Madrid, 1890. Tomo II. Autos y Coloquios. Madrid, 1892. Tomo III. Coloquios. Comedias de asuntos de la Sagrada Escritura. Madrid, 1893.	
2. Ultimos Amores de Lope de Vega revelados por el mismo. Por Jose Ibero Ribas y Canfranc. Madrid, 1876 - - - - -	486
X.—1. The Tragedy of the Cæsars. A Study of the Character of the Cæsars of the Julian and Claudian Houses. By Sabine Baring-Gould. 2 vols. London, 1892.	
2. Tacite et son Siècle: ou la Société Romaine Impériale d'Auguste aux Antonins dans ses rapports avec la Société Moderne. Par E. P. Dubois-Guchan. 2 vols. Paris, 1861 - - - - -	512
And other Works.	
XI.—1. The English Novel. By Walter Raleigh. Being a short Sketch of its History from the Earliest Times to the Appearance of 'Waverley.' London, 1894.	
2. Aventures de Guerre au temps de la République et du Consulat. Par A. Moreau de Jonnés. L'réface de M. Léon Say. Paris, Guillaumin et Cie., 1893 -	530
XII.—The Parliamentary Debates (Authorised Edition). 4th Series. Sessions 1893–94. London, 1893–94 -	553

# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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- ART. I.—1. *Marcella*. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. London, 1894.
2. *The Heavenly Twins*. By Sarah Grand. London, 1894.
3. *Woman in the Past, Present, and Future*. By August Bebel. Translated from the German. London, 1893.
4. *Die Gleichstellung der Geschlechter*. Von Irma von Troll-Borostyani. Zürich, 1888.
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- And other Works.

WHICH among the famous days of the French Revolution is more tragic or more ludicrous than the Fifth of October, 1789? It is the day of the 'Insurrection of Women.' That wet autumnal evening saw the bedraggled Parisian host, volunteers and captives, defiling in sullen rage before the front of Versailles, bewildered at the glories they were themselves overcasting as with eclipse, and resolved to do justice on Marie Antoinette, whom her enemies called Messalina. Leading these anarchist women, came on the brown-locked Théroigne de Méricour, for an instant brilliant and victorious, but already hysterical, driven by impulse like a leaf before the wind, and destined, after she had dipped her hands in the blood of September massacres, to lose what little mind she could ever boast and spend long years in the Salpêtrière. The Queen whom she took captive died on a scaffold with a kind of funereal grandeur. Théroigne died in her asylum, when she had lapsed down the many degrees which separate our nature

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Vol. 179.—No. 358.from



from the brutish and chaotic appetite. So in these two women, both suffering and making to suffer, the gay society of France, the City, and the Court became an example to the nations; and their tragedy was a looking-glass in which the laws of righteousness, economic, domestic, religious, stood revealed as in lightning-flashes. For Queen and courtesan symbolized all that a light-minded century admired and worshipped; while the Place de la Révolution and the cells of the Salpêtrière bore witness that, in so worshipping, the world had by some dreadful blunder missed its upward path and had taken the abyss for a shallow stream. Into that abyss a whole order of things plunged headlong, nor has it ever again emerged. A hundred years after, we find ourselves asking whether society has learned its lesson.

The New Woman boldly answers No. In her wide-spreading tumultuous battalions, many of them wearing the divided skirt, she advances, with drums beating and colours flying, to the sound also of the Phrygian flutes, a disordered array, but nowise daunted, resolute in her determination to end what she is pleased to define as the slavery of one-half the human race. One-half, and surely the better! A voice from Oneida Creek proclaims the 'strike of a sex'—that never before imagined battle of Armageddon, in which all on one side are Amazons, marshalled by their Idealas and their Louise Michels, all on the other mere conscience-stricken males, 'skulking creatures of the opposite sex,'—to quote that unsparing critic, Mrs. Evadne Colquhoun,—who know their sin and are ashamed to be found out. The Rights of Woman must supplement and crown the Rights of Man. Thus argued Olympe de Gouges, Louise Lacombe, and their feminine disciples, in the seventeen articles which they defended with ear-piercing eloquence, before the Paris Commune on the 28th Brumaire, 1793. 'Woman has a right to ascend the scaffold,' they maintained; 'has she not, therefore, the still more revolutionary right of ascending the platform?' To the platform they mounted; nay, they asked to defend their country in the field,—true Lysistratas, who feared no Duke of Brunswick. But Anaxagoras Chaumette, though an 'enraged Republican,' was startled. 'Foolish women!' he said, 'why will you become men? In the name of Nature remain what you are. Envy us not the dangers of a stormy life; be content rather to make us forget them in the bosom of our families; and let our eyes rest on the delicious spectacle of our happy children, preserved in health through your care.'

Thus did the atheist Chaumette prove himself a mere *bourgeois*

*geois* and *peruque*, a reactionary, a timid conservative and partisan of the old order, when brought face to face with these 'sincere convictions.' As the translator of Bebel remarks, in his doubtful English, Chaumette's oration was inspired by 'manly egotism,' rather than by the sentiment of equality. But though women have taken part in revolts—like that insurrection which Théroigne headed—for wars or for revolutions demanding powers of forethought and generalship they have not, hitherto, shown the capacity of average men. Excesses they may commit as *pétroleuses* in a Commune of 1871; nor is there any degree of self-sacrifice from which they have shrunk, whether as Sisters of Charity bearing help to the wounded under the storm-shot of Sedan, or as criminals, no less deluded than pitifully daring,—witness that Sophie Perovskaya, to whom Joaquin Miller has written a Funeral Ode, in commemoration of the deed which shattered Alexander II. in pieces, and lifted her to the gallows. What they cannot undertake is a regular campaign. This, perhaps, even his Amazonian audience dimly felt when Chaumette harangued them, and so they were persuaded to go home. But the Woman's Crusade was begun. Echoing the astonished words of Thackeray, must we not say to ourselves, 'The leaves of the Diderot and Rousseau tree have produced this goodly fruit: here it is, ripe, bursting, and ready to fall:—and how to fall? Heaven send that it may drop easily, for all can see that the time is come!'

Rousseau, we are all aware, returned to the golden age, or the state of primeval innocence, not alone, but in the society of Madame de Warens, the Amiable Indifferent, as we may describe her. And Diderot, in his rhapsodical fragment '*Sur les Femmes*,' while exalting their qualities of tenderness, of devotion, and of ecstasy, concludes by saying that 'they are more civilized than men on the surface, but within have remained true savages.' From which it seems to follow that the road which would lead them back to the age of instinct is more direct and a good deal shorter than the way of the skulking creature, man. Or, as Burdach observes, with his sure touch, 'though women do not tend to vary so much as men, when they do vary, they fall into an extreme.' The wits and the philosophers of the eighteenth century in France exemplified, not only the law by which genius often displays a certain feminine softness, but also the fact that the brains of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen are much upon an average. Hence, on the one hand, 'masculine thought'—so abhorrent to the New Woman—did set in motion those systems and sketch those Utopias, which account for the idyls of *Les Charmettes*, the

Watteau-like pastorals of the Little Trianon, the heroics of 'Corinne,' and the Rights of the Female, as summed up in her seventeen articles by Mlle. Olympe de Gouges. But, on the other hand, if the brains of the two sexes had been decidedly unequal in weight and in the number of their convolutions, it is probable that men might have preached in vain for want of an audience. Women can hardly take to themselves, therefore, the glory of the fresh and glad tidings, the liberty, equality, and free union, which make the substance of that Evangel. Yet, now as always, they have proved to be fervent disciples, energetic, unrelenting, self-convinced. They have pleaded with equal enthusiasm the privileges of genius and the wrongs of their own sex. They were willing to forego the honours decreed them by chivalry, if only they might claim even-handed justice. And to them justice signified emphatically freedom: 'La carrière ouverte aux talents.' But their chief talent has ever been to please, as Joubert would tell them with a smile. How, then, are they to please? Alas if it be true that they remain savages, according to Diderot! alas if that diamond-pointed satirist Pope should not be quite in the wrong when he affirms that 'every woman is at heart a rake,' and 'most women have no character at all'! For in this arduous, this unprecedented enterprise, who would desire to behold vice decked out with the plumes of genius, character sacrificed to impulse, modesty put to the blush on the score of emancipating knowledge, and the 'forsaken Sibyl' leaping from her Delphic seat, in order to join Théroigne de Méricour and her Menads in their assault upon Versailles?

Yet we have but to open the melodious and melancholy pages of George Sand, to see all these things. Her early life and writings—for she changed greatly as the years went on—manifest a temperament to which Madame de Warens might have set the music; it is all instinct, nature, passion, with recurring bars of despair. She pursues a flying rainbow, an elusive ideal. She is enthusiastic and headlong, then analytic, then for ever cold to the personality which she has measured and seen through. The circles of her flights of feeling grow less and less; but, more fortunate than Madame de Warens, her intellect expands: she learns to be robust and tranquil, though not until others, as blameworthy but not so well-balanced, have come to famous disasters in the free union which she calmly practised. Her character was 'intolerant of restraint'; but the liberty which she exercised she did not know how to share with Alfred de Musset or Frédéric Chopin. Obeying her feelings so long as they proved agreeable, in a highly philo-  
sophic,

sophic, and, as the French term it, 'positive' fashion, she took the possible sum of pleasures in life, artistic and sentimental. Her 'Lucrezia Floriani' pleads, like Mr. Ellis, that maternity should never be accounted a crime; but she goes farther, and would justify no union that lasted a moment longer than it was 'consecrated'—admire the revolutionary use of words!—by instinctive passion. Yet in her 'struggles for emancipation' did this 'great soul,' which was 'so hard to satisfy,' demand anything beyond 'the freedom of which men have long enjoyed the privilege'? So runs the argument in a well-known dispute between two German ladies on this thorny subject; and Bebel, who is, perhaps, the most celebrated woman's champion of our time, replies that conduct, which in Goethe was not dishonourable, may fairly be exempt from blame in a George Sand, as in a Lucretia of the modern make.

Here, then, is the New Woman. Like the 'noble savage' of Dryden and Rousseau, she condemns law as tyranny; the social contract itself she deems irreconcilable with her changing moods; and her lover's oaths, everlasting as they sound, are but the eloquence of a stage-scene or a parliamentary programme. She is in complete accord with the anarchist who assures us that 'nothing has yielded him a standard which does not vary.' Like him, she perceives 'the panorama of life rolling incessantly on, and realities in their season appearing under different lights.' She declines, as he does, 'to resist the seductions of contradictory views.' Yesterday, Leibnitz; to-day, Pierre Leroux or the Abbé de la Mennais; to-morrow, the Hussites, and the men of the Eternal Gospel, may furnish a text on which George Sand will pour forth burning and shining words, with a dramatic air of conviction, as subduing as it is evanescent. For what can be more simple than the dilettantism of impulse, the argument of novelty and freedom? The heart is to be judge and jury, witness and advocate; religion, law, custom, and authority make up the old despotic rule from which woman is now, by her individual and combined efforts, to be emancipated. She will indite for herself a Gospel and an Apocalypse, a Code which is to express her sovereign will, a philosophy corresponding to her aspirations. And she will revolutionize fashion and its manner of distinguishing the sexes. Rosalind shall walk undisguised along Piccadilly in doublet and hose, not masquerading in a play, but in deadly earnest, bent upon winning that equal friendship where the absurd homage formerly paid to the sex shall have no part. *O rerum mira conversio!* As comedy grows dull, life gives us compensation with its multiplying touches of the grotesque, with its  
Columbine

Columbine turned to Pantaloon, and Pulcinella setting up her show at the corner of the next street. There is an Aristophanic revolt of women, and the 'Heavenly Twins' play such pranks before high Heaven, as make the serious smile with undesigned amusement. All this, however, those who have studied their 'Indiana,' their 'Jacques,' their 'Lélia,' their 'Elle et Lui,' will seem to have beheld in the visions of the night, when Mrs. Sarah Grand invites them to look on at her marionettes disporting.

Yet a change has come over society during the last fifteen or twenty years which the author of 'Valentine' could scarcely have foreboded. Women are now graduates in half-a-dozen professions, and disciples in all. They practise medicine as well as novel-writing; the forceps is familiar to them no less than the bicycle; even dress-cutting advertises itself as 'scientific' at six guineas the course. Instead of attending to deportment and 'Mangnall's Questions,' Miss Evadne, before she is nineteen, has studied, without a master, 'anatomy and physiology,' has taken up 'pathology,' and gone on to 'prophylactics and therapeutics'; she has 'read of all the diseases to which the heart is subject, and thought of them familiarly as cardiac affections'; she has even 'obtained an extraordinary knowledge of the digestive processes and their ailments,' though not applying the new-found information to her own case. Such intemperate cleverness would have alarmed Burdach, and confirmed him in the view that women, if they leave the average, are apt to fall into an extreme. Shakespeare has observed, from his play-actor's point of sight, that 'All the world's a stage'; the New Woman, who delights in pathology, bids him leave his jesting. 'All the world's a hospital,' she says with Heine, 'and all the men and women merely patients.' The late Dr. Anna Kingsford, whose published works proclaim her to have been a medical practitioner, a vegetarian, a trance-writer, and an ecstatic, was not solely singular in this complication of civilizing functions. Accomplishments have given way before science; senior wranglers must look to their laurels, worn upon occasion simply by leave of their more learned sisters; the girl-graduate is a proficient in Greek, and Mrs. Humphry Ward scatters the shafts of German criticism through the picturesque pages of the novel. Angelica, no more the gentle Angelina of Goldsmith's ballad, insists on being taught by a tutor—for she disdains a 'squeaking governess,'—and her knowledge is to be wholly masculine, Latin, mathematics, and pugilism. Is she not heavier, stronger, and more mischievous than her somewhat effeminate brother, Diavolo? The fine old English prudery, so  
irreproachable

irreproachable and proper, is evidently passing into another stage,—not pathological, let us hope, nor in need of therapeutics. So grave a question requires examination.

The copy of 'The Heavenly Twins' which is lying before us, announces that thirty-six thousand of its various issues have come into the market. What is the charm to which so many readers have yielded? Style? But the language is seldom choice; and the manner is self-conscious, or even pedantic, sometimes recalling the broad touches, not by any means beautiful, of 'Tom Jones' and 'Roderick Random,'—books which the accurate Evadne declares to be 'of the putrid kind.' Sentiment? There is, strictly speaking, no sentiment in the book, neither love nor hate, except in its single artistic episode, the friendship of the Tenor and the supposed Boy. Elsewhere, declamation, argument, caricature, interminable prosing of every one to his neighbour, and absolute farce, make amends for the absence of genuine humour, of wit and comedy, of refinement and ease in the dialogue. Tragedy, then? But how can a violent and improbable story like that of Edith be called, in any true sense, a tragedy? It is a horrible incident, a stroke without meaning,—'Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.' No purifying of the passions, whether of pity or fear, nay, or of the baser appetites, will follow upon the atrocious spectacle of this poor girl, stricken with madness by an all but impossible adventure. It may suit M. Zola to confound the tragic and the pathological; in art there is a degree of mental as of physical agony which must not be shown, or the audience will turn away their eyes. Let the asylum, the sick-bed, keep its dreadful secrets; the curtain which divides them from the art of literature is, happily, impenetrable. In mere shrieking who will look for a note of music? Yet the author has filled pages with shrieking. Is it her appeal to the Red Indian delight in seeing a victim at the stake that has made her the fashion?

'No; but "The Heavenly Twins" are so original.' Let us adapt the word slightly, and say 'aboriginal.' Their views of life betray the savage element glorified by Diderot. As M. Zo d'Axa, the more than anarchist (whose real name is Galland), has remarked, 'It is simple enough. If our extraordinary flights (*nos fugues inattendues*) throw people out a little, the reason is that we speak of everyday things as the primitive barbarian would, were he brought across them.' Men like Evadne's father may hold that women's views should all be of masculine origin: this it is to be 'well educated in the ideas of the ancients'; but Mrs. Grand assures him sarcastically that he

he is 'hardly intellectual.' It may be so, yet what are views and opinions except some form of religion, of philosophy, of constructive science? Now no women above the rank of Joanna Southcott, Anne Leese the Shaker, and other hypnotic or hysterical subjects, have founded a religion. In metaphysics the single name of Constance Naden is quoted; and in psychology?—but the observation which women claim as their gift has expended itself in story-telling, where their most admirable achievements are a work of instinct rather than of exact mensuration. The aboriginal in them, accordingly, will never be scientific; it will be passion seizing the weapons of the male, and brandishing them for stage effect.

Revolt is the key-note of 'The Heavenly Twins,' so resounding or so discordant that every ear is pierced and becomes attentive. We seem to be hearkening to a prophetess when Ideala speaks. 'The true spirit of God is in us women,' she declares, solemnly, though 'without emphasis,'—being careful to spare the nerves of men already a little shaken by her abolition of dogma, Theism, and the 'established order of iniquity.' Can we be surprised if Evadne, during her first and only interesting stage, when she is a free woman (though married in church), lays down the law to her husband, the 'returned convict,' with a mild infallible air, as of one speaking from the Pythian tripod? When she was but a girl she always 'wanted to know.' After such intimate acquaintance with 'histology, botany, ancient and outspoken history, not to mention the modern writers and the various philosophies,' who could be so well-qualified to read the 'moral leper' a course of sermons and, as the French have it, to tell him his truths? For though 'her eyes were long, and apparently narrow—but not so in reality,'—and though she had a trick of holding them half shut, which 'gave a false impression of their size,' she could, when you were least expecting it, 'open them to the full'; and these transient but startling flashes suggested to Lady Adeline—the advanced and helpless mother of the twins—that Evadne was 'Egypt with an intellect.' Now Egypt without an intellect was quite aboriginal enough to interest and surprise even the Roman warrior. Cleopatra written out in a book would have run through many editions. But give her the 'ologies and the histories, teach her to be direct in word, audacious in the matter of religion, diffuse on subjects kept as a rule to themselves by medical students; let her, as Angelica, wear the flannels of the cricket eleven, and play the violin like an old master, and the outcome may be neither pleasing nor precisely classic, but assuredly many will hasten to view it.

The

The pedantry will offend, the lack of reticence amaze, the dull humour be skipped; no one admires Falstaff in his borrowed petticoats, and a woman with the doctor's beard and spectacles was never winning. But the aboriginal is sure to draw crowds.

Mr. George Meredith often satirizes the primitive male monster, emerging from his woods like an untrimmed Hercules. His primitive partner shows in 'The Heavenly Twins,' leaving the covert in which she had hitherto kept close. Her language is as new as hard study and George Eliot can make it; the message and the moral are of ancient date. Those who choose may read them in Greek comedies, in Latin satires, in decadent literature of every age. The anarchist woman revolts against man, claiming as her own, if not the club of Alcides, yet the lyre and the glittering darts of Apollo. 'Crure tenuis medio tunicas succingere debet,' is a verse of Juvenal's which she cheerfully echoes. She will be 'strong and lonely,' as Ibsen recommends, a rival not a helpmeet, and the source of her ideas shall no longer be outside her. Evadne, in the language of Mr. B. Price, comes forward as 'one of the New Women who are just appearing among us, with a higher ideal of duty than any which men have constructed for women.' She is the seventh wave of an incoming tide. Hence she is popular. 'You shall behold a world reversed,' says Diana of the Crossways, mockingly; and this, though a 'monstrous and untimely growth,' will fasten men's eyes upon it.

Religion, as in the Prologue we are poetically told, is the noble music, floating like a chime above our daily lives, that gives to them a rhythm and a meaning. When, however, we ask what that meaning is, the New Woman bethinks herself of the famous agnostics who have championed her cause. Shall she be less infidel than they? and is religion knowledge? is it not simply emotion? To Mr. Arnold, the deity worshipped by Philistines was a magnified, non-natural man. If we may presume to criticize the image set up by Mrs. Grand on the plain of Dura, we seem to discern therein the outlines of a magnified, non-natural woman. At any rate, the collective voice of humanity, we are assured, has, in these latter days, 'seriously threatened the great masculine idea.' Perhaps Evadne was not aware that hundreds of years ago the Elkesaites, and afterwards certain of the medieval heretics, indulged, as Mr. Thomas Lake Harris now also indulges, the fantastic notion of a Heavenly Father-Mother, 'without whom, in perfect accord and exact equality,' the government of the universe would have fallen into chaos. This 'new voice of extraordinary sweetness' is more ancient than Oriental mysticism. Have we



now to recite the history of Tannith and Mylitta for the benefit of the Heavenly Twins? We shall do no such thing. But the feminine of anthropomorphism is a detestable superstition which the world, if unhappily these goddesses come out of their winding-sheets again, will discover to be a grand name for hysteria, convulsions, and an hypnotic Aphrodite.

But moods are variable, and the significance of inarticulate music lies in the ear of the listener. 'Feeling is all,' says Faust to Marguerite; 'names are sound and smoke clouding the fire of Heaven.' And so this emotional volume, with its parade of cool science, takes on the colours of the dove's neck, glistening with gold or darkening into sable, with no more logic than the momentary illusion can suggest. Now it is satirical and bitter, now atheistic, and in a few more turns pious and prayerful. The author may describe meltingly, and condemn unsparingly, the 'delicious sensations' to which Edith in ecstatic contemplation yields on her knees. She may gird at the young clergyman's idea of worship as a 'refinement of pleasure,' and laugh to scorn the 'sedatives of spiritual consolation' which pulpit eloquence holds out to women. But elsewhere, when Evadne is arguing her case with Mrs. Orton Beg, this admirable *précieuse* informs us, 'By experience I mean the addition of some personal feeling to our knowledge.' If that be so, why may we not add such feeling to religious knowledge, and so gain the very highest experience? Because, the answer is, when we search into the heart of the mystery, religion is already feeling, and is never knowledge. We cannot know for certain that 'He watching over Israel, slumbers not nor sleeps.' Whether even there be any one to watch, who shall say? The chime is an aspiration, a question, a doubt, or a figure of speech; to the New Woman it is never a dogma, for in the Christian sense of the word she believes nothing; her comfort is to be well instructed regarding the lobes of the brain and the processes of digestion. But one thing she insists upon; she will not have 'our sacred humanity' blasphemed. And a second thing is dear to her, its assured perfectibility. The chief and great hindrance to that consummation, the stone of stumbling and rock of offence, is man; it is Colonel Colquhoun and Major Menteith; it is the Duke, once gay and blamable, now a builder of cathedrals; it is the Reverend Mr. St. John with his sedatives, and Father Ricardo with his anile superstitions. The priest and the soldier, the dotting peer and the clergyman of consumptive charm, must be reformed altogether, if the society of which they now represent the conscience, the force, and the order, is to march towards the New Jerusalem.

But

But the principle of a genuine reform,—what is it? ‘Equality’ cries Olympe de Gouges. ‘The acknowledged supremacy of woman,’ says Mrs. Sarah Grand, loftily correcting her. And the new government is to be furnished with sanctions like the old. ‘Doubtless in the good time coming,’ remarks our novelist pleasantly, ‘all estimable wives will subscribe to keep up asylums to which their husbands can be quietly removed for treatment, so soon after the honeymoon as their manners show signs of deterioration.’ This, of course, we know is mere joking, but it is really tremendous. The lethal chamber for lost dogs is a trifle in comparison. An estimable Angelina despatching Edwin to the company of his mates in misfortune would eclipse in the terror of her aspect even Mrs. Guthrie Brimstone when she ‘flaps her nostrils,’ whatever that process may be. Hitherto, the ‘monstrous regiment of woman,’ as John Knox politely termed it, has been exercised with discretion, not always in the view of the trembling male. ‘The sight of a gay ribbon or the prospect of a new bonnet,’ we are told in ‘The Strike of a Sex,’ has been sufficient ‘to divert woman from any such vagary’ as her imagined rights. In some cases, chiefly American, it would even seem that her ‘vaulting social ambition was preternaturally active in seeking and buying, through marriage, the titled coronets of a profligate and imbecile nobility.’ But these ‘fantastically dressed puppets’ are no longer to give their ‘warped and distorted exhibitions.’ The ‘tinsel stars in that firmament’ must come down from their painted sky; the drawing-room in which she ‘submitted to be cajoled and wheedled by any trifles’ will cease to be ‘woman’s sphere,’ but, *en revanche*, she will undertake to preach, to exhort, to dissect, to vote, to sit in the jury-box, and to be married as often and as long as she pleases. Mrs. Grand does not raise the question of unlimited divorce and free union; but the ghost which she endeavours to keep behind the scene peeps out through the curtains, and we catch his cynical or lugubrious ‘asides’ while the noisy tambourine-playing of the Heavenly Twins is going forward in front of the stage. For Evadne and Colonel Colquhoun, Edith and her Major, Angelica and Mr. Kilroy, were all ‘incompatibles.’ None of these marriages were made in heaven; why should they not be dissolved?

It must be, after all, *la pruderie anglaise* which has cut short Mrs. Grand’s argument in the middle, and ruined her story. The scientific Evadne went too far, unless she intended to go a long way farther. Angelica was bound, on her own principles, to exchange the husband whom she never did love for the Tenor in whose presence she had found her true self. And why

why must that exquisite spirit be denied its reward? Because the capricious Rosalind had chosen to marry before meeting him? Is then a promise,—a contract,—though ‘blinding and stifling,’ like that which Evadne was weak enough to enter into with the Colonel, always sacred? ‘When one has a husband, one must be loyal to him,’ says Angelica; nor did she think it hard, for ‘I could not under any circumstances do anything morally wrong,’ observes the modest creature, being, as is evident, confirmed in grace and impeccable. But such paragons of virtue, ‘perfect women in a perfect world,’ do not commonly frequent the regions of scientific realism which we are now exploring. This unimpeachable Mignon, who breaks bounds at night and dares the police and the perils of a Cathedral close, bears no small resemblance to Dodo, with virtue added. Would not so flighty a temper, trained by itself to Epicurean notions of the Highest Good, often leave out the virtue, as an ingredient which spoils the cup of pleasantness? Why be ascetic at the expense of your creed? But Angelica preferred the attractions of art to those of passion; all she wanted was ‘latitude for her individuality,’—which, as the story proves, she already enjoyed,—and so she broke down conventional ‘obstacles,’ but was provided by her thoughtful creator with an Orlando who, being the one sincere Christian in the book, was sure to behave like a saint and a gentleman. And this, we are to understand, is scientific realism! What an argument *ad hominem* against Ideals! Could she not trust her agnostic friends?

Evadne, unlike the Heavenly Twin, does not regard her promise as given. When that absurd figure, the second Mrs. Nickleby, whose daughter she is, quotes Bible and Prayer Book, the rules of good society and the marriage-service, her young lioness replies that she is not bound to Colonel Colquhoun and will not go back to him. Why, then, did she go back? Was not her return a ‘silent abject submission to vice,’ such as patient Grizzel might have commended? Had she not taught her aunt in Scriptural language, that ‘the consequences become hereditary, and continue from generation to generation’? But, alas for the strong woman’s consistency! Evadne was sacrificed; or rather, both were offered up as a holocaust to these moral axioms imperfectly fulfilled. The Colonel sought solace in drink, Monte Carlo, and visions of sin. His ostensible wife became a wax doll sitting at the western window, sewing and dreaming, with interludes of madness, consequent on the neurasthenia from which she suffered. But she, too, was no less impeccable than pedantic. She never thought of marrying Dr. Galbraith until her legal partner had expired  
of

of some cardiac affection, leaving the doctor and his patient free to indulge their own. This delightful Platonic romance ought to have been called 'Pamela, or Virtue rewarded in the New Woman.' Yet, we ask again, why did she, in the eyes of the world, forgive the culprit, instead of holding up to him a standard of excellence? She had read, in her Darwin, how the Argus pheasant puts on his beautiful feathers at the bidding of his æsthetic mate; and her duty manifestly was to insist on the production of a similar pattern in others by making an example of Colonel Colquhoun. But the author felt that a consistent Evadne would have taken her first marriage to be null and void, dismissing the offender with a caution. She would have looked round at once for some Galbraith on whom to bestow her hand, so soon as he could satisfy her touching his unblemished personal conduct, and ancestral clean bills during the last three or four centuries. To promote, in her own person, the doctrine of liberty would have been logical; but she never could have ventured so far without losing caste.

Evadne was bound, as she well knew from her pathology and therapeutics, to make herself acquainted with the past before wedding the present of Colonel Colquhoun. Let her never dream of pleading infancy and beautiful ignorance. A girl who in the intervals of lawn-tennis and court dresses had mastered half-a-dozen sciences and the modern writers, should have been capable of imitating at least the uneducated Clarissa, and making her inclinations wait upon her reason. But no, she falls most unscientifically in love, marries in haste, and repents at leisure. She saw no reason why marriage should be a lottery, but she thrusts in her hand as soon as the fatal urn is held out. Her mind is constructed in sections, which enable her to write alternate substantives and adjectives of an incompatible sort. Her character is made in pieces, like a Japanese house bought at the toy-shop; it has sliding panels, one Christian, the other heathen, and they move in and out with a disregard of the reader's comfort which is always perplexing, but in the 'Impressions of Dr. Galbraith' becomes, we had almost said, ridiculous. Her principles are mixed; she is commonplace and criminal (at least in imagination), enthusiastic one moment, wooden the next, a pattern of propriety eschewing emotion, and yet all along convinced that her bold renunciation of the Colonel was right, and persisting in keeping him at a distance. Does the author intend a sly stroke at the English spirit of compromise? But only in virtue of such compromise would her great book hold together for an instant. Fancy the good-humoured laugh of Madame Sand, had she been worthy to  
read

read these pages; her amusement, not unmixed with wonder, at an Evadne, an Ideala, whose principles allowed them a freedom which they were too demure and British to take. 'Quelle innocence, mon Dieu!' the good George would have exclaimed, as she put the story from her, adding, perhaps, in a musing tone, 'Mais, si c'était de l'hypocrisie, tout de même?' Now, the touching and comic thing is that it was innocence and not hypocrisy,—the attempt at a *juste milieu* which in us islanders is so perplexing to the French mind.

Mrs. Grand dares any man to dictate what the sex shall do or not do, say, or practise. The Church is a 'masculine organization,' and therefore, as a guide, incompetent. For religion, we must look to Ideala, when, discarding 'the man-made gauds of sensuous service,' and 'lost in thought,' with her eyes on the floor, she announces that it will be 'neither a political institution nor a means of livelihood,' but something 'about which there can be no doubt, and consequently no dispute,' though offering delights 'of a nature too delicate to be appreciated by uncultured palates.' And these 'infinite truths, known to Buddha, reflected by Plato, preached by Christ,' are apparently so clear and simple that the Pythoness refrains from specifying any one of them in detail. Again we think of Mr. Casaubon and the 'Key to all Mythologies.' How easy to compress your Platos and your Buddhas, your Hindus and Athenians, within a sentence; but how indiscriminate, how bewildering to the pitiful male monster, lean with long studies, and painfully aware that only a soaring genius like Victor Hugo can grasp and convey a system in the mere recitation of its founder's name! Happy Ideala, whose cultured palate detects the flavour of Buddhism in Attic sauces! She can sum up the New Testament also; and the Twins, not to be less advanced, take their courteous pleasure in showing the gentleman set over them that he has never rightly understood the Old. Their youthful fancy perceives contradictions everywhere in the sacred writers; and its boisterous or even vulgar romping seems to Mrs. Grand equivalent to a criticism of life and doctrine.

But must we put these things to a plain test? 'For one wizard there shall be fifty witches,' said Jean Bodin, who in this province was an authority. If religion were the same thing as enthusiasm, women might have made it a feminine organization. But definite truths, set ordinances, and a moral code, have always entered into the idea of religion as Christians conceive of it. And to what degree have women furnished these elements? Burdach says of them, not without warrant,  
 'Women

'Women take the truth as already found; men go in pursuit of it.' Their 'psychic atavism' tends to repose; their absorption in the single case, their attachment to the individual, and the coloured lens of 'affectability' through which they look at most things, make them strikingly unfit to discourse in the abstract of justice, equity, and indifferent law. The woman, not unlike the artist, has deep and direct impressions which lay hold of her to the exclusion of others, while they last. But except in the rare instance, which is not always the agreeable one, she cannot rise from particulars to a general view. And hence, did we trust the witches in questions of divinity, we should find ourselves, at best, in a luminous cloud. Their inspiration is a heightened feeling; they deal with familiar spirits, and would fain reduce the supernatural to an affair of the heart. 'Even in trivial matters,' remarks Mr. Ellis, 'the average woman more easily accepts statements and opinions than a man'; she will die for a dogma, when put forward 'with such authority and unction that her emotional nature is sufficiently thrilled.' Like children, they feel 'the heroism of the unaccountable instinct of self-sacrifice far earlier and more keenly than they appreciate the sublimity of truth.' To be vividly impressed by immediate facts, neglecting the distant and the past; to crave sympathy, and long after self-sacrifice; to yield, as it were, by instinct, to the conventional; to bow under the yoke of fashion without a protest, and in deference merely to its changes at once to put aside the beautiful for the ugly, the refined and becoming for that which disfigures and distorts,—all this may be traced back by the philosopher to the special organism of which it does but express some particular demand; but to high abstract thought it must needs be fatal.

Throughout 'The Heavenly Twins' we discern fresh illustrations of the truth which 'Aurora Leigh' has charmingly versified:—

'Your quick-breathed hearts,  
So sympathetic to the personal pang,  
Close on each separate knife-stroke, yielding up  
A whole life at each wound, incapable  
Of deepening, widening a large lap of life  
To hold the world-full woe.'

The 'great sum of universal anguish' that has driven many a man into Pessimism will leave most women cold. Nor has it deeply coloured this story. But the individual instance,—what copious description it brings forth! The spirit of self-sacrifice, again, rules in this dark world like a sun. Every woman has a fillet round her brows: old Mrs. Frayling is  
Hecuba,

Hecuba, not snarling dog-like, but whining pitifully; Edith resembles Polyxena sacrificed to the blood-drinking demon, Achilles; Evadne, rescued at the last moment by Dr. Galbraith, is first cousin to Iphigenia in Aulis; and Artemis-Angelica has stooped to her shepherd in Latmos;—she will bear the wound of that memory inside her hunting-dress as long as she lives. Of feeling, passionate or tearful, rebellious, unmanageable, and seeking relief in paroxysms, every other page bears the tokens; but sublime thought, a religion which may be construed, or even a distinct policy in the question wherewith this author professes to busy herself, are not matters of feeling, and we lay the volume down as we took it up, still wondering that the woman, in a Hansard-like flood of eloquence, can nowhere state her case clearly enough for the jury of reason to decide upon it.

But the New Woman cannot escape economics, any more than she is willing to dispense with a rational dress in favour of the 'undivided cylinder,' or grandmother's petticoat, which she once wore contentedly. And as, like other abstractions, she is not to be found complete and realized in one individual,—as she ranges from grave to gay, from lively to severe,—it is the novelist's duty to sketch her in all her varying aspects. There is a type much closer to life than the grotesques and caricatures of 'The Heavenly Twins,' and the author of 'Robert Elsmere' has given it to the world in a brilliant, half-serious, half-satirical fashion, naming it 'Marcella.' Those who have lost themselves in Mrs. Grand's sea of moving wax, where the story does not march but only welters round its disjointed personages, will break out into vehement praise on turning to the transparent colours, the crisp dialogue, the distinctly painted figures, and the style, as keen as it is light and sparkling, of a volume which shows Mrs. Humphry Ward at her best. Not that 'Marcella' is so perfect as the art of blotting could have given it us. If the characters of 'The Heavenly Twins' do not move at all, those which Mrs. Ward has called out on her stage can hardly be persuaded to go off again. It is worth noting how, in her three so widely advertised and successful stories, Mrs. Ward has not once ended at the psychological moment. She lingers with a superfluous book, plays out the tricks when we know them all, registers the obvious three-volume gambit, and sings her swan-song, not unmusically, to an audience that is looking for its wrappers and great coats. The effect is certainly marred; but no additions, however tiresome, can do it away. 'Marcella' is still the platonic exemplar of a circulating novel, composed, alas! not for all time but for a season;

12 a season; it is surface-painting which has no great depth,—echoes skilfully rendered of discussions, talk, reading, of the thousand and one things that make the current of society-life, with a background of so-called opinions to subdue its frivolity and its fashion. But the touch and the make-up are, in their kind, admirable. Women, it is agreed on all hands, excel in fiction. We hasten to explain our meaning, which is not that of Lombroso, who lays down that in the female sex deception is almost an organic aptitude. What we have in view is the slightly dream-like reproduction of emotion and character, the fanciful version of things, made credible to others by strokes of detail, in which women have found a means of expression well within their grasp. They observe minute traits of conduct; they spy unconsciously upon the men their masters, and learn the signals which betoken storm or sunshine; while uttering their smooth, Evadne-phrases, they are drawing conclusions and moving to the point of assault. When a woman sits down to write a story, she is exercising the same kind of faculties that enable her to overcome mere strength by delicacy of interpretation and natural tact; she has but to throw her feelings upon paper, to describe the scenes which she habitually notes in her thoughts, and, unless her style and education have been wholly neglected, she will produce the outline of a readable fiction.

‘Marcella,’ we need not say, is much more. It is a genuine work of art, rising in one scene at least to the height and the beauty of a poem—that daring yet finely-wrought situation in the library, when love and moonlight, treason and the distant view of murder, and the playing at passion into which fire seems to be stealing as the play goes on, are thrown into a framework that makes the whole as detachable as it is arresting.

Mrs. Humphry Ward knows her feminine chess, and practises the game with subtle power. It is an ancient but fascinating problem, ‘Marcella to play and mate in three moves.’ The opening, in which we are introduced to Raeburn, the chivalrous and strong, might perhaps be summed up as the knight’s gambit. And if the New Woman were consulted, she would undoubtedly suggest as a novel but appropriate ending, ‘Queen castles and takes knight.’ The wedding ought to be a surrender on the part of the bridegroom, condemned henceforth to do his lady’s will, to see with her eyes, and let her govern while he pretends to reign—‘*delicias hominis!*’ That, however, is not the philosophy of Marcella’s biographer, to whom an equality of the sexes in this large revolutionary sense appears to be impossible. The knight, by sheer force of character, takes the queen, compelling her to own that he is



worthy of her obedience as well as her love; that a woman may ask forgiveness on her knees from the man she has wronged, and may rise to a life which shall be all the nobler in that weakness is overcome by frank acknowledgment. Man triumphs, but only to set his partner on a throne.

Not being original enough to invent a religion, much less a system of economics, Marcella, who is a bright imitative girl, nervously eloquent, and striking in her dramatic postures, was made to be the exponent of views which gave to these personal advantages a setting beyond the common. Unlike Evadne, she did not exhaust encyclopædias in her youth; she never had a particle of industry or method; and her interest in Mr. Ellerton's sermons had been as strictly self-regarding as the enthusiasm with which she took up the Socialist propaganda, meaning to attain a high place in the movement. Her politics were guided by 'violent hearsays'; and though nourished on Karl Marx and Lassalle, a haze, which the historian of the damsel never quite succeeds in scattering, clouds the statement of Marcella's opinions. They were, in fact, little better than the 'imaginative intrigue' which had occupied her fancy and given a scope to her affections at school. The daughter and heir of a discredited gentleman, a black sheep in his own class, who comes into an embarrassed property, she finds that pretty things and old associations have their charm. The instinct of aristocracy wakes up; she aspires to be the Lady Bountiful of her village; and in a dream of great houses, family portraits, tapestries and heirlooms, of bric-à-brac, the peerage, and forty thousand a year, she engages herself to Mr. Raeburn, who will one day be the 'titled coronet' of American millionaire ambition. Of course she proposes to 'live quite simply' in Mayfair, with a carriage and two thousand pounds per annum at her disposal. We think with a smile of Marianne Dashwood. But she does not care the value of a Social Democratic leaflet for the young man himself, and she insists on a Magna Charta and Bill of Rights which he meekly signs, leaving her free to attend any one's meetings except his own, and to vote against him at the Board of Guardians. Perhaps we have not rehearsed the stipulations of that remarkable protocol quite accurately; but to this complexion it must have come, had not the second gentleman walked forward to the footlights. His name was Wharton, and, much as we dislike him, it must be admitted that he is the hero of this bold adventure.

Women are certainly more unrestrained than men, if once they have passed the Rubicon. Would Thackeray, who knew his Paris, have dared to write the French scenes in 'David Grieve'?

Grieve'? We all remember his apologies for Pendennis—that harmless youth who fell in love and out again with the scarcely more innocent Fanny in the Temple Gardens. But Mrs. Ward is one of a new group of female novelists, ranging from Miss George Egerton to the powerful historian who has recounted 'The Wages of Sin,' and their distinguishing mark is by no means that 'unnatural habit of reticence' which Dr. Galbraith endeavoured to correct in his Evadne. We are told of Mr. Hamilton-Wells, the empty pageant who served as a father to the Twins, that he never quite knew 'what not to say.' Have these women of genius solved the problem? In Mrs. Grand's hurricane of words, how many there are which flash and startle, like gleams of forked lightning followed by thunder! They smell of sulphur, and are as little framed for delight as the reports in a medical journal. 'Marcella' does not fill the air with these fumes and vapours. She has come forth from a school of literature, not of medicine; but the literature is the latest French. Wharton, at all events, would find himself at home, much more easily than the virtuous David, with the persons and the style of M. Alphonse Daudet, rather than among the characters drawn in our native fiction by the masters. His reflections, soliloquies, and cynicisms, printed by the New Woman, and read by her daughters, breathe a decadent perfume, which the complex self-indulgence of his hedonist and egoist philosophy heightens to a rare degree. The man is wholly perverse, but on principle—an arrangement which would have satisfied Baudelaire, and is better known in Paris coteries than in London clubs. 'My mother,' says Wharton, by way of explanation, 'taught me to see everything dramatically.' It is needless to observe that no British female could have imagined this theatrical idea, not to speak of applying it. However, the consequence is that he amuses himself with the 'great tragi-comedy of the working-class movement,' because it is the part in life that brings him most *thrill*. He is a perfect dilettante—too perfect, indeed, since at the very height and crisis of feeling he remembers, nay he quotes to himself, the names of Alfred de Musset and George Sand, with an unconscious pedantry, traceable, as is clear, to Mrs. Ward's reading, and not to anything real in Wharton. This, perhaps, is the most decided instance of a lapse from her artistic self-control which can be charged to the author. In general, she lets the characters speak for themselves; and they do so with point.

But the French combination of action and sentiment, the sensuous introspection, the careful Epicurean tasting of life's flavours, and the doctrine of 'thrill,' which make Wharton a

new and distinct personage at Mudie's, are not only decadent in their origin, they bring the taint into the book which describes them. Has the New Woman a lesson to learn from that school? For what purpose give these studies to the idle public, too little read in the *argot* and the perversities of modern French to seek them at their source, but eager to drink in the odours of this bouquet of poisoned flowers when put to its nostrils? It is not too much to say that the better this thing is done, the worse we ought to judge it. Wharton's æsthetic wickedness throws into the shade Colonel Colquhoun with his military adventures. 'Vice from its hardness takes a polish too,' it has been well observed. The nether millstone was not less impressionable than this finely-strung machine, in which the nerves were steel threads, not quivering flesh. Or if he trembled, straightway it was his nature to look on himself as acting, and applaud the emotion. Women have done such things time out of mind; it is in them to play a part. The opposite sex, in specimens like Wharton, has now begun to take up that double life, of sentiment realized, and a drama distinctly constructed by the actor for his own amusement. Is that a gain to society, or a mark of progress? Let Anarchism reply.

We need not dwell on the steps by which Marcella is brought to repentance. She reaches it by developing a character, by tasting the bitterness of life and the sweetness of hard work—by nursing also, in a London hospital, for how else should she keep even a film connecting her with the Woman's Movement?—and by refusing the passionless Wharton's hand, when he discovers that it will suit him to propose. At no time is there much strong passion in the treatment; but who could fail to admire the deftness, the polish, and the staging—to borrow a word from the theatre—which carry us on so gracefully to the end? Mrs. Ward has an eye for definite situations; she sees and sees into her personages, and she has caught the partisan outcries, the fragmentary dialogues, the conversational aspects, of what is called Socialism, as in earlier books she gave us an impressionist picture of criticism on the Church and the Bible. No one will imagine that her science goes deep; it has a family likeness to the history which musicians put into their libretti, and which Hugo has so abundantly lavished in his plays. The Socialism of 'Marcella' is wholly subordinate to character, feeling, and event. It is not science, but art,—a canvas on which to paint the picture, in no sense the picture itself. Economic questions are raised but never settled; the sound lesson appears, in taking colours, that men and women  
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are much too human for the algebraic process to which abstract reasoners would offer them up; but the writer cares, just as little as the reader, to work out a calculus of supply and demand. 'Marcella' is the old-world tragedy of two men and a maid, its conditions slightly changed, the key of the music sharpened, by talk of reciprocal freedom, that is all. Had Wharton, instead of preaching economics, taken down an artist's portfolio to Mellor,—had Raeburn hunted four times a week, or kept harriers and beagles, the same entanglements, catastrophes, and final grouping, might have occurred. Realities, as Wharton observes, must have won. The genuine woman, Marcella, who did not go about in boy's clothes, or fail to recognize how little she understood of the world's immense machinery, was unequal to beating down Raeburn's strength by interminable speeches; and her defence against Wharton—when she declines him in London—was not simply that she mistrusted his sophistries, but that she did not care for him.

Thus, while acknowledging the literary grace, the admirable drawing of the persons, the wit, and even the humour, which entitle this work to be called Mrs. Ward's masterpiece, we are still at a loss to conceive how she would reply to the question with which we started. What are the Rights of Woman? What is the programme to be fulfilled? Is a change coming over the ideal of marriage, or is another springing up by its side? And are women to insist on a separate maintenance, on competing with their husbands in the labour-market, and on exchanging partners with the freedom allowed in some districts of Germany and certain of the United States? 'Marcella' speaks with mild satisfaction of 'standards spiritualized,' of 'sacred institutions,'—meaning, thereby, matrimony,—of 'social sympathies and relations'; but the wife's duty, as it still appears, will always be that of reconciling the noble Raeburn with himself and life, of cheering him forward on the lines of his own nature—of believing, understanding, helping. The old way—not the new! Woman may inspire, as the thought of a man's children will inspire him; but to teach as from a high place, like Deborah sitting under her terebinth, to rule the day instead of shining when the sun goes down, this, if we may draw the moral for ourselves, is shown in 'Marcella' to be idle folly and a chaotic dream.

Now, then, we pass from our artists to the moral *pétroleuses* who, with an indignation that flames up like the blue lights at snapdragon, making all things ghastly which it falls upon, simply write 'woman' instead of man everywhere in the scheme of molecular movement, whose dimensions are too scanty for  
 God

God or the soul. Let us take, for instance, the much criticized work of Frau von Troll-Borostyani, which, dealing with the 'equality of the sexes,' made no little stir in German and Hungarian circles when it first came out. In a few words of introduction, her materialist divine lays it down that the 'universal love of man must henceforth take the place of the fantastic love of God.' The 'free kingdom' is founded upon 'scientific materialism'; and, as we learn later on, 'Atheism will make us all good beings,' when the draperies and decorative fictions of the old faith have been stripped off, and existence is regulated upon the doctrine of 'thrill' which we have already learned from our Epicurean friend, Wharton. For, as Virchow says, 'Transcend matter? Only a weak brain can attempt it.' The great moral axiom is that of the monks of Thelema, since taken by the Anarchists, 'Fais ce que tu voudras.' But Frau von Troll adds—on what reasoning it is hard to see—that while amusing yourself, you must not hurt anyone else. 'Certainly not,' we can fancy Wharton answering, 'unless it amuses me. But how if it does?' The 'true human' (*das Reinmenschliche*), he might argue, is an idol of the den, a medieval Realist's blunder, an image in the brain, not a definite coherent system of molecules, but a metaphysical notion of the now discarded type. On what conceivable grounds must I suffer a fiction to govern me? Mr. B. Price, the American of 'The Heavenly Twins,' declares that men would sooner see their feminine slaves bought and sold in the market of pleasure than earning their bread by industry. Suppose it to be so; why should they not, if pleasure-seeking be the chief good, and therefore moral? However, Frau von Troll draws the line at Free Love; she would abolish the State department of vice, put down the present evils, and punish men as severely as women. There is to be no religion, not even Mrs. Humphry Ward's; but the molecular movement is capable of rising to the most superior morality, and Malthus, on a new and improved system, is to reign in its stead.

'Love,' said the famous and unhappy Mary Wollstonecraft, 'is transitory'; with this first principle we start. Even a Saint has observed in his gentle and humorous manner—it was St. Francis de Sales—that 'if matrimony had a noviciate, there would be many novices but few professed.' All who know the meaning which is commonly attached to that word, love, are agreed upon the passing of passion; hence, among Christians, not sentiment but duty is the heart of the marriage contract. In molecules duty has no place; and sentiment, free from the categorical imperative, will change as the wind blows. Lucrezia  
Floriani

Floriani cannot help her feelings; last year she was taken with Theodore, but now Theodore is hateful. 'You have your children?' whispers the anxious moralist; 'how can you bring them up without a father?' Frau von Troll has looked this matter in the face, and she draws her conclusion. Begin, she says, by declaring Religion illegal; forbid the ordination of fresh clergy; turn the churches into schools, the convents into nurseries; and let all children be fed and educated at the cost of the State. Women need not then go in fear of brutal husbands lest the little ones suffer; they will be free, and equal to the men. Let marriage be a terminable engagement, or, which comes to the same thing, let divorce be unlimited. And does Malthus, or Mr. Karl Pearson, object to the possible superfluity of infants which so liberal an Utopia would bring? The lady has a fresh, and almost an original device to meet these little difficulties. She believes them to be unlikely, but for the nonce, if they were pressing, could not science come to our aid? Chloroform has done wonders; given in the proper dose, it will quench life painlessly; and before the use of reason (as, indeed, afterwards!) what are children, above all superfluous infants, but an arrangement of molecules? To chloroform, therefore—and perhaps fine and imprisonment for parents without a Malthusian conscience—we could always turn in the last resort. Other expedients, too, may yet be lighted upon, if the State authorities gave a yearly prize for the best essay on this economico-biological problem. Has not Oneida Creek invented 'complex marriage,' or Pantagamy, without serious consequences to the world at large? The founder of that institute, which aims at perfection, wrote to his 'complex wife,' Harriet Holton, that he wished her to love all men and women, as though she held no particular relation to himself,—a most considerate husband! With the help of chloroform, Frau von Troll is confident that a system as 'truly human' might be set up everywhere; and the New Woman would be satisfied to have the key of the fields, while sending her one or two children to the public nurseries. We ought not, indeed, to overlook the warning of Professor Moleschott,—also a materialist,—that 'no efficient substitute for mother's milk has yet been discovered.' The Free Woman, who keeps her phial of deadly mixture in readiness, cannot be wholly dispensed from nursing, at least by deputy. Let her not be downcast, however. All trades and professions invite her to enter them; she may change her partner when she buys a new bonnet; the secret of happiness she knows to be judicious alternation; and no Roman poet will be calling the lady a savage viper, because she has obeyed Malthus, the State, and

and her instinct of freedom, by supplying to her extra children the aconite which is to disperse their molecules.

'What an overstrained piece of witticism!' cries the reader who has not ventured out into this Dead Sea, neither heard Bebel haranguing, nor marvelled as he turns the pages of Frau von Troll, looks down her statistics, analyzes her eloquence, and convinces himself that she is furiously in earnest, and means every word she utters. The literature of woman's revolt would fill libraries. It is extant in every European language; it has its great centres, from Zürich and Geneva to London, New York, and Chicago. The American wing of the army undertakes moral problems, the Russian political. 'There shall be no unwilling old maids,' says 'Das Recht der Frau.' And the 'Equality of the Sexes' replies, 'The single life is a crime,'—against molecular ethics, we suppose. Woman was the first slave, Bebel asserts; and she is now demanding a full right to her own personality. In 'The Strike of a Sex,' her freedom is assured by dissolving the ancient marriage, and putting in its place a sort of occasional conformity which might branch off into very complex relations indeed. The 'treadmill of enforced maternity' is to cease; women who have on the threshold of married life been forced to lay aside their accomplishments, and 'to forget that they ever had tastes,' are no longer to become drudges on behalf of large Puritan families, or at the 'sacrificial hearth' where they have burnt away their charms over chops and tomato sauce. It is the Germans, in particular, whose revolt against the kitchen has assumed enormous dimensions. Nor can we be astonished; for the wife of the Teuton, be her husband soldier or civilian, professor at Berlin or a watcher on the Rhine, has not yet passed the stage when Miss Austen hid her manuscript for fear of ridicule, and the Vicar of Wakefield thought his Olivia well employed in helping her mother at a gooseberry-pie. A martyrdom so little august may awaken our sympathy; nor do we insist that English ladies shall spoil their temper as well as their complexion by stooping over the medieval cauldron. That early form of self-sacrifice ought, in an age of machinery, to be developed into something less unworthy of the 'perfumed and garlanded victim,' whom the fierce male, it is only too probable, will always lead to the altar.

In any case, Cinderella, the kitchen-wench, Aspasia, the free companion, and old Miss 'Three-Per-Cents, the spinster with a mission, are now in revolt along the whole line. So, at least, the champions of the sex declare. 'What they want just now,' observes a philosopher, is 'to see the life of slum, and palace, and

and workshop; to enter into the trades and professions; to become doctors, nurses, and so forth; to have to look after themselves, and to hold their own as against men; to travel, to meet with sexual experience, to work together in trade unions, to join in social and political uprisings and rebellions, etc.' A modest programme! The 'bottomless perjury of an etcetera' was never, perhaps, more exquisitely shown. If the 'enormous hordes of unattached females living on interest and dividends,' who now 'prowl all over the country, filling the places of public entertainment in the proportion of three to one male,' and 'blocking the pavements in front of fashionable shops,' are 'going the most direct way to work, and laying in stores of experience,' the prospect is gloomy indeed. For it used to be an argument against frivolity and idleness that to them must be ascribed the hard lot of the Cinderellas and the Fantines,—that mere fashion was essentially unproductive, except of castaways, victims high and low to the craze for enjoyment. The writer may, nevertheless, have caught a glimpse of to-morrow. Certainly, when we think of our great Cosmopolis, with its outlying regions, its suburbs, watering-places, and seaside resorts,—of Nice and Saint Moritz, Saratoga Springs, and the 'Ocean Drive' at Newport,—we feel how unlike is the woman that commands wealth and leisure to her ancestress whom the same sympathetic pen describes. 'She, moving sad-eyed, to her patient and uncomplaining work,' thus we read of the 'propagative drudge,' 'to the narrow sphere and petty details of household life,' was yet 'filling the world with her myriad nameless unrecorded acts of tenderness and love, little noticed and less understood,' while her brain was 'dwarfed,' her 'outlook on the world marred by all falsity and ignorance.' So little did her 'unrivalled power of finesse' avail against man's egoism, brutality, and sense of ownership.

At length the scene is changing. Walt Whitman chaunts the feminine athlete who waits for him as a bride: 'She can swim, row, ride, wrestle, shoot, run, strike, retreat, defend herself'; she is a Spartan girl, with a rifle at her shoulder. The 'lady-chrysalis,' putting off her absurd silken webs, and by rational diet and exercise overcoming her 'dyspeptic depletion,' is now on the wing in search of an emancipated mate; the 'caged woman' intends to be free. Free, to begin with, in the disposal of her heart! The 'new code of ideals and customs' will leave no ambiguity where the 'owner-husband' may entrench himself: 'Let every woman,' so runs the decree, 'insist on her right to speak, dress, think, act, and, above all, to use her sex, as she deems best, hampered as little as possible by legal,



legal, conventional, and economic considerations, and relying chiefly on her own native sense and tact in the matter.' Clearly, we may look for a crowded noviciate to matrimony. But how many will take the vows? And how few will deem that they are binding? The 'sincerity and durability of her relations to her lovers,' on which Mr. Edward Carpenter (whom we have just been quoting) so confidently relies, have been tested in a George Sand, in a Catharine of Russia,—in various well-known persons, not hampered by legal or economic considerations, and the experiment is scarcely encouraging. Must we not guard against the 'equivocal piquancy' of so rapid a change in partnership as the creed summed up in the phrase 'elective affinities' would seem to justify? It is not desirable that the marriage of convenience should be put into commission, as it often is at present, when the 'brokeress' gets her so much per cent. on the dowry, 'and nothing said.' But 'every woman her own brokeress,' bartering an old husband for the new one of her choice,—would that be an advance of civilization? Before the orange-wreath has shed its blossoms, or the last crumb of the bride-cake is eaten, Madame Libertas has quarrelled with her 'comrade,' left him for a second, come back to the first, and selected a third as her 'future contingent.' 'While her sympathies for individuals are keen and quick, abstract ideas, such as those of justice and truth, have been difficult of appreciation to her'; thus says Mr. Carpenter again, adding, 'With a woman of this type, if her motives are nefarious, there is no means of changing them by appeal to her reason,' and 'unless controlled by the stronger sway of a determined personal will' (of a man, he subjoins in parenthesis) 'her career is liable to be'—what we might expect!

These last explanations have cleared the air. Woman, in spite of athletics, universal suffrage, and clinical lectures, is not likely to be transformed into man. She may become abnormal, but the ape of the masculine remains what she was, her beauty gone, her least desirable qualities heightened, by the detestable male habits which she has been ridiculous enough to assume. The 'saturnalia of free men and women,' condemned, yet, if we follow the logic of his reasoning, not refuted by Mr. Carpenter, is an idea by no means foreign to earlier times; but never has it passed into public law or custom. Such 'enthusiasm of love' it was which inspired the followers of Amaury in the thirteenth century, whence 'in the name of charity,' says the chronicler, 'that which had been sin was made sin no longer,' and a good part of the Decalogue was repealed. In that Iron Age the sword cut off disputes and disputants with a swiftness which modern

modern manners would not approve. We are now asked to welcome the anarchism of the sexes, and let Saturnalian horrors cure themselves by the device of freedom. Can we do so?

Happily not. 'Woman's greatest and incomparable function is Motherhood,' says Mr. Carpenter with decision, and 'a sane maternity,' in his view, involves 'the broadest and largest culture'; it is 'the indispensable condition of her future advance.' Nor can we fail to observe that in 'The Heavenly Twins,' in 'David Grieve,' and in 'Marcella,' the valiant woman whose good sense should equal her tenderness, and whose strength, courage, and resolution give character to the maternal instincts and light to her love, is not once to be found. George Sand was, no doubt, 'fearless and untamed'; she endeavoured to combine 'the passion for Nature with the love of Man,' as the New Woman hopes to do; and she was a kind, but surely not a pattern mother. If we may keep as the touchstone of advanced opinions, that sane maternity which the wise and the practical alike insist upon, we shall not go far astray in judging of what is fit, what is decorous, what is human and worthy to be cultivated, in the young maiden, the wedded wife, and even the spinster living on her dividends. But the world has never been a place of realized ideals. We must bear the facts in mind. Cinderella, perchance, may be set free from her kitchen; Marie Antoinette, if she is aware of her true interests, will give up playing at pastorals and making believe in the Little Trianon. Social service and household liberty may yet combine, unless women themselves sacrifice their essentially feminine virtues to the spirit of revolt.

Frau von Troll, when reciting the praises of chloroform, bade us consider that, in the epoch of unlimited affinity, there would be small need of it; superfluous infants do not throng the steps of women who change husbands frequently. That, of course, was not the way in which she expressed the principle, but in substance we are agreed. 'Sane maternity' and the 'free union' have such different ends in view, that the tender mothers of mankind know by instinct where the danger threatens, and cannot be persuaded not to detest the class of Aspasia. They will pity their unhappy sisters; from the woman who is 'free' by choice they turn with loathing. She is their children's enemy no less than their own, a symbol as well as a product of civilization in decay. 'What egoism can equal that,' exclaims the French novelist,—himself a competent witness,—'which degrades the highest power of the soul, and makes it an instrument of the least human, the most barren, of pleasures?' There is a 'mortal sin of intellect,' which, putting forward by  
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way of pretext the enthusiasm of love, 'not hampered by legal restraints,' turns the purpose without which life would be unendurable, to mere acting on the stage. The 'free woman' delights to remember that she can put off her feeling with her costume; that she is not bound; in the equal friendship the Tenor may die of unrequited love and a cold, but Angelica, while finding the joy of dilettantism in keeping a leash of men attached to her, goes about in the masquerade 'with a kind of artistic sense in the ordering of her life.' 'She moves serene and prompt' to her desires, nor, though Angelica repents, can we be certain that the New Woman will do likewise; for has she not 'a right to her personality'? What, then, is the choice? It seems to lie between the 'open experiment,' which allows of 'complex,' 'occasional,' and 'transitory' forms of partnership, —Free Love, seasoned variously to suit all palates, Messalina's included,—and the 'marriage of true minds' as understood by Christians.

'A woman,' says Marcella to Raeburn, 'is bound to cherish her own individuality sacredly, married or not married.' Yes; but will the lady be good enough to explain? What does she mean by this great word? A stream of sensations? A heap of molecules endowed with feeling? Or an immortal spirit, living under the law of conscience? Man has been compelled to ask himself these questions, and on the answer he gives to them his fate hangs. Hitherto, the immense majority of women have taken the answer which religion offers; they have believed in duty, self-denial, the world to come, and the supremacy of goodness. Now, in a day of conflicting ideals, the tempest which has broken out in that high region is sending down its hail and its rain upon them. The larger experience, the reading and travel, the freedom they have already won, must be paid for in a quickened sense of unrest, in freaks of enthusiasm; with advancing civilization, Mr. Ellis points out, crime and insanity among women have steadily increased. To speak in terms of art, this new world brings with it 'a lower degree of mental integration'; if man's brain is almost overweighted by the pressure which is daily put upon him, what shall we conclude of woman, who has ever shown less balance and greater affectibility? To her immediate surroundings she is, and must be, susceptible; she has waking dreams, and falls into trance or ecstasy where the less sensitive man escapes. The centre of his life may vary from thought to action; but how seldom is it feeling! Woman lives in her affections, and they demand, as all sentiment does, that the great postulates of existence shall be taken for granted. The period of luxury and decay through  
which

which we are passing,—the earthquake which is rocking so many institutions,—has begun to affect even the conservative sex, indifferent as it is by nature to these wider issues. The New Woman ought to be aware that her condition is morbid, or, at least, hysterical; that the true name of science falsely so-called may be ‘brain-poisoning’; that ‘ideas’ and love affairs, when mixed in unequal proportions, may explode like dynamite upon all concerned; and that Rousseau, Diderot, John Stuart Mill, Comte, Bakounine, and Ibsen, are masters not to be trusted, for they have all put themselves at the mercy of sentiment, and mistaken impulse, or pleasure, for conscience. Wharton, and his doctrine of ‘thrill,’ command the situation;—*Gefühl ist alles*.

But feeling is not the key to this problem. The forms of life are subject to law, and a broken law avenges itself by making an end of the law-breaker. The New Woman will not continue long in the land. Like other fashions, she is destined to excite notice, to be admired, criticised, and forgotten. The liberty which she invokes will be fatal to her. If on men’s selection of their mates the future depends—and they are still, by force of numbers, able to choose—what likelihood is there that an untamed Marcella—still less the scientific Evadne, and the ‘savage viper’ with chloroform on her toilet-table—will attract either Hercules or Apollo? Who would bind himself to spend his days with the anarchist, the athlete, the blue-stocking, the aggressively philanthropic, the political, the surgical woman? And what man would submit to an alliance which was terminable, not when *he* chose, but when his comrade was tired of him? Such are not the ideals to which he has looked up, or the qualities that win his affections. The age of chivalry cannot die, so long as woman keeps her peculiar grace, which is neither rugged strength nor stores of erudition, but a human nature predestined to Motherhood. She is called upon, in the plain language of Mr. Carpenter, ‘to bear children, to guard them, to teach them, to turn them out strong and healthy citizens of the great world.’ And she has a divine right to all that will fit her for so noble a duty.

Still, ‘married or not,’ her personality is sacred. Mindful of the services demanded of human creatures by their fellows, women who feel no attraction to the estate of matrimony, and who know that passion is consecrated only by the divine purpose which justifies it, will devote themselves to the sick and the suffering; they will be the delight of households not their own, yet by their presence made beautiful; they will learn and teach, if their genius bids them, and write touching histories, or be in  
their

their lives heroic, and in remembrance hallowed. Let them judge men severely, and aim at a simpler standard of living than is now thought needful to the gracious amenities of intercourse. Luxury is not their friend; the decadent is their worst enemy. An art, a literature, which degrades man does absolutely destroy woman; and an effeminate dilettantism, whether it falls on its knees in æsthetic rapture, or makes of religion a decorative industry, is merely the plague disguised. No man has ever sunk below fallen woman; none had ever so much to lose. If the new generation seeks freedom, let it count the cost. Our finest ideals are in danger, and nothing but the true and sensitive conscience of the woman herself will save them. Yet, how splendid a task is here! The sovereign poets, who do not flatter, and have known the source of their own gifts, celebrate that inspiring Motherhood. We will not quote the 'Second Faust'; in our view, Dante has reached a higher flight:—

' Donna, se' tanto grande, e tanto vali,  
 Che, qual vuol grazia, e a te non ricorre,  
 Sua disianza vuol volar senz' ali. . . .  
 In te misericordia, in te pietate,  
 In te magnificenza, in te s' aduna  
 Quantunque in creatura è di bontate.'

Will the New Woman lay to heart a lesson which is likewise a homage to her better self?

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ART. II.—*Songs, Poems, and Verses.* By Helen, Lady Dufferin (Countess of Gifford). Edited, with a Memoir and some Account of the Sheridan Family, by her Son, the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. With Portrait. London, 1894.

THE distinguishing charm of the dainty volume in which Lord Dufferin has published his mother's verses is its naturalness. The prefatory Memoir strikes the keynote. It is not an exercise in the art of praise, nor a study in the portrayal of character. It is rather a debt of love. Lord Dufferin writes of his mother with a warmth of affection and with a just pride in her memory which impress the reader by their sincerity, and appeal to him more strongly than a colder, more restrained, and therefore less simple, introduction. He takes the public into his confidence with the genuine self-respect of true feeling, and he will find, we are convinced, that the confidence so given has not been misplaced.

The same charm of naturalness pervades the poems which are thus prefaced. Like the Memoir, they take the reader into the confidence of the writer. They are exact transcripts of the mind and moods of a tender-hearted, playful, witty, richly-gifted woman, who found in verse the simplest mode of giving direct expression to her feelings. They are vivid pictures of the alternating lights and shades, the varying clouds and sunshine, that played upon the surface and revealed the depths of her nature. The impression is confirmed by the miscellaneous contents of the volume, and the apparently accidental character of their arrangement. Not only are thoughts grave and gay, humour and pathos, tears and laughter, sighs and smiles, as in real life, inextricably mingled, but very different degrees of merit are represented in the poems themselves. The volume is a collection of what Lady Dufferin wrote, rather than a selection of her best pieces. Her most successful efforts are placed side by side with others in which she has comparatively failed.

The Poems contain more than one gem which lovers of poetry will cherish as a treasured possession. They illustrate, alike in their merits and defects, their capacities and limitations, many of the characteristics of Irish poetry. For these and other reasons, to which we shall return, they deserved to be collected and preserved in the imperishable form of a book. Yet the literary excellence of Lady Dufferin's prose and verse does not, perhaps, constitute their first claim to attention. Throughout the Preface, with which Lord Dufferin introduces them to the public, there is one thought conspicuously absent, and that is the thought which, we venture to say, will at once occur

occur to the majority of those who open the volume. To the present generation the verses will make their first appeal as the work of Lord Dufferin's mother. That this should be so would have brought joy to a woman who found in her son's growing reputation the chief happiness of her earthly being.

Our own writers on the subject of heredity have traced the descent of genius through the male line. A recent French writer, M. de Lescure, in his '*Mères Illustres*,' has endeavoured to prove from an elaborate array of instances that there has never been a great man who had not a great mother. Greatness is a relative term. Men may become eminent whose mothers were not gifted with superior powers of mind or even conspicuous virtues. In the face of such instances as Voltaire, Gibbon, Mirabeau, or Byron, it is impossible to say that there are not exceptions to M. de Lescure's proposition. On the other hand, the rule is so far confirmed by facts that an additional interest attaches to the character and abilities of a woman who has given birth to a distinguished son.

It was our own poet Gray who made the discovery of which, he says, many men seem ignorant, that 'in one's whole life one can never have more than a single mother.' Happy those who make the same discovery before it is too late to profit by it! That happiness belonged to Lord Dufferin, and, as he truly calls it, at the most critical period in a man's life.

'My mother, in spite of the gaiety of her temperament and her powers of enjoyment, or perhaps on that very account, was imbued by a deep religious spirit—a spirit of love, purity, self-sacrifice, and unfailing faith in God's mercy. In spite of her sensitive taste, keen sense of humour, involuntary appreciation of the ridiculous, and exquisite critical faculty, her natural impulse was to admire, and to see the good in everything, and to shut her eyes to whatever was base, vile, or cruel. The intensity of her love for Nature was another remarkable characteristic. I never knew any one who seemed to derive such exquisite enjoyment as she did from the splendours of earth and heaven, from flowers, from the sunshine, or the song of birds. A beautiful view produced in her the same ecstasy as did lovely music. But the chief and dominant characteristic of her nature was her power of loving. However little, as I am obliged to confess to my shame, I may have profited by these holy and blessed influences, no one, I am sure, has ever passed from boyhood to manhood under more favourable and ennobling conditions.'

Lord Dufferin's mother belonged to the Sheridan family, whose history affords a most remarkable illustration of the transmission of hereditary qualities. For four generations, and  
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the record may be carried back to a yet more remote point, as well as extended into collateral branches, Lady Dufferin's direct ancestors and ancestresses had been celebrated for literary talents, wit, and beauty. Dr. Thomas Sheridan was the bosom friend of Swift, and the gaiety and sweetness of his disposition dispersed the gloom of the Dean, as the harp of David, to use the simile of Pope, exorcised the evil spirit of Saul. His son, also Thomas Sheridan, was a talented man of letters, and the intimate friend of Garrick and of Johnson. He married Miss Chamberlaine, a lady who was not without a spark of literary genius. Her novels were widely read, and from her play of the 'Discovery' Garrick created one of his favourite parts. 'When "The Rivals" was running at Covent Garden,' says Lord Dufferin, on the authority of Moore, 'Garrick renewed "The Discovery" at Drury Lane, so that two pieces by the mother and the son were being acted at the same moment at the two great London theatres.' The son of Thomas Sheridan and Frances Chamberlaine was Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who was the most brilliant talker and the greatest conversational wit of the circle in which he moved, and who, as Byron said, wrote the best comedy, the best farce, the best address, and delivered the best oration ever conceived or heard in this country. Miss Linley, who became his wife, was one of the most lovely and charming women of that day, the St. Cecilia of Reynolds, and the original of fascinating and graceful pictures by Romney and Gainsborough. Not only was she a consummate musical artist, but she possessed a pretty talent for writing verses. Their son, Thomas Sheridan, who inherited the ready wit of his father and the charm of his mother, himself married a clever and beautiful woman, Miss Callander, whose novels were once deservedly popular. The early death of her husband in 1817 left her a widow with six small children, a slender pension, and scanty means. By the kindness of the King she was given apartments in Hampton Court, and, being a woman of sound sense and firm character, and actuated by a high ideal of duty, was able to pay her husband's few debts and educate her children. But the struggle with poverty was long as well as real. Readers of Mrs. Norton's poetry will remember the lines in which she speaks of her mother at this period of her life :—

' Oft, since that hour, in sadness I retrace  
My childhood's vision of thy calm sweet face;  
Oft see thy form, its mournful beauty shrouded  
In thy black weeds, and coif of widow's woe;  
Thy dark expressive eyes, all dim and clouded  
By that deep wretchedness the lonely know;



Stifling thy grief, to hear some weary task  
 Conn'd by unwilling lips, with listless air ;  
 Hoarding thy means, lest future needs should ask  
 More than the widow's pittance then could spare.  
 Hidden, forgotten by the great and gay,  
 Enduring sorrow, not by fits and starts,  
 But the long self-denial, day by day,  
 Alone amid thy brood of careless hearts !  
 Striving to guide, to teach, or to restrain  
 The young rebellious spirits crowding round,  
 Who saw not, knew not, felt not for thy pain,  
 And could not comfort—yet had power to wound !

Mrs. Sheridan's eldest son made a brilliant runaway match. The two others died young. Her three daughters were Lady Dufferin, Mrs. Norton, and the Duchess of Somerset, who, as Lady Seymour, was the Queen of Beauty at the Eglinton Tournament.

'There were,' writes Lord Lamington in the '*Days of the Dandies*,' 'at this time three sisters, fairest among the fairest—Lady Seymour, Lady Dufferin, and Mrs. Norton—who afford the highest proofs of the transmission of hereditary qualities. Miss Linley was equally remarkable for the grace and charm of womanhood. The grandchildren possessed the united gifts which won all hearts. No one who has ever met Lady Dufferin could forget her rare combination of grace, beauty, and wit.'

Writing of Lady Dufferin in 1842, a year after her husband's death, Mary Somerville, in her '*Personal Recollections*,' says :—

'There was much beauty at Rome at that time. No one who was there can have forgotten the beautiful, brilliant Sheridans. I recollect Lady Dufferin, at the Easter ceremonies at St. Peter's, in her widow's cap, with a large black crape veil over it, creating quite a sensation. With her exquisite features and oval face, anything more lovely could not be conceived ; and the Roman people crowded round her in undisguised admiration of "*La bella monaca inglese*." Her charm of manner and her brilliant conversation will never be forgotten by those who knew her.'

Similar testimony to the exceptional charms of the three sisters is borne by other writers whose recollections ran back to the first half of the present century, and Lord Dufferin's description of his mother is not more glowing than are many of the contemporary portraits of her which were drawn by persons who cannot be suspected of partiality.

'My mother, though her features were less regular than those of her sisters, was equally lovely and attractive. Her figure was divine,  
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—the perfection of grace and symmetry, her head being beautifully set upon her shoulders. Her hands and feet were very small, many sculptors having asked to model the former. She had a pure sweet voice. She sang delightfully, and herself composed many of the tunes to which both her published and unpublished songs were set. Her ear for music was so good that if she went to an opera over night, you would be sure to hear her singing the principal airs in it the next morning. Though she never studied drawing, she had a natural talent both for figures and landscape. I have albums full of her water-colour sketches, and the illustrations to "*The Honourable Impulsia Gushington*," which she did with a common quill pen, evince her intuitive aptitude for figure-drawing. She had mastered French before she was sixteen, as well as acquired some Latin. In after-years she wrote in French as readily as in English, and she also learned German. Her talent for versifying showed itself very early.'

Helen Sheridan, afterwards Lady Dufferin, was the eldest of the three sisters. She was married almost out of the school-room. During her first season she met Commander Blackwood, to whom, when she was scarcely seventeen, she was married in July 1825. Her only child, the present Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, was born in June 1826.

Captain Blackwood's frequent absences abroad while engaged in his professional duties made his wife and child to an unusual degree dependent upon each other. They spent their youth together. The mother was young enough to be the companion of a son who could remember her twenty-first birthday, and whose earliest recollection was of 'her loving, radiant face, which was my childhood's Heaven, as indeed it never ceased to be, bent over my cradle.' The early death of the husband and father drew closer a relation which was already exceptionally intimate. In 1841 Lord Dufferin died—two years after he had succeeded to the titles and estates of his father. From that time forward Lady Dufferin devoted herself with single-hearted love, and with the discretion, tact, and firmness which she had inherited from her mother, first to the care and education of her son, and, after he had come to man's estate, to making for him so delightful a home as young men have rarely enjoyed. When in 1862 she ceased to be the sole object and pre-occupation of his life, she triumphed over all less noble and unselfish feelings, and welcomed his wife as her daughter.

Lady Dufferin died in 1867. The circumstances of her marriage with Lord Gifford, her lingering illness, and her death in 1867 are described by Lord Dufferin with a warmth of feeling, which carries his readers with him and creates in others something of that same sense of personal loss which is

his own inspiration. It was her desire that Mrs. Norton's monody on Lord Gifford should be inscribed on a tablet in Friern Barnet Church, where he and she were both buried. It was impossible to carry out her wish, and therefore Lord Dufferin appropriately gives the poem a place in this collection of his mother's writings. Severe suffering only brought out the nobility and unselfishness of Lady Dufferin's nature. Her thoughts were always for others, never for herself. Ever anxious to spare pain to those she loved, she maintained to the end her cheerful gaiety, and watched without fear or repining the gradual approach of death. The last entry in her Diary is in these words:—

'Last night I could hardly refrain from praying that this time of trial may not be greatly prolonged. But what am I that I presume to choose times and seasons for God's judgments or mercies? Only may I bear patiently what is appointed.'

She died on the 13th of June, 1867.

'Thus there went out of the world,' to quote the concluding words of Lord Dufferin's account of his mother's death, 'one of the sweetest, most beautiful, most accomplished, wittiest, most loving, and lovable human beings that ever walked upon the earth. There was no quality wanting to her perfection; and I say this, not prompted by the partiality of a son, but as one well acquainted with the world, and with both men and women. There have been many ladies who have been beautiful, charming, witty, and good, but I doubt whether there have been any who have combined with so high a spirit, and with so natural a gaiety and bright an imagination as my mother's, such strong unerring good sense, tact, and womanly discretion; for these last characteristics, coupled with the intensity of her affections, were the real essence and deep foundations of my mother's nature. Her wit, or rather her humour, her gaiety, her good taste, she may have owed to her Sheridan forefathers; but her firm character and abiding sense of duty she derived from her mother, and her charm, grace, amiability, and loveliness, from her angelic ancestress, Miss Linley.'

Lady Dufferin's pieces of prose and verse make their first appeal to the public, as we have already said, because they are the work of the mother of a distinguished son. No one, however, can read the Memoir with which they are introduced without feeling that they deserve to be studied for the sake of the charming personality of their author which they help to reveal. It needs only a glance at their contents to show that, on their own intrinsic merits, the writings collected in this volume deserve a cordial welcome.

The bulk of the collection consists of Lady Dufferin's poetical  
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and dramatic writings. But the 'Thoughts on Keys,' and the two letters to Miss Berry which are quoted in the Memoir, are so brightly written that we hope no long time will elapse before Lord Dufferin redeems his promise by publishing other specimens of his mother's letters. Full of playful gaiety, revealing a keen sense of the ludicrous, rich in clever descriptive touches, and showing an immense capacity for enjoyment, they are, like everything else that came from her pen, simple, unaffected, and natural.

It may be of interest to quote a few extracts from some of Lady Dufferin's letters which lie before us as we write. They chiefly belong to the years 1860-61, when her son was acting as Royal Commissioner in Syria for the settlement of the case of the Druses and Maronites. Her letters written to friends from Dufferin Lodge are filled with little details of every-day life, commonplace in themselves, but presented in a bright and amusing fashion peculiarly her own. She talks of her lonely rides on 'Sir Lancelot,' which are pleasant enough if only 'I had some one to whom I could say, "How pleasant is solitude." Such is Rousseau's sentiment, and I acquiesce in its justness.' She narrates her experiences as a farmer, with her 'Breton cow as big as a pig' and her 'Breton sheep the size of rabbits.' 'The profits,' she adds, 'of this farm-produce will be (I believe) of the same microscopic proportions.' The people whom she met at dinner-parties are described and their sayings recorded. On one occasion, for instance, she sate next to the Bishop of Oxford (Wilberforce), and the conversation turned on Lord Dufferin's recent visit to Iceland.

'The Bishop laughed when I told him the apothecary's wife had asked you to tea—I believe in Latin! "Ha! ha! indeed! female doctor's Latin, I suppose?" "My Lord, did you say female dog Latin?" said I again to the cunning Ulysses, which made the Prelate roar.'

Sometimes she describes the visitors who came to Dufferin Lodge. One of them was the Prince of Prussia, afterwards the Emperor William I. She walked him, she says,

'all over the premises, down into the field, into the farmyard, &c., and he insisted on going over all the rooms, bedrooms and all. Such was his royal inquisitiveness that he disturbed my sitting canary by suddenly appearing in a stately attitude at the edge of her nest. The eggs have proved addled in consequence.'

She gives an account of a visit which was paid her on board a yacht by two young ladies, 'both four feet nothing, and dressed in balloons (for crinolines is too mild a term). We had them

them brought into the cabin in instalments, one petticoat at a time, and, when seated there, they looked like reels in a bottle.' She describes the scene in the 'Colleen Bawn' where Eiley O'Connor is supposed to be murdered by Danny Maun, the hunchback. 'Of course Eiley is not dead, but appears in a grey gown and black trimmings (for people who are murdered always go into decent half mourning, to express their disapproval of the transaction in the course of the third act).' Those who have had similar experiences will sympathise with the conflict of mind through which she passed as an amateur horse-dealer, and fill up the details in this otherwise incomplete picture:—

'I have decided,' she says, 'to take the offer of 100*l.* for the chestnut, as Evans strongly recommends me to do so. Two persons here have offered that price, and Evans seems to think that he is not likely to fetch more. Selling a horse is a hateful business, nearly as bad as buying one. All the worst passions of our nature are brought into play in the transaction. It is in vain to say to one's conscience that *caveat emptor* is the rule, and that the buyer is aware of it. That other rule, "Do unto thy neighbour," &c., seems to ring in one's ear, and I long to say to my two purchasers,—"Yes, he is very pretty, but we had rather not have him, and perhaps you had better not buy him." Nevertheless, I have restrained my candid tongue, and have left the business to Evans. He certainly is a charming horse to ride, and he never makes a false step now, so I hope he is either stronger on his legs, or has "taken a thought."'

As the year 1860 was drawing towards a close, Lady Dufferin became anxious about her son's health, and determined to join him at Beirût. She started on board the Peninsular and Oriental steamer 'Euxine,' for Alexandria. 'I shall give you,' she says, 'funny accounts of the curious people I am hand-and-glove with on board this boat.' Her affectionate nature was never content with kindly feelings towards others. She always sought opportunities to show her sympathies by words and deeds and looks, and every evidence that can help to cheer and bind together the poor units of humanity. Before she parted from her fellow-passengers, she had endeared herself to all on board. 'It is,' she writes to her sister, the Duchess of Somerset, after landing at Alexandria,

'a curious and interesting life on board these vessels. I came on board utterly alone, and found a strange set of every nation, my own countrymen perhaps the strangest. I have just parted from them, never in all human probability to see any of them again, as they are to be scattered to the four quarters of the globe; yet we parted as if we were friends of many years, and two actually shed tears in shaking  
hands

hands for the last time with me. One, a poor old blind man (or nearly blind), to whom I had shown some trifling kindness, and who had suffered dreadfully from sickness, was led on shore at Malta for the refreshment of a walk on *terra firma*, and he spent his few hours of holiday in buying a collar of Maltese lace to present to me on his return. I am haunted by his poor withered suffering face saying to me when I took leave of him—"May the Lord bless you and give you your heart's desires."

Her Christmas Day in 1860 was spent at Beirût. In another letter to her sister she describes the festivities on board H.M.S. 'Doris.'

'On Christmas Day I attended the service on board the "Doris" (which lies in St. George's Bay, about 3 miles off Beyrout, such a beautiful situation, with the range of Lebanon towering up close to the sea, the highest peaks covered with snow, green patches of mulberry plantations or olive groves creeping up all the creeks and ravines, and a strip of warm gold-coloured sand serving as frame to the picture). After the service I was taken down to the lower deck to see the Christmas feast. It was one of the prettiest sights I ever beheld. Her crew consists of about 500 men; they are divided into "messes" of eight; each "mess" had made itself a green bower of leaves and flowers, ornamented with devices and transparencies of the strangest sort, and lighted up with Chinese paper lamps suspended by garlands of evergreens. The tables "groaned" under every delicacy calculated to tempt the marine mind—plum puddings stuck with mistletoe, hams ornamented with frills of rose-coloured paper, pies wreathed with myrtle, &c. &c. It is a rule that as you walk down this avenue of "comestibles" you must eat a piece of pudding at every mess table. You may imagine what it is to eat plum pudding all down a street, both sides of the way! However, I did my duty like a man, and gained so much popularity thereby that a grave proposition was sent up to the Captain through the First Lieutenant to be allowed to chair me round the quarter-deck. This idea was broached after dinner (when several other things had been broached, I believe), and it was thought advisable for me to beat a retreat soon after, as it is a day given up to the Empire of Misrule, and every irregular proceeding is *de rigueur*.

'The next night we dined on board, and saw a play acted by the sailors, and really wonderfully well done. It was the farce of "The Boots at the Swan," and afterwards followed an original pantomime called the "Barber who Shaved Moses," with a capital clown and a harlequin who danced with a vigour that quite alarmed one. They painted the scenes themselves, they danced, sang,—in short, the versatility of their talents was enough to take your breath away, especially in the "row" scene which occurs in every pantomime that pretends to be a pantomime, when everybody thumps and slaps everybody, and everything movable is thrown at everybody's head. On this occasion I received an orange in my lap, and the poor French  
Commodore,

Commodore, who was nodding with sleep by my side, had a loaf of bread thrown at his nose. On quitting the ship about 11 o'clock (such a night, so warm and still, with a moon so bright that you could read by it), they lighted up the lovely "Doris" with blue lights, and gave me a British cheer, which we returned as well as we could, and so ended a very enjoyable day.'

Life at Beirût had its drawbacks from the unhealthiness and variableness of the climate. But her cheerfulness was invincible. She might describe herself as 'weak and thin, like French hotel wine: no body in me at all! but "crusty," yes, and sour, a little.' Or she might complain of the 'awful nature of our storms,' when she spent 'great part of every night in holding hard on to my window shutters, which keep boxing the ears of the unhappy house so as to threaten its demolition.' But she still threw herself into every form of innocent enjoyment with her usual spirit and vivacity. 'I went hunting yesterday,' she tells the Duchess of Somerset, in February 1861:

'—such a pretty sight and such curious hunting! The ground was a grassy plain on the other side of the Beirût River, intersected by little watercourses and studded with groves of pine trees, some full-grown and tall, and others making a thick underwood or scrub, in which the jackals (which we came to hunt) were hidden. We had a brace of beautiful Persian greyhounds, which sniffed and ran about, but were perfectly useless, but our real pack consisted of two battalions of Zouaves and Spahis, who drove the pines in full uniform, encircling them and gradually diminishing the circle, shouting and screaming until the jackals ran out and went tearing down the watercourses, with the army at their heels, firing at impossible distances. I think I never saw so animated a scene—the wild Algerine horses, and their wilder riders in scarlet trousers, red morocco jack-boots, and white bernouses floating on the wind,—the whole relieved against the bright green pine groves and purple mountains, or the bright gold of the sandbank. The huntsmen and whippers-in consisted of a French General and two Colonels. General Ducrôt's wife and I were the only ladies. My little Arab mare leaped everything she came to like a feather, and seemed to enjoy it as much as I did, and Madame Ducrôt, though on a heavy French horse, followed with much pluck and animation. After four hours of this, and killing several jackals, the Spahis "offered" us as a sort of fête their national dance,—a dance the principal figure of which consisted in turning head over heels and administering a severe blow on your partner's head with your foot,—and also what they call a "fantasia," which is two or three horsemen racing against each other (the horses absolutely touching), the bridles held in the riders' mouths, while they present, aim, and fire at full speed with wonderful precision.'

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One of the poems collected in the volume of Lady Dufferin's verses is an address to 'The Seine near Etioilles,' a country place belonging to the Comte de Ste. Aulaire. The following extract is from a letter written at the town-house of the same friend in the Rue Las Cases at Paris:—

'I am living in a quiet old house in the Faubourg St. Germain, with the picture of my dear old friend M. de Ste. Aulaire folding his arms opposite my bed, and his mother Egidie de Nogan (whom I once saw in the garden at Etioilles in 1847, a gallant old lady of ninety-nine) smiles from the other side of the room, in a long-waisted bodice garlanded with flowers, and a powdered toupie—done at the age of sixteen, a bright French face with sparkling black eyes and thick eyebrows. I had just been reading her *Life*, written by her son (in the form of "*Notices sur mes Portraits de Famille*," a most interesting little manuscript book, containing 1,000 details full of life and colour, either of his own *souvenirs d'enfance*, or very recent traditions of his family, and running through the whole of the French Revolution). The smiling black-eyed thing must have lived through hours that would have killed most women, in constant flight, or else hiding from the ever-impending guillotine, in hourly dread of her father's execution (who was in prison), or her husband's capture (who was a fugitive), seeing her only son (my dear friend) by stealth, when he could manage to get to her hiding-place, which was often impossible for him to do from the faintness produced by want of food, and he, a young growing lad, in delicate health. They were both literally starving for months. However, there she was at Etioilles in 1847, and lived to see her children's great-grandchildren.'

With all her love of France and the French, Lady Dufferin was keenly alive to the discomforts of travelling in the country during the days of passports and afterwards. 'Oh!' she cries, 'that I could transport a bit of that Provence sky which I have been enjoying over your dear dripping heads in Ireland! It is a terrible drawback on the goods of English life to lead a web-foot existence. I sometimes fancy that I could put up with any amount of despotic monarchy taken warm, with Burgundy, rather than the British constitution, with all that cold water. But the dream disappears on the slightest contact with French officials, either on railroads or elsewhere; no, give me a mackintosh and let me lie in a ditch in old Ireland, rather than the "dry places" in which French authority struts and spits, &c. Either they really are more rude than they used to be, or else it is because I have been more intimately in contact with the lower order of officials in France on the out-of-the-way railroads I have been travelling (above all, being alone with only a maid, they naturally put on a little extra brutality). The fact is, the poor creatures having been deprived of their natural *pâturage* and tit-bit, the British Passport, they are like starving lions that have tasted blood. They hardly know how to  
vent



vent the suppressed malevolence to which that glorious institution gave such a ready outlet. They can no longer wake up a fat John Bull out of his uneasy apoplectic slumber every half-hour to ask him for it; nor drag him through narrow doorways into fusty *bureaux*, before an irresponsible tribunal of cocked-hats; nor glower at him as if he were a malefactor, if his nose is not as flat or his *menton* as round as the document represents. All these delights and refreshments being cut off, they naturally "take it out" in all sorts of small spites and annoyances. They kick your trunks, and knock your band-boxes on the head, and chalk opprobrious hieroglyphics on your new leather portmanteau. They lock you in, and bar you out of every door on the premises, and they invent doors, that lead nowhere, for that sole purpose. They forbid you to *passer*, and won't allow you to *rester* anywhere. They would willingly "pinch your eyeballs" (like Quilp) if they could. Finally they put muzzles on the (no) noses of minute Japanese dogs, which reach nearly to their tails. Can the spite of bureauocracy go further?'

In her poems, songs, and verses, Lady Dufferin is exactly what she was in her letters and in real life. Her poetical pieces, which constitute the bulk of the volume, leave behind them a vivid impression of the writer's true self. Nothing is studied, nothing unreal, nothing artificial. On the contrary, all is fresh, unaffected, genuine, and spontaneous. The marked features of the writer's character, as it stands revealed in these poems, are a true genius for love, an innocent gaiety, a playful humour, the patience and endurance which have for their source deep religious feeling, and a warm and tender sympathy for sorrow and suffering. There are the peaks which rise, always clear and radiant, above the mists that hang about the lower levels. Below these heights, as round the mountain sides of her own native land, gather from time to time clouds of melancholy which thicken as troubles increase and life draws on. Yet the gloom, even at its darkest, is never settled; but ever and anon is pierced, broken, and scattered to the winds by bright flashes of fancy, brilliant gleams of infectious gaiety, vivid rays of wit and humour. It is these alternating effects of light and shade, storm and sunshine, which give a special charm to Lady Dufferin's poetry, as similar atmospheric variations lend a peculiar beauty to Irish landscape.

Judged by a purely critical standard, the poems as a whole are inferior both in quantity and quality to those of her sister, Mrs. Norton. In feeling, tone of thought, range of sympathy and interests, the two sisters had many points in common. The best of Lady Dufferin's verses rival, if they do not surpass, for tenderness and simple grace of expression, anything that  
Mrs.

Mrs. Norton ever wrote. But in intensity of passion, in magnitude of design, in force of language, and in the mass of her work, Mrs. Norton was the superior, if not by natural endowment at least by constant exercise of her powers as well as by stress of circumstances. Lady Dufferin's poetry, in fact, has the excellences and the limitations of the natural poetic gifts which are the heritage of the Irish nation.

The scenery of Ireland, with its mountains, hills, and valleys, its secluded lakes, streams, and rivers, its brilliant colouring, its legend-haunted ruins, its venerable monuments of past ages, seems, directly or by association, to invite poetry at every turn. Irish history, rich in stirring incidents, in the vicissitudes of victories and defeats, in the rise and fall of noble families and the fidelity of dependants, supplies in lavish abundance elements of romantic interest. Nor are the ultimate results of the national struggle unfavourable to the development of poetic genius, for the finest ballads and patriotic lyrics have seldom been songs of victory or pæans of triumph; they have rather been the wail over lost causes or the dirge of defeated heroes. In the misty moonlight of Irish mythology wander a crowd of shadowy creations of popular fancy, which at once illustrate and encourage the desire of the people to lean on some external arm, and are well fitted to be the parents at once of religious feeling and poetic imagination. Children, to whom the wiles of the Leprechaun, the pranks of the Phooka, the warnings of the Banshee, and the vision of the long-haired, long-robed Geilt are at once familiar, yet mysterious, are necessarily nurtured in an atmosphere of wonder and of awe which is more congenial to poetic fancy than more prosaic and practical surroundings. And, finally, the national character itself seems to be peculiarly susceptible and responsive to influences such as those which we have enumerated. Intensely patriotic, warm-hearted, vivacious, imaginative, the Irish people have a depth of melancholy below the surface of their gaiety. If they were merely the wild, reckless, rollicking people, which they are sometimes represented to be, we might expect that the influence of their surroundings would be too ephemeral to produce any lasting effect. The shallow rapids of the sparkling, dancing brook reflect only a confused shimmer of light and colour in its changing surface; it is only in the deeper and more sluggish waters that heaven and earth are faithfully pictured. In the Irish nature there is this depth, and in it we should expect to find the poetic influences of their surroundings reproduced.

Yet in the highest fields of poetry, although the materials lie close to the people on every side, and although the national character

character is peculiarly susceptible to their influences, no native Irish poet has ever reached the highest rank. To Englishmen indeed one side of the literature of Ireland is necessarily a sealed book. It may be that in the vernacular poetry of the country there may be found specimens which would lead us to modify our judgment, and to which no translation has ever done full justice. The bards of Ireland were numerous, and Munster holds the pre-eminence alike in potatoes and peasant poets. Characteristic specimens have been collected of their compositions which were highly valued by Edmund Spenser. But it must be remembered that their poetry has long reached the *jour des louanges*, when criticism is silenced in the presence of death. Subject therefore to the unknown glories of vernacular poetry, it remains true that Ireland has produced no native poet of the highest rank.

It would be an interesting speculation to examine into the causes of this inferiority, and to determine whether the national history, or the national character, has most conduced to the comparative starvation of poetic genius. As novelists, dramatists, historians, journalists, Irish writers have excelled. In the pulpit, on the platform, in Parliament, Irish orators have found full scope for their poetic fancy, and have clothed their thought in impassioned language, and adorned their eloquence with striking similes, fine images, and picturesque metaphors. In prose and in oratory they have produced poets by the score. But in verse no native poet has appeared who can be compared with the great names of English literature. The reason of this fact lies beyond the scope of our present purpose. It is immaterial, whether the hand of the stranger, or the voice of the native, is most to blame.

But Nature would not be wholly denied her purpose. If man has made Ireland a land of sorrow, she has made it a land of song. In the less aspiring, less sustained, and shorter flights of verse Irish writers have remarkably excelled. It may be that the national genius is best adapted to brief compositions attuned to a single key, and that in longer pieces facility of expression and exuberance of fancy prove fatal gifts. It is as song-writers, whether their inspiration be patriotism, love, or war, that Irish poets have put their natural gifts to the most perfect use. They command all the excellences which are essential to success. The tone of feeling is decided; the versification is free from forced inversions; and the separate pieces are short. Elastic in rhythm, animated and forcible in language, racy in tone, their songs seem to be the natural product of a genuine feeling which finds in verse its freest expression.

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The poems of Lady Dufferin are, in our opinion, excellent and characteristic specimens of the best Irish song. No one must take up this volume of verse in the expectation that it contains sublime flights of imaginative insight, or subtle musings on human life and destiny. Its merits are of a different and a simpler kind. Few and rare are the spirits who can tread these dizzy heights of poetry. Lady Dufferin makes no such attempt, and, both positively and negatively, she reaps the reward of her humbler choice. Her poetry contains no wild fancies, no gaudy metaphors, no ambitious displays of so-called power. Her style is simple to plainness, and her language is transparency itself. Sooner than leave her meaning uncertain, she allows herself to commit errors of metrical redundancy. She is never tempted into those obscurities which pass for depth, when they often indicate only muddiness of mind. Nor is the positive reward less marked than the negative. Her poetry produces the impression of absolute truth to herself which the best song-writers convey. She never weeps with the public, and wipes her eyes with the press. She writes because she feels, and not for the sake of feeling. Her words come *from* the heart instead of playing *round* the heart. Verse never fetters the free expression of her emotion; but, as a rule, rhyme and rhythm are wedded to her meaning so easily that they seem the most natural channel through which the simple feeling can be communicated. Her poetry is such as every reader can and should enjoy; it is the genuine product of a rich fancy, a cultivated mind, and a warm heart.

The impression of truth is, as we before pointed out, heightened by the form in which the collection of poems is presented. It is not a selection of her best compositions, but very varying degrees of merit are included. The separate pieces are not sorted, tied up in bundles, and labelled with different headings. They are as miscellaneous in arrangement as they were in composition. The reader passes from grave to gay, just as the moods of the author herself varied with the occasions that stirred her to write. To some of the best pieces, though many others are in their reflectiveness and subjectivity essentially modern, belongs something of the piquancy of old ballads. There are the same reality, the same simplicity, the same directness. There is also the same childlike unconsciousness of power: the singer sings in her own fashion, and as a matter of course, perfectly at her ease as to her genius in its bearings upon her work. In some respects, moreover, the poems seem to belong to a condition of society, which is less remote, though scarcely less extinct, than the era of ballads. In her brighter moods  
Lady

Lady Dufferin writes with the elastic gaiety, the unworn capacity for joy, the open sense for greatness or for beauty, the readiness to receive nature as a whole instead of brooding over its details, which characterised the older writers.

The poems fall into three principal groups, from each of which we propose to extract a specimen. There are poems of Irish peasant life, humorous poems chiefly on social topics, and poems of domestic affection.

In her poems of the Irish peasantry Lady Dufferin seizes on the salient features which are so conspicuous in Irish song. Prominent among these is patriotism, the love of the 'fair-hilled pleasant Ireland,' to quote the description of the peasant bard Heffernan. Equally marked points in the peasant's character are the clinging to hearth and home, the reciprocal love of parents and children, the resignation which has not yet passed from the virtue of patience into the vice of indifference. In the amatory songs lighter traits are depicted, and the gentle entreaty, the overflowing assurance of affection, the rich humour, the pathos, the rapid changes from mirth to melancholy are represented with racy fidelity.

All these traits of Irish character find expression in Lady Dufferin's verse. Though she has written no 'Rosalie,' and no 'Voice from the Factories,' her sympathy with sorrow and suffering was as warm and true as that of Mrs. Norton. It is the enforced severance from the country of his birth, endeared to him by associations with the dead, and the deep tenderness of his domestic affections, which give such pathetic force to the 'Irish Emigrant.' That perfect little poem is too well known to be quoted here. But the same sympathy finds expression in other less familiar lines. In the land of strangers no one knows how dear is Ireland to the lonely exile, how his heart leaps up at the thought of the 'Bay of Dublin,' how he hungers for a sight of the 'Sweet Wicklow Mountains,' how sadly he broods over his recollections of 'days of yore.' Unable to read or write, the very sight of a letter is to him what a clasp of the hand is to the blind or the deaf. With what womanly instinct Lady Dufferin entered into these feelings of the Irish peasantry, among whom she lived for many months of the year, is shown by the following extract from the 'Emigrant Ship.' The poem is founded on an entry in the Diary of an outward-bound emigrant:—

'A flight of swallows passed us to-day. Some one said, "If those birds had but sense to take news of us home, they'd be the welcome birds in Connaught this day!" I stood and watched them out of sight, and God knows my heart went with them.'

The

The 'Cead Mille Phailte,' the 'Hundred Thousand Welcomes,' of a hospitable people will never again be said to the exiles.

'Oh, blessed words! the very sound takes back the heart again,  
Like a glad bird, a thousand miles across this dreary main!  
We hear no more the plashing wave beneath our vessel's prow;  
The dear green fields lie round us (which another labours now!)—  
The sunny slopes, the little paths that wound from door to door,  
So worn by friendly steps which ne'er shall tread those pathways  
more!

Dear faces, gathered round the hearths; dear voices in our ear;  
And neighbour-hands that press our own, and spread their simple  
cheer;

The scanty meal so hardly earned, yet shared with such good-will;  
And the "hundred thousand welcomes" that made it sweeter still!

'Is the cabin still left standing? Had the rich man need of all?  
Is the children's birthplace taken now within the new park wall?  
The little field, that was to us such source of hopes and fears,  
An unregarded harvest to the rich man's barn it bears!  
Oh, could he know how much to us that little field has been;  
What heart-warm prayers have hallowed it, what dismal fears  
between;  
What hopeless toil hath groan'd to God from that poor plot of  
ground,  
Which held our all of painful life within its narrow bound;  
'Twould seem no common earth to him,—he'd grieve amidst his  
store  
That the "hundred thousand welcomes" can be said to us no  
more!'

Among the humorous poems it is difficult to make a selection.  
'The Charming Woman' is well known. Less familiar is  
'Going out to Meet the Spring,' from which the following lines  
are taken. The verses are inspired by the Chinese custom of  
forming a procession to meet the coming spring.

'Other notices—if needed—Fancy easily supplies:  
Doves as big as bustards, cooing, from Pagodas in the skies;  
Curious, frightful flowers, growing, upside down and inside out;  
Trees with fifty sorts of foliage—some with roots, and some without.  
Everything as it should not be! Fish with feathers, birds with fins;  
Nature playing at cross-questions, ending ere she well begins!  
Just as if the merry goddess (after dinner among friends)  
Had made up this patchwork country out of all her odds and ends!  
Just conceive the Spring amusements—how delightful they must be!  
Junk excursions down Quang river; sails upon the Yellow Sea;  
Picnic parties under Tea-trees, met to see some bird's-eye view,  
For in lands without perspective, other prospects must be few:

Artists,

Artists, struck with admiration (Chinese artists are not nice!)  
 At some charming mud plantation, tastefully turned up with rice;  
 Mandarins in yellow buttons, handing you "conserves of snails";  
 Smart young men about Canton, in nankin tights and peacock tails!

But the group of poems to which the reader will most often turn is that which has for its theme the domestic affections, and especially the love of a mother for her son. Almost every year, on her son's birthday, Lady Dufferin addressed some lines to Lord Dufferin. If space allowed us to enter into further comparisons, we should have been glad to contrast these birthday poems with those which Théodore de Banville used annually to present to his mother on the anniversary of her birth and on the *fête* day of her patron saint. Human nature is the same in both countries, and the love of sons for their mothers is one of the highest traits in the characters of Frenchmen. But the different form in which the affection is expressed is striking. The one is a classic ode, the other a simple expression of feeling. A single quotation will illustrate the difference, and bring out by force of contrast that naturalness which we have claimed as the distinguishing feature of Lady Dufferin's verses. The following lines were addressed by Théodore de Banville to his mother on February 16, 1869 :—

- ' Les cieux semblent déjà vivants et rajeunis.  
 Je sens venir, du fond de l'ombre enchanteresse,  
 Le souffle d'une brise amie et charmeresse,  
 Dans le triste silence où nos cœurs sont unis.
- ' Pareils à des oiseaux frissonnants dans leurs nids,  
 En nous des souvenirs de joie et de tendresse  
 Pleurent ; le vent d'une aile errante nous caresse,  
 Ma mère, et ce n'est pas moi seul qui te bénis !
- ' Car du séjour divin caché sous tant de voiles,  
 Sitôt que sur nos fronts s'allument les étoiles,  
 Ceux qui sont dans les cieux nous regardent pleurer.
- ' Ils nous voient dans l'attente et dans la solitude,  
 Et leurs lointaines voix tentent de murmurer,  
 Comme pour mettre un terme à notre inquiétude.'

If this little ode is compared with the verses written by Lady Dufferin to her son on June 21, 1848, the direct simplicity of the English lines affords a strong contrast to the fanciful arabesques and decorative art of the 'Roses de Noël.' Lady Dufferin's tribute of love thus begins :—

' When

'When this sweet summer month brings back  
The day which gladdened all my days,  
My soul retreads life's shining track,  
And with thy childish image strays.

'Yet not for that past hour it pines,  
When—proud of all thy baby charms—  
Far off—beneath Italian vines—  
I held thee in my girlish arms.

'Nor could that hour's enchanting toy  
E'er rival the dear friend of this ;  
Thy life was then an untried joy,  
Thy love is now a certain bliss !'

But the grateful song which the day demands is not unmingled joy. The happiness is clouded by the fear of loss. For a moment, the 'coward heart' of the mother asks no Heaven, no better life, than the continuance of her son's love on earth :—

'Only to sit in silent peace  
Beside thee thro' the pleasant day,  
And mark thy glad voice sound or cease,  
Obedient to thy fancy's play !

'And onward thus, thro' months and years,  
To share thy lot, wherever cast,  
No chance, no change, no with'ring fears,  
Such life were Heav'n, did life but last.'

But the strong religious feeling, on which Lady Dufferin's nature rested, reasserts itself, and scatters the 'heathen dream.'

'The "perfect love that casteth out  
All fear" hath kept its promise true ;—  
Whose love is strong, can never doubt  
That love to be immortal too.

'Henceforth I am content to trust  
The Giver with the blessing given ;  
I know, when all things else are dust,  
Our love shall make a part of Heaven.'

With this extract we conclude. There are other pieces in the group, notably 'The Dead Language,' which, as poetry, may be more highly valued. But there is none which illustrates more strongly the intense love of the mother for the son, and the nobility of nature which, inspired by religion, purifies the most absorbing passion from every taint of selfishness.



- ART. III.—1. *Découvertes en Chaldée*. Par Ernest de Sarsec, Consul de France à Bagdad, Correspondant de l'Institut. Publié par les soins de Léon Heuzey, Membre de l'Institut, &c. Paris, 1884–93.
2. *Keilinschriftliche Bibliothek*. Band III., Heft 1. Von Eberhard Schrader, &c. Berlin, 1892.
3. *Records of the Past*. Edited by Professor Sayce. New Series, vols. 1 and 2. London, 1888–1889.
4. *Geschichte Babyloniens und Assyriens*. Von Dr. Fritz Hommel. Berlin, 1885.

IF the world is too busy to devote much thought to sentiment, there are few even among its busiest people who do not find it a relief and a delight to wander away sometimes into the fairyland of history and to try and pierce the dark clouds behind which are hidden the origin, the earlier struggles, and perhaps the purpose of our race. Fresh facts in such a field naturally accumulate slowly. This makes it important to note them as soon as may be.

A short time ago we gave an account of a wonderful correspondence between the kings of Egypt and the rulers of Babylonia and Syria in the second millennium before Christ which had been discovered at Tel-el-Amarna in Egypt. We now purpose describing some recent discoveries of interest which have been made by the French in Lower Babylonia, a field of exploration once almost exclusively our own. We must begin by congratulating M. de Sarsec not only on his good fortune in making the discoveries, but on having enlisted so competent an ally as M. Heuzey in their publication in a work marked by every excellence, both in its text and illustrations.

First as to the locality where these discoveries were made.

At one time it would appear that the main branch of the Tigris, instead of flowing down by its present stately channel, the Shatt-al-Arab, turned aside at Kut Amara, and followed the course of the now shrunken Shatt-al-Hai (i.e. the Canal of the Serpent, so called from its meandering course), which falls into the Euphrates about ninety miles above Kurnah. It is along this old branch, and not along the Lower Tigris, that the mounds and ruins of many old cities are strewn. On the east of the Shatt-el-Hai, and at a distance of an hour and a quarter's journey from it, there is a large straggling cluster of mounds about a mile in circumference. The natives call it Tell Loh, meaning 'the mound of the written tablet.' It was partially explored by Mr. Rassam some years ago, and a few objects from it went to the British Museum; but it has only been thoroughly examined

examined by M. de Sarsec. Let us now try and realize the country where this and other similar ruins occur. It is essentially the child of the two rivers which fertilize it, the Euphrates and the Tigris. They have deposited, and are still depositing, its rich soil, which is constantly and rapidly encroaching on the Persian Gulf, so that in picturing it in its pristine condition we must remember that the sea then extended far inland, and in the earliest times, perhaps, even as far as Abu Shahrein, where one of the oldest Chaldean maritime cities was situated. While the sea bounded it on one side, the so-called Median Rampart, running from Hit on the Euphrates to Samara on the Tigris, separated it from the upper part of Mesopotamia, with which it had little in common. This upper half is rocky and broken and sterile, while the lower half is a continuous and fertile alluvial plain. It is this alluvial plain with which we are at present chiefly concerned. Like many other theatres where great human dramas have been performed, it is limited in size, and its area does not much exceed that of the Low Countries. It is flanked on the one hand by the deserts of Arabia, and on the other by the mountains of Kurdistan and Khuzistan.

Herodotus has pictured for us the fertility of the Babylonian plain at the time when he wrote, and his description was probably true for many ages before. Threaded by irrigation canals and carefully cultivated everywhere, it is referred to by him as loaded with crops of millet, sesame, and barley, in most cases affording a double harvest and a return of 200 per cent.; as broken by immense groves and lines of date palms, and dotted with large and prosperous cities. It may be compared to the Lombard plain with its fields of maize and its rows of mulberry-trees. Towards the mouths of the rivers and on their banks were wide stretches of tall reeds, which still remain, where lions and boars, wild cattle, wild asses, and antelopes found shelter, and afforded abundant quarries to the warrior kings of an heroic age. While the winters there are pleasant and temperate, the summers are now fiercely hot, the thermometer reaching 120° in the shade. This was perhaps partially modified in early days by the many canals and the carpet of greenery with which the country was covered; but the buildings erected by the earliest inhabitants show that then, as in later times, the summer heats must have been excessive. This is the more remarkable when we remember that Babylonia has been the home of two of the most vigorous races which have governed the world, one in primitive times and the other in the great days of the Baghdad Khalifs. We have no evidence that at the time we are writing about either the horse, which was  
called

called the ass of the *East*, or the camel, was used by the inhabitants, who were, however, rich in asses, oxen, and sheep.

Turning to the inhabitants, we are at once face to face with many polemics. Some facts, however, seem plain enough. As they are figured for us on the monuments, they have very pronounced aquiline noses, so pronounced that the hook of the nose forms an almost continuous line with the forehead; projecting but not slanting eyes, and fleshy cheeks. They seem to have completely shaved their faces and heads. As delineated on the monuments, they greatly resemble the figures recently found at Palestrina.

Their language differed very materially from the later language of Babylonia and Assyria, which was a Semitic tongue closely allied to that of the Jews. We have numerous syllabaries and dictionaries in which its words are explained by the corresponding Semitic words in Assyrian. There can be no doubt whatever that in grammar and in vocabulary this language was very closely akin to those spoken by the Turks and Mongols. In addition, it seems to contain a considerable foreign element allied to the ancient Sabæan, which was once the language of the people of the South of Arabia, and probably of the borders of the Persian Gulf, and is sometimes referred to as Cushite. This mixture in the language will perhaps enable us to explain how a hook-nosed, straight-eyed people, as different as can be in appearance from the Tartar races, should be found speaking a language so largely Tartar in structure. It would seem that the primitive race was in fact Cushite in blood, and was conquered by a Tartar people who largely imposed its speech upon it. It is perhaps a confirmation of this that, while on the monuments these early men are represented with bare heads and faces, their gods and heroes are always figured with long hair and bushy beards. This seems to show that they were originally and naturally, like the Assyrians, a hairy race, and that they adopted in later times the fashion of completely shaving their hair and beards. It seems probable that, like the compulsory shaving and adoption of pigtailed by the Chinese, this change was forced upon them by their conquerors, who also compelled them to shave their heads and faces so as to assimilate them as much as possible to themselves. At what time this conquest and assimilation took place we have no means of knowing, but it was doubtless at a very early date. Nor is it possible to trace how far up the country this race extended; but inasmuch as the names Ninua or Nineveh, Asshur, Khabur, and Harran are all explainable by their

their language, it would seem that they once had settlements in the greater part of Mesopotamia.

It is convenient to refer to this early people as the Chaldees, and to their country as Chaldea. It was from one of their towns, which is called Ur of the Chaldees in the Bible, that Abraham is thought by some to have come. The Chaldees were in early tradition the inventors of many of the arts. They were a settled and civilized community living in towns. There are reasons for thinking that they brought their culture with them when they first settled in Babylonia, and that it was not home-grown there. What adds probability to this view is that the Babylonian plain furnishes few or none of the necessary weapons of civilization. Its soil contains no metals, nor even stone. Dig where you will, say MM. Chipiez and Perrot, in the country from Baghdad to the sea, you will not find a stone larger than a nut. Nor, again, does the country produce any wood except that of palm-trees. Nor do the fruits generally associated with the beginnings of human culture grow there naturally, such as the vine, the olive, the pomegranate, and the fig. All these things had to be imported, and point to the early Chaldeans having been a prosperous race of traders and merchants before they planted themselves in Lower Babylonia.

We can only catch glimpses which enable us to judge of the enterprise of these early traders. There are reasons for believing that they had a trade with India. The humped cattle of Babylonia perhaps came from there; a piece of teak is said to have been found among the ruins of Mugheir, the ancient Ur (Taylor, 'Journ. Roy. As. Soc.' xv. 264); while, as Mr. Sayce points out, there occurs in an early Babylonian list of clothing a stuff called *sindhu*, or muslin, the *sadin* of the Old Testament. Thence also probably came much of the ivory, so profusely used in early times. On the other hand, we read continually of the ships which journeyed to Nituk or Dilmun, to Magan, and to Milukhkha. Dilmun was the island in the Persian Gulf now called Bahrein, and corresponded to the Island of Gothland in the Baltic in the Middle Ages as a great *entrepôt* of trade. The situation of Magan has been much discussed, and latterly it has been argued that it corresponded with the Peninsula of Sinai, and Midian with its capital Makna. Dr. Glaser, however, identifies it with the land of Ophir of the Bible, which was situated on the Arabian coast, about the mouth of the Persian Gulf. He finds an echo of the name Magan in the Magon Kolpos, the Magendata of Ptolemy, and the Maka of the inscriptions of Darius. The ancient Magan was apparently replaced as a great trading port by Gerrha, described by Strabo

Strabo as a Chaldean port on the Arabian coast of the Persian Gulf, which was the great centre of Arabian trade, whence salt, myrrh, and other aromatics were derived. Magan is depicted as a hilly country, producing the dark-green diorite, from which the early Chaldean statues were carved, and also different kinds of hard wood; while the papyrus plant, the *sûph* of the Hebrews, was called the reed of Magan. *Yâmsûph* is the Old Testament name for the Gulf of Akabah. Magan is also called the Land of Bronze or perhaps of Copper. *Milukhkha*, which is described as the land of turquoise and as rich in gold, was probably, as Dr. Glaser argues, a part of the Havilah of the Bible, famous for its gold, bdellium, and soham stone. It may, perhaps, be identified with the district of Yemama and El Kasim in Central and North-east Arabia. Prof. Sayce makes it adjoin Egypt on the north, and identifies it with the so-called 'Salt Desert.' While the Chaldean ships voyaged therefore far and wide in the Indian Ocean, and doubtless were to be found wherever the seafaring enterprise of the Chaldees had reached, they also had a river trade which brought down on the great rafts (the ancestors of the 'kileks' of our own day, which are mentioned by Herodotus) into their country the fruits of the higher lands, and notably the cedar, cypress, and pine wood, so necessary for their buildings, from the mountains of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, and from the various continuations of the Taurus range. Thence and from the mountains of Elam they were doubtless supplied with various marbles, with alabaster and limestone, with skins, wool, and other commodities.

Perhaps the most important art of the early Babylonians was their system of writing. It was originally, no doubt, a form of picture-writing, and represented pictures of actual objects. These pictures were presently generalized into what are known as ideograms—that is, characters representing ideas—and were partially converted into a syllabic writing, the sounds of the syllables corresponding to the original names of the objects represented. Of the actual pictorial characters in their earliest form, we have no remains. The earliest known characters are generalized and are enclosed in oblong cases, each constituting a name or a word, and are arranged, not horizontally as in our writing, but perpendicularly, and the successive columns are read from right to left. In these respects they agree with Chinese, and thus afford one of the many points of contact between their culture and that of 'the Flowery Land,' which have been much discussed recently by M. Terrien de Lacouperie, the Rev. C. J. Ball, and others, and upon which we may have something to say on another occasion. As we have said,

said, the characters represented the sounds and the words of the Tartar language adopted by the primitive people of Chaldea, and it is by means of syllabaries preserved in the Assyrian libraries that Sayce, Hommel, Amiaud, Oppert, Pinches, and others have been able to read some of these difficult early inscriptions. When written on hard stone, the characters were represented by straight lines, which was perhaps their primitive form; but when transferred to soft clay tablets, they were represented by wedge-shaped marks impressed by a triangular stylus, hence the writing is called cuneiform. While we have not yet recovered any scientific literature directly dating from this period, we have one interesting fact recorded on a statue of one of the early Chaldean kings called Gudea; namely, a standard of measure. The unit of this, according to Oppert, is 270 millimètres, representing the *empan* or half cubit, of which the cube formed a measure of 20 litres, which when used for liquids was called *bath* by the Jews, and when for solids *ephah*.

When men first settled in Babylonia, although there was no stone, they found ready to their hands in the river mud abundant material for making bricks with which their temples and towns were built. This clay they mixed with chopped straw. In some cases they merely dried the bricks in the sun, and such was the consistency of the clay that it is even now difficult to break these bricks. In other cases they were burnt. This reminds us of the fashion still prevailing in India, where the buildings are constructed of two kinds of bricks in the same way. The unburnt bricks were chiefly used for building up the mounds and platforms on which the other buildings were erected. The different layers of these bricks were consolidated by having a mixture of clay and water poured among them. In the case of the burnt bricks they intercalated layers of reeds and bound them together by bitumen instead of mortar. This was chiefly brought from Hit on the Euphrates, where it still abounds. The bricks were beautifully made in moulds, and in the normal pattern were about 1 foot square, 4 to 5 inches thick and rectangular in shape, and sometimes triangular or otherwise formed, so as readily to make up into arches and vaults. Many of them bore the names of the early kings impressed upon them, and specimens may be seen in the British Museum. We have given these particulars because brick-making was such an important art in these early times. It will be remembered what the Bible reports of the survivors of the Flood in this very Chaldean plain: 'And they said one to another, Go to, let us make brick, and burn them thoroughly.

thoroughly. And they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar' (Gen. xi. 3).

In the absence of stone the Chaldean architects were obliged to design a style of architecture prosaic and unpicturesque in general forms. Their more important buildings were planted on paved platforms and approached by simple flights of steps. They could not garnish their buildings with pillars of stone or architraves, and their only pillars known to us were apparently quite detached and built up of many bricks. For this reason they could have no stately porticoes or large halls. Most of their buildings were of one story.

The lines, as in brick buildings generally, had to be straight and the forms rectangular. The only real variety was caused by recessed panels, by applied pilasters, by crenellated walls, and by the abundant use of towers. The size combined with the simplicity of the larger palaces gave them, however, a grandeur of their own. A curtain wall surrounded the principal buildings, both temples and palaces, secluding and protecting them; such a wall as the Greeks styled *peribolos*, and the Arabs still call *haram*. The walls were thick and seldom pierced. M. de Sarsac tells us that he found no trace of window openings either in the outer or inner walls. It was more important under the fierce sun of these latitudes to exclude heat than to give access to light, and the main sources of light were the doors.

While the interior of the palaces contained no large pillared halls as in countries where stone abounds, the making of vaults and arches was well known, and vaulted passages doubtless afforded then, as they do still, cool retreats. The making of domes was also probably practised, although we have no direct evidence of this, since they have all, if they ever existed, collapsed. The rooms were generally long and narrow, and the walls in the buildings in the earlier towns were for the most part bare and free from sculpture or plastered ornament. At least none occur. The walls were probably covered with rich hangings, the prototypes of medieval tapestries.

For certain purposes stone was a necessity, and had to be imported. Thus round blocks of diorite and other hard stone, hollowed out like mortars, were imported from Magan and employed for the pivots of the massive gates and doors to move on. Stone of a cheaper kind was also sparsely used for the lintels. The arrangement of the interior of the palaces was very much that of Eastern palaces in our own day. The dwelling rooms were arranged round inner courtyards or halls; the biggest one answering to the modern *khan*, where the chief held his receptions and performed his public duties.

Harems

Harems or women's quarters were detached and separated from the rest of the building. Then, as now, they consisted of a series of chambers ranged round a more important room. A similar series of rooms formed the *selamlık* or men's quarter.

Next to the palaces, the most imposing buildings were the temples. Of these we have several ruined examples extant, and more than one description. A number of concentric rectangular courts, with their walls pierced with gates, enclosed the temples themselves, which consisted of a sanctuary or a group of sanctuaries, each devoted to a god. The main feature of these temples was the Ziggurat or Great Tower, of which the Tower of Babel was the most famous. Remains of these towers occur in nearly all the ruins of the old cities. They were built in stages or stories; each story being a miniature copy of the one below it, and all being solid except the actual shrine, and looking like a diminishing series of boxes, one placed on the other. In the uppermost story was the sanctuary. These towers, or rather pagodas, were probably inspired originally by the peculiar ritual, and the necessity it imposed, of closely observing the stars.

'Let us build us a city and a tower,' said the companions of Noah, 'whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth.' Herodotus, who lived only a short time after the Great Temple of Babylon was, according to Arrian, destroyed by Xerxes, has left us a description of its tower. He tells us how in the middle of the temple enclosure was a solid tower, a stadium in length and breadth, on which was raised a second, and on that a third, and so on up to eight. The ascent to the top was on the outside, by a sloping path winding round all the towers. Half-way up was a resting-place with seats. On the topmost storey there was a spacious temple, and inside it a large court, richly adorned, with a golden table by its side. There was no statue of any god, but the god himself was supposed to come and recline there, nor was the chamber occupied by any one except a single woman, who was supposed to be chosen by the god himself out of all the women of the land. In another temple down below, Herodotus mentions seeing a golden statue of a god. He also describes the altars, some used for burnt offerings and some for incense.\*

Other features of the temples, which had to be cut out of large blocks of stone, were the basins, oblong and round, used for lustration, &c., known as *apsi*, i.e. 'deeps' or 'seas,' which

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\* See Herodotus, Book I. p. 181.



are so frequently referred to in the inscriptions. They answered to the famous 'sea' attached to Solomon's Temple, and were generally put out of doors in the courtyards of the temples. Some of them were carved, and one of the very oldest known is described by M. de Sarsec as having a frieze of female figures on it, with outstretched hands holding flagons, from which they pour out water.

Notable features of the buildings were, no doubt, the great gates, which in later times were made of bronze or covered with bronze plates, and which, when polished, would look like gold. The interior fittings of the buildings were made of cedar and cypress, which were imported in large quantities, and which are so frequently mentioned in the inscriptions: with these were constructed the floors and roofs, the arcades, the pierced screens and doors, which seem to have existed, as they exist now, so profusely in Eastern houses. Special mention is made in the inscriptions of one of the very early kings of 'a hall of judgment,' which seems to have been constructed of odoriferous cedar and cypress wood, and reminds us of Solomon's Porch, which was covered with cedar from one floor to the other, and which apparently had pillars of cedar wood supporting great beams.\* Remains of such wooden pillars have also been recovered by M. de Sarsec.

While this was the general character of the statelier buildings, the greater part of the houses and the aspect of the streets were certainly very much those of a modern Eastern town. The necessity of excluding the sun no doubt necessitated narrow streets with monotonous brick walls on either hand, save where the bazaars, with their gay-coloured wares, were situated; each important commodity had its own cluster of shops, opening into the street and exposing all their contents. On the flat roofs of these houses, then as now, the people doubtless passed the cool evenings, in kiosks and summer-houses; while the absence of drainage was compensated by the kindly sun, which, while it distilled the manifold smells of Eastern towns, made the exhalations largely innocuous.

From architecture let us pass to the other arts, and first to sculpture. The most remarkable remains of this kind known to us from these times are the great statues of the Chaldean kings discovered by M. de Sarsec, made of diorite or dolomite. This stone was imported in the crude state, and the statues, as M. Heuzey has shown, were carved on the spot. The material was the same as was used by the earliest Egyptian sculptors in hard stone. There is a certain superficial resem-

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\* See 1 Kings vii. *passim*.

blance between the statues in the two areas which might deceive a casual observer into claiming for them a common parentage. But the details, as M. Heuzey says, show the original independence of the Chaldean sculpture, and often show an inspiration directly contrary to the principles of Egyptian art. Thus the Chaldean sculptor is little occupied, as the Egyptian was, with theories of proportion. His figures are stout and clumsy, with short necks and large heads. On the other hand, the bare arms and shoulders, hands and feet, the fingers and nails and joints, were modelled with a fidelity to nature to which the Egyptian sculptors in hard stone could not approach. The large open projecting eyes, with the eyebrows joined over the nose, with well-modelled cheeks presenting a square rather than a rounded outline, and notably the arched and strongly aquiline noses, all show a capacity for representing race and character, in very hard and intractable material, which is very remarkable at such an early date.

The attitude and the costume of the figures are both, as M. Heuzey says, noteworthy. They have all, without exception, their hands clasped over their breasts, the right hand on the left. This we again meet with in Assyrian times, and it is still the fashion in the East when a servant is waiting the orders of his master. This attitude is seen in the statues of kings as well as of subjects in the big diorite statues and in the small figures, and it points, as M. Heuzey says, to the reverence of everybody from the king downwards among this deeply religious race in the presence of their gods, of whom the most lordly kings treated themselves as mere servants. Some of the large statues represent the king standing; in others, he is seated. In one of the great king Gudea he is represented as an architect or an engineer, with the plan of a fortress unrolled on his knees. On the plan are also figured a stylus for drawing with, and a standard measure divided into different lengths. On a second and similar statue the outline of the building is not given. The dress in which the figures are represented is simple and primitive. As in the Assyrian figures, it consists of a fringed mantle worn without a tunic. This mantle was fastened at one shoulder, and was rolled round so as to leave bare the right arm and shoulder, but covering the left one, and was then tucked under the fold. A similar dress is worn by some Asiatics represented in one of the tombs of Beni Hassan.\* In nearly every instance the hair has been shaved off, and the figures are represented bald-headed; and

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\* See Prisse d'Avènnès, pl. cix.

perhaps

perhaps when this is not the case, as in one or two of the detached heads, they represent women, divine heroes, or gods.

Next to the statues made of diorite, we have certain bas-reliefs dating from this early time. Some of these are very rudely carved, apparently with rough tools; others have more finish. One of them, and perhaps the earliest, represents in a naïve way one of the first kings of whom we have any records, and who is called Ur Nina, and his family. The figures are ranged in two rows, and the king is dressed in a royal robe. In one row he is seated and holds a cup; in the other he is standing, and holds a basket on his head. He is attended by his chamberlain. All the figures are clean shaven, and the only distinction is that the robe of the king seems more elaborately made.

Another and larger relief has reached us only in fragments, and its partial destruction is the more to be regretted, as it is the earliest representation of a Mesopotamian battle scene. In it a king, called Eannadu, is triumphing over his enemies. In one scene he is represented at the head of a phalanx of six ranks of his soldiers, the first rank of whom carry rectangular shields decorated with bosses and are armed with lances. The king carries a lance in one hand and a kind of curved mace in the other. In a second scene he is represented in his chariot, to which a quiver containing javelins, &c., is attached, charging at the head of his men, who carry lances and battle-axes.

The king wears the royal robe, which forms a petticoat about his legs, while a mantle of richer materials hangs on his shoulders and neck. His face is bare, but his abundant hair is fastened into a kind of *chignon* behind, and is bound with a band in front. The curved weapon already mentioned seems formed of several parallel pieces bound together by rings or knots, and looks like a kind of mace. M. Heuzey points out that a similar weapon is borne by a chief of the Amu, an Asiatic tribe, represented in the tombs at Beni Hassan, and dating from the twelfth dynasty. The helmets, probably made of bronze or beaten copper, worn by the king and his soldiers, are more or less conical in shape, like those of the later Assyrians. Attached to them is a kind of cover to the back of the neck, which does not occur in later Assyrian armour.

Behind the king are a group apparently of princesses; they all wear flowing locks, and the robes called *kaunakis* by M. Heuzey. On the ground are a number of corpses, arranged symmetrically, heads to heads and feet to feet, over which the phalanx of troops is marching. In front of the whole is apparently represented the battle-field itself, and a flock of vultures

vultures in the sky carrying with them the trophies of the fight, in the shape of human heads, arms, and legs. On a second fragment are represented a number of corpses piled symmetrically in two rows, and lying with their faces downwards, the heads of the upper row being placed where the feet of the other are. Attendants, with short skirts, bring fresh corpses.

Another scene represents a pile of five rows of corpses, alternately arranged as in the previous one. Two figures are mounting the heap and steadying themselves by a rope, one end of which is fastened to the ground. They are bare to the waist, and have a piece of fringed stuff round their loins. On their heads they carry baskets, which are apparently full of earth, and which rest on little cushions tied on their heads, round their chins, by strings. It seems plain that these figures are covering the corpses with a mound of earth or tumulus. All the heads are of the same type,—those which the vultures are carrying off, and those of the dead and of their companions who are piling up the tumulus. Close by are represented two oxen, with their muzzles and forefeet pinioned to the ground and lying on their backs, doubtless the victims for the sacrifice; piles of what seems to be hewn wood, and a vase in the form of a horn, from which hang two palm branches, are also represented, together with the remains of a figure dressed in the royal vestment. The whole doubtless represents a sacrifice at the hecatomb, made by the king himself. In the fourth and last scene the king is apparently represented presiding at the execution of the prisoners, and is himself figured beating down a vanquished chief.

On the other face of the stele, which is chiefly occupied by inscriptions, the representation is of a mythological character. There are, first, remains of a colossal figure, which is represented with the divine head-dress, ornamented with two horns, and which wears a long flowing beard, and has its hair fastened with a band and flowing down in curls behind. It carries a mace in one hand, and a curious emblem, consisting of a lion-headed eagle on a lion's back, on the other. This is supposed by M. Heuzey to be a representation of a God, or perhaps of the Chaldean Hercules, Gilgamesh. Underneath the right arm of the figure is represented a kind of reticulated pattern, doubtless a net or trellis, in which are contained a number of naked figures mixed pell-mell. It is upon this confused mass of captives that the mace held in the right hand of the figure is about to fall. M. Heuzey suggests that the trellis represents the wicker cages in which were placed victims, like those mentioned in the Bible, when  
a holocaust

a holocaust to Moloch was being made. It also recalls the allusion in Habakkuk i. 15-17, in which the prophet compares the vanquished nations to the victims which the Chaldean conqueror encloses in his net.

In addition to these and similar sculptures, there have also been recovered several heads of statuettes, carved in limestone, marked, like the larger figures, by bare and shaven heads, and showing the same almost triangular eyes, big ears, thick necks, and, where preserved, strongly hooked noses. In some cases the eye sockets are hollow, and once doubtless contained enamel or stones. There have also been found some larger heads, all represented hairless and bare, except one which wears a kind of turban, the *μίτρα* of the Greeks, and which Herodotus describes as the head-dress of the Babylonians of his day. These rolls of plain or embroidered muslin or cloth are in fact indispensable in such fiercely hot climates. Similar turbans are represented on the cylinders. On one or two statues, and also on some bas-reliefs, the simple robe or toga is replaced by one made in imitation of a skin, with bunches of wool attached in rows, so as to give the effect of a gown made up of a series of starched frills. These warm and expensive mantles were probably the winter dress of the kings and grandees. The cylinders or seals just named were made of hard stone, some of lapis-lazuli, others of white marble, hæmatite, diorite, &c., and engraved with great skill with scenes from the early heroic legends of the country; they abound in the ruins. M. de Sarsac found many of them actually built into the walls and enclosed in mortar, and he argues that they were charms used as preservatives against demons, evil spirits, &c., and appositely quotes a Homeric hymn, where such demons are supposed to have haunted houses and potteries.

Herodotus was struck by the fact that in Babylonia each man carried a bâton or mace and a seal, a fact which is confirmed by the immense number of these seals which have reached us. The oldest of them are apparently on natural pebbles. Eventually they were beautifully cut into the shape of cylinders and pierced. They were excellently adapted to their purpose, which was to be rolled over the damp clay of the tablets, and thus leave an impression of their owner's name, &c. Among the poor people, who could not afford such luxuries, it was customary to impress the finger-nails on the clay. The oldest cylinders seem to have been the largest. In early times they were often tied to the arm with thread and attached to the wrist, and are still found in the tombs on the old sites of Warka and Mugheir, resting close to the bones of the dead. They are all engraved

engraved in intaglio. The oldest cylinders are for the most part made of porphyry, basalt, ferruginous marbles, serpentine, syenite, and hæmatite. Another form of art practised by the early Chaldeans was the representation in incised lines of various scenes carved on the shell of the *Tridacna squamosa*, pearl oysters, and similar substances.

The art of the potter had not developed very far, but everyone will admire the graceful shapes and simple curved lines of the different vessels, which are made of simply baked clay, without glaze or enamel. These early potters excelled, however, in modelling and moulding figures in terra-cotta, many of which have been recovered by M. de Sarsec, as have also a large series of gracefully shaped and smoothed bowls and basins, many of them inscribed and made of different kinds of stone, such as alabaster, various kinds of marble, and diorite.

The greater part of the tools and weapons in use at this time were still made of stone, and a great many of them have been found by M. de Sarsec; notably some pierced, polished, pear-shaped mace-heads, or similar weapons, ornamented with clusters of lions' heads, &c., such as we see the Assyrians using in the later sculptures. While the great proportion of the implements were made of stone, metals were well known and skilfully worked. Among the metal objects are specially noteworthy the votive figures in copper, terminating below in cones or projecting nail-like terminations. These were found in many cases on the ground, or enclosed in small brick chambers, sometimes with inscribed plaques of limestone upon them. They generally bear dedications to the gods, and represent kings or deities. The most frequent subject is that of a kneeling man, wearing a turban ornamented with four rows of horns, and holding in front of him a conical object with its point downwards. This has been explained rationally and ingeniously as a 'fire-stick,' and the hero, or god—for he was probably the latter—as engaged in the primeval operation of producing fire. In other cases we have bald-headed and beardless figures of kings carrying baskets on their heads, and in the attitude of *canephori*, doubtless implying some act of humility and subservience to the god to whom the figure is dedicated. Another type again consists of a simply turbaned figure, while a fourth represents a reclining bull. These figures, occurring in the very earliest times, show great artistic sense and powers of modelling, and prove how advanced the art of metallurgy then was. A similar proof is exhibited in the remains of bronze weapons, notably of a colossal votive, a copper lance, with a long handle, three mètres long, with remains of the rivets by which it was fastened,

fastened, recently discovered, and which is apparently the weapon continually represented as used by the Chaldean Hercules, the hero Gilgamish, and which is figured on some of the cylinders as fixed on the ground in front of a temple. *Inter alia*, a bronze inscribed sword was also found by M. de Sarsec. A still more remarkable and unexpected discovery is that of a silver vase, mounted on four feet of copper, decorated in pounced work with four lion-headed eagles planting their claws in the backs of lions, which alternate with deer and ibexes, showing great artistic power, and inscribed with the name of Entéména, one of the very earliest kings. This is now at Constantinople. It is curious to find on this, the earliest known work of the silversmith, a decoration recalling the forms of animals on the early vases of Greece and on the later Assyrian and Phœnician metal cups. It should be remarked that the proportion of tin and copper in the bronze objects already mentioned is very much the same as that employed in later times.

Having surveyed the artistic and material surroundings of the early Chaldees, let us now say a very few words about the difficult question of their religion. The Pantheon of Chaldea, like that of some other countries, was more complicated in appearance than in reality; the fact is, a good many of the Gods and Goddesses were the same deities under different names and with different attributes. In Greece, in Rome, and in medieval times, Zeus, or Apollo, or 'Our Lady' became famous for different virtues and different powers at their different shrines, and gradually acquired fresh names,—the Apollo of Delos being treated as a different personage to the Apollo of Delphi, and our Lady of Loreto to our Lady of Montserrat. The same process was at work in Chaldea. As far as we can discover, the people in all parts of it recognized a supreme god and a supreme goddess, the father and mother of gods and men, but this supreme god and goddess were worshipped in different towns for special powers and associated with certain functions, and thus acquired different names and were presently treated as different gods.

Thus, at Nunki, otherwise called Eridu, the supreme god was called Enki or Ea, and the supreme goddess Davkina. As Eridu was situated on or near the sea, Ea became the great water-god; but he is distinctly identified with their supreme god, Bel, by the Babylonians. Again, at Erech, the supreme god was called Anna, and especially identified with the sky: his wife was called Gatumdug. At Niffer, the supreme god, also identified by the Babylonians with Bel, was Ellil, or Enlil, whose special functions were to look after the land of ghosts  
and

and the nether world, while his partner was called Ê-harsag, the Lady of the Mountain. Turning to the gods of the second rank, we find that Ea had a son and a daughter: Tammuz, the Adonis of the Greeks, and Nina. The latter gave her name to Nineveh: she sprang from the sea, as Venus did, and was essentially the same goddess as Ishtar, the Aphrodite of the Greeks. In the same way Ellil had a son, who answered to Tammuz, and whose name has been variously read as Adar, Uras, and Ninip. But in the monuments to be presently described he is called Ên-Girsu; that is, the lord of the town of Girsu. The name, according to Professor Sayce, was pronounced Ingirisa. He was apparently a solar god, and is qualified as the Warrior of Ellil, and is made the father of two or three other gods. At Erech, a famous goddess, frequently mentioned in early times, was Nana, or the Lady, the direct antitype of Ishtar, or Ashtoreth. She was called the daughter of Anna, and her great temple was the temple of Eanna. Ên-Girsu is made the father of the gods Dun Shagana and Galalima. From this short summary of the Chaldean theogony our readers will the better understand some of the succeeding references.

The historical harvest to be gathered from M. de Sarsac's diggings is less dramatic than the later annals. The early kings were chiefly devoted to their gods, and their inscriptions for the most part contain monotonous statements about the building and restoration of temples and shrines. Not only so, but they are exceedingly difficult to read, and we are continually met by hieroglyphs among the characters whose exact meaning is problematical and doubtful: hence there are often divergent interpretations. Those who have chiefly aided in the work of decipherment, and whose results we have tried to condense, are the veteran Oppert, the late M. Amiaud, Hommel, Heuzey, and, in our own country, Sayce, Pinches, and Boscawen.

At the outset we have to confess that there are no substantial grounds for fixing the chronology of these early rulers. The official and recognized chronology of the Babylonians does not seem to have begun much before 2245 B.C., and we can only say that these remains belong to a period some time before that date. As in other countries, the beginning of history fades into a mist where we meet with heroic figures whose personality we cannot quite define. This misty land of legend seems separated from the period of recorded history by a gap in which we have little or no light. In this gap the Tartar race probably invaded and settled in the country.

When we begin again, we find ourselves in the very middle of  
Vol. 179.—No. 358.                      2 A                      our



our story. In one respect recent discoveries seem to have altered our previous notions considerably. It has been supposed that in the earliest recorded times Lower Babylonia was divided among a number of small princes, each with his own city, and each city with its own God. This may have been the case in the earliest times, but not at the date we are dealing with. On the contrary, if we are to judge from the repeated mention by the same king of the specific names which were given to different temples and of the Gods to whom these temples were dedicated in various towns, it would appear that the earliest kings whose remains we have recovered ruled over the whole district occupied by the Chaldean race.

The whole country was referred to in the earlier inscriptions as Kingi-Ura, or Kingi Bur. This was apparently the equivalent of the later Semitic Sumir and Akkad. The phrase was used collectively for the Babylonian plain. Sumir was perhaps the Shinar of Genesis.

The earliest rulers whose remains have been found at Tell Loh, except in one instance, style themselves rulers of Sirpurra. In one instance a ruler calls himself King of Girsu. It is curious that the God to whom these earliest kings were most devoted was called Ningirsu, or, as Mr. Pinches says it ought to be read, Ên-Girsu, *i.e.* the Lord of Girsu. The situation of Girsu cannot be fixed with certainty. Possibly it occupied the site of the famous mound of Tell Id, where an inscription has been found describing the building of a temple at Girsu.

If we turn to the monuments discovered at Tell Loh, we find that in some of them the ruler is qualified with the title of *lugal*, which has been translated 'king,' and in others with that of *patesi*, which has been interpreted as meaning 'lieutenant' or 'viceroi,' but which really seems to have meant 'priest,' and implies no dependence except on a God. It was at first supposed that the early rulers could be arranged in some order, as they used one style or the other. This view is now abandoned.

From these facts we are justified in concluding that the beginnings of history, as at present attainable, find the *patesis* or priest rulers of Girsu in authority in Lower Babylonia. We will now turn to the early king placed by Dr. Jensen at the head of his list, and whose name has been read Uru Kagina. On a baked clay barrel-shaped cylinder, with an inscription in wedge-shaped characters, he styles himself King of Girsu, and tells us he built a palace for the oracle of the god of Tintir (*i.e.* of Babylon, of which Tintir—meaning 'Seat of Life,' according to Mr. Pinches—was the original name). He also built a temple for the goddess Bau, who was worshipped specially at Kish, not far from Babylon.

Babylon. For the god Dun Shagana he built his temple of Akkil; for the god Ellil his temple of E Adda, probably at Niffer; and for the goddess Nina he made the canal Nina-kitum, by which the Khausser, or river of Nineveh, is perhaps meant. This shows to what an early date we may carry back the irrigation works for which Babylonia was so famous.

We have two other inscriptions of Uru Kagina, in which he styles himself King of Sirpurra, and he was possibly the first to move the capital from Girsu to that town. In these he speaks of building a temple to Ên-Girsu, and also the famous temple of Eninnu, *i.e.* of the number Fifty,—a cabalistic number identified with this god, as, according to Hommel, the number 60 was with the god Ellil. He also claims to have made certain basins or reservoirs for irrigation purposes, and, according to Oppert, a tank to contain 30 measures of the fermented liquor called *kas* in Sumerian, the *sikar* of the Assyrians, and the *sikhera* of the Greeks.

The next ruler to whom we shall turn was probably the successor of Uru Kagina. His name has been read as Ur-Nina (*i.e.* the Man of the goddess Nina) by Oppert. He has left his name upon the foundation bricks and some of the earliest remains found at Tell Loh. In his inscriptions he calls himself the son of Nini galdun, and the grandson of Gursar. Neither the name of his father nor his grandfather is qualified with the title of king. He claims to have built the walls of Sirpurra and the temple of Ên-Girsu, to which he added *zigurrati*, or watch-towers. He also built a house of entertainment, in which he deposited 70 measures of grain. He further raised a temple to the goddess Nina, which may have been at Nineveh—Sayce thinks it was in Babylonia; and having brought stone from Magan, he dedicated two statues to her, and another to the goddess Gatumdug, who is elsewhere styled the mother of Sirpurra. He also claims to have built the temple of Eghud, *i.e.* the House of Seven Spheres, by which the famous temple of that name at Borsippa was perhaps meant. Near to this he built a tower, either an observatory or a crematorium. Attached to these temples he also erected two basins for lustration, like the seas or deeps in Solomon's temple.

Ur-Nina also tells us how he erected the palace Ibgal or Egal, and a second palace at Tintir, *i.e.* Babylon. He also erected a temple or palace at Girsu. A remarkable monument of this king is a broken slab figured by Hommel (p. 285), on which a bird of prey, probably an eagle, which had apparently once a lion's head, is represented with outstretched wings. One foot is on the hinder part of a lion; the other

foot, Hommel suggests, was planted on the quarters of another lion, now broken off,—the two lions standing back to back. M. Amiaud has treated this as the emblem or armorial bearing of Sirpurra. From his reign we also have remaining the bas-relief already named, with friezes of figures upon it representing his family coming to do him honour. One of the figures, dressed in a royal robe and having her hair in a *chignon*, was probably his wife or his daughter. Her name is Lidda. The rest of them represent his seven sons, whose names are duly attached to the figures in the following order :—Akurgal, Lugal . . ., Dakurani or Akurani, Murikurta, Nunpa, . . . udbu, and Ninakuturda. Each one is qualified with the word 'son.' In addition to the names of his sons, we also have recorded the names of the two chamberlains who wait on the king,—namely, Sagantuk and Danita or Anita. We also have the information that one figure in the bas-relief who carries a baton on his shoulder had come from the country of Magan, and was apparently a courier or an envoy. It is clear that Ur-Nina was a powerful sovereign, commanding many resources, and able therefore to build largely and to make his influence felt widely; and Hommel has recently shown that Gishgallaki, an early name of Babylon, is named in his inscriptions.

The eldest son of Ur-Nina, as we have seen, was called Akurgal. No monuments date from his reign, but on one belonging to one of his sons he is called King of Sirpurra. In regard to his name, it may be remarked that Kurgalla, 'the great mountain,' is a synonym for one of the gods. He left at least two sons. One of them was called Eannadu, of whom we have several monuments. For him the famous stele of the vultures already described was sculptured. The inscription on this stele, so far as made out, has apparently nothing to do with the carvings. On one side of one of the earlier discovered fragments, it begins with the words, 'I am Eannadu.' The rest of the text is very mutilated and difficult to read, and, according to Hommel, is a kind of invocation to the spirit of the Sun and the spirit of heaven, Anna, &c. Ninni, the heaven goddess, with her temple of Eanna, and Ên-Girsu, are also named, and there is apparently mention of the making of some statues.\* On some fragments recently discovered Eannadu claims to have conquered the country of Gisbanki, translated by Oppert as 'The Country of the Bow.' Together with Gisbanki is named Ner-ki-an, the termination of which recalls that of the Elamitic Anshan, and supports the view that the stele records

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\* See Hommel, p. 288.

a victorious campaign against the Elamites, whose country might well be called 'the land of the bow.' On this same stele occur the names of two other famous Chaldean cities, Ur and Uruk or Erech. Ur is now represented by the ruins of Mugheir, meaning 'the place of bitumen'; and Uruk or Erech, whose original form was apparently Unuk, and may represent the city of Enoch founded by Cain, is represented by the ruins of Warka. Another inscription on which Eannadu's name occurs, and which promises to be very interesting when read, has been published by M. Heuzey. Oppert has found its translation very difficult. It apparently refers to his intercourse with and conquest of foreign countries, and among others the mountains of Elam and 'the Country of the Bow' are mentioned with places whose names are provisionally read as Az, and Nikha, and Is. Hommel identifies Az with Azu, a town of the famous heroic king, called Sargina. Oppert says that the name of Erech is also mentioned on this monument (Rev. d'Ass. ii. 87). On other inscriptions in which Eannadu is mentioned he styles himself son of Akurgal and *patesi* of Sirpurra. On one preserved at Berlin he mentions the goddesses Ê-harsag and Inanna (Jensen); while on another inscription published by Heuzey he styles himself 'the choice of the Heart of the goddess Nina.' Eannadu was apparently succeeded by his brother Enanatuma, of whom M. Oppert has recently published an inscription in which he styles himself 'patesi of Sirpurra, son of Akurgal,' and tells us he had dedicated a dish of corn to the god Ên-Girsu.\* Jensen has met with another inscription in which he is styled 'the beloved brother of Eannadu.'

Enanatuma was the father of Entéména or Entena, who has left us some remarkable monuments showing the progress of the arts in his day. First, an alabaster plaque found recently by M. de Sarsec. The inscription is thus read by M. Oppert: 'To Ên-Girsu, the valiant warrior of Ellil, Entéména, patesi of Sirpurra, son of Eannadu, patesi of Sirpurra, grandson of Ur-Nina, has constructed a basin or sea in honour of Ên-Girsu. He has made 2 kis (?) for the house of the thousand souls (?). For the God, king of the town of Gishgallaki, he has made his temple in the town of Gishgallaki (this is the early name of Babylon). For the goddess Nina, he has built the house to her who makes the dates to grow (this was possibly at Nineveh). For Ea, the king of the town of Nun (Nunki was the primitive name of Eridu, now represented by the mounds of Abu Shahrein), he has made the reservoir . . . bu ra. For the goddess

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\* See 'Comptes Rendus,' xxi. 315-6.

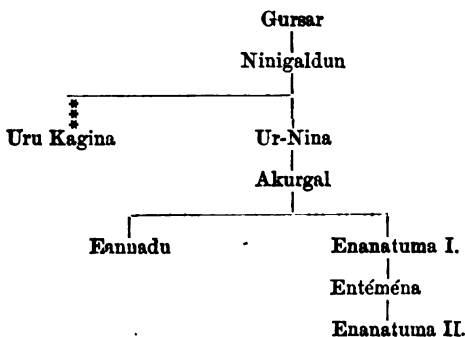
Ê-harsag . . . The plantations of the sacred forest for the god Ên-Girsu.'

On the reverse we read, 'He who in honour of Ên-Girsu has built the house of entertainment, his god is Dun Sir. For the king of Kianna, for Ên-Girsu, Entéména has made his store-house. He has made (the image) of the goddess Nina, who knows the heart. He has made the image of the goddess Nina, who makes names glorious. He has made the park of Entéména and built a temple to the god Ellil.'

In one inscription he styles himself 'the chosen of the goddess Nina.' He tells us he made a libation bowl and dedicated a quantity of grain in the temple of Eninnu, *i.e.* the temple of the number Fifty. In another he apostrophizes the goddess Gatumdug as the mother of Sirpurra, and tells us he built a temple for her. A singular proof of his widespread authority is the fact that the Americans have recently found at Niffer in Upper Babylonia an object dedicated by him to Ellil, the great god of Nippur. The name of his particular patron god is variously read as Dun Sir, Anna, and Sulgur. This and similar tablets of later kings have been found associated with the copper statuettes, already referred to, inscribed with their names, and containing dedicatory sentences. Those inscribed with Entéména's name represent his tutelary goddess with horns on her head. In addition to these we also have inscribed with his name the famous silver vase already described.

There is in the Louvre an inscription which a certain Enanatuma, son of Entéména and *patesi* of Sirpurra, is named. If this is not a mistaken reading, which is very probable, Entéména's son, as well as his father, was called Enanatuma.

This completes the names of the early rulers of Sirpurra, whom we can definitely arrange in order, and who may be thus tabulated :—



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We now have a break in our evidence, and can only conjecturally suggest that the next ruler was a famous personage who fills a much larger rôle than those we have hitherto considered, and of whom we have a considerable series of monuments; namely, the king whose name is read as Gudea, and also Ka-mum-ma.

Hommel suggests, with his usual ingenuity, that Gudea was not in the regular succession to the throne. This he concludes from the name of his father never being mentioned in the numerous inscriptions which date from his reign, and from the absence of any reference to his ancestry. On the other hand, he is perhaps the only early king of Babylonia whose wife's name is known. It occurs along with his own on an agate seal preserved at the Hague.\* This points, as Hommel has suggested, to her having been an important personage, and it seems probable that he married some princess belonging to the royal stock, perhaps a daughter or sister of Entéména, and thus acquired his rights to the throne. It is further curious that if we are to rely upon Hommel's translation, he professes himself in one of his own inscriptions—namely, on Cylinder A—to be a self-made man :

' A mother I had not, my mother was the water depth ;  
A father had I none, my father was the water depth.' †

This points to his having been a foundling on the waters, like Sargon. We also read of a certain Dunzi (*i.e.* 'the man who planted his eyes on me, and thus my life prolonged'), who saved him from the waters, thus answering to the Akki of the later Sargon legend.‡ Among his monuments are several large diorite statues, copper figures, &c., and his name occurs on a great number of the foundation bricks, &c., at Tell Loh.

His monuments refer to the two great functions of Mesopotamian kings,—campaigns against their enemies, and the foundation of temples and cities. The greater part of them refer to the latter duties. On an inscription on one of his statues he tells us how his god Ên-Girsu had forcibly opened the ways for him from the Upper Sea, which probably means the Mediterranean, as far as the Lower Sea, *i.e.* the Persian Gulf, and that he had conquered the town of Anshan Nimaki, and had carried its spoil off to the shrine of his god, Ên-Girsu.§ Nimaki is the proto-Chaldean name for Elam, and Anshan was the name of a city of Elam. In connection with this campaign

\* Hommel, p. 317, note 5; Jensen, p. 65 ††.

† Hommel, p. 320.

‡ Ibid.

§ Ibid. p. 39.

we must refer to the mention of the frontier town of Elam, Imbiki, the later Bit Imbi.\* Gudea was not only a conqueror, but a great temple builder. Thus he claims to have built a temple named 'the House of Light, which illuminates the ship of Ninaki,' to the goddess Nina at Ninaki. For Ê-harsag, the patroness of the city of Girsu, he built a temple, raised an altar, and erected a diorite statue at Girsu. For the goddess Nana he restored her famous shrine of Eanna, and also made her a diorite statue. To Bau he built a temple at Uru Azagga, had a statue carved for her, and dedicated at her festival oxen, sheep, lambs, dates, cream, garments, and different kinds of birds. As Bau was especially worshipped at Kish, near Babylon, this seems to show that Uru Azagga is another name for Kish. To Galalim, the favourite son of the god Ên-Girsu, he also built a shrine. He also restored the famous temple of Eghud, or the Seven Spheres, at Borsippa, but his most important work was upon the temple of the Fifty (Eninnu). He first purified the city and drove out the adorers of demons, the necromancers, the prophetesses. He then tells us whence he derived the materials for building this famous shrine, consisting of cedar and other costly woods, of which he made great gates for the temple which were covered with figures, and he also brought hewn stones from Martu (i.e. the Western lands or the land of the Amorites), to build the platform for the temple, and other stones to act as sockets. He further brought copper and gold-dust apparently for its decoration, to which he also dedicated the spoil captured in his campaign in the Elamitish mountains. In this temple he placed his statue, and he made provision for a regular offering of food and drink, denouncing those who should revoke this gift. He also had a statue made of the god out of Magan stone, which he put in the temple, and to which he gave a special name, and at its dedication there seems to have been a seven days' rejoicing, during which punishments were remitted, and obedience was not exacted from slaves, who for that time were the equals of their masters and mistresses. On any one who ventured to mutilate or destroy the statue of the god, Gudea calls down the vengeance of a whole Pantheon of gods.

In his inscriptions Gudea gives the names of several localities from which he got materials for the various buildings, statues, &c., which he erected. This list is most important, not only as showing how widely spread the enterprise of those early days was, but also as informing us of the localities whence

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\* Hommel, p. 325.

certain indispensable products of ancient culture were derived. First and foremost was the land of Magan or Maghan, already mentioned. Thence, he tells us, he brought the stone from which his statues were made, and which is a diorite or dolerite, and is the same stone used by the early Egyptian kings for their statues. From Amanum—that is, no doubt, the Amanus Mountains in Northern Syria, and which he calls the Mountain of Cedars—he obtained wooden beams of cedar and of another wood. These are described as of different lengths. From the city of Ursu (?), in the mountains of Ibla, came the woods called Zabanum and Tulubum, *i.e.* probably cedar and cypress wood. Amiaud would place this country near the sources of the Euphrates. From Shamamum in the mountains of Menua (*i.e.* Armenia), and from Kazalla, which is named among the conquests of Sargon I., and was situated on the mountains of Martu or the West-land, there came hewn blocks of Beham or Nagal stone, with which the platform of the temple was built. From Tidanium (identified by Hommel with Tidnum, the proto-Chaldean equivalent of Martu, 'the West') he brought Shirgal stone, *i.e.* alabaster, which was apparently used for door-posts, &c. From the country of Kagal-adda-ki, in the mountains of Kimash,—perhaps, says Sayce, 'the land Mash,' or Arabia Petraea, the Mash of Gen. x. 23,—copper was brought. Kimash gave its name to copper (*kémassi* in Assyrian), just as Cyprus did to *cuprum*. From the land of Melughgha or Milukhkha—*i.e.*, as Glaser argues, Havilah—he imported gold dust and *usu* wood, which Jensen identifies with some dark hard wood such as ebony. Gold dust was also brought from the mountains of Ghaghum, which was probably in Syria, since it is associated in the inscription with Khalub (? Aleppo).

From the country of Gubin—which Oppert connects with the Khub of Ezekiel xxx. 5, Amiaud with a form of Coptos, the ancient Qubti, and Hommel with the Kepuna or Kepni of the Egyptian inscriptions, which seems to have represented the later Byblos—Gudea imported *ghaluku* trees, from which wood pillars were apparently made. From the country of Madga in the mountains of the river Gurruda or Galu-ruda (compared by Hommel with Malgu, mentioned in later inscriptions), and apparently a frontier town of Elam, he imported bitumen (?). Lastly from the mountains of Barsip, which Amiaud identifies with Tel Barsip on the Upper Euphrates, he brought *nalua* stones in large boats. In the inscription on the statue already referred to, he also refers to Nituk or Dilmun, *i.e.* the Island of Bahrein in the Persian Gulf, as a place from which he got wood, and he further tells us that the wood that came



came to him from there as well as from Magan, Milukkhka, and Gubi, came in large ships.

From these notices it will be seen how widely the influence and enterprise of Gudea extended. He seems to have controlled the whole of Mesopotamia, and to have been the master also of Northern Syria, whence he got his supplies of wood. It is curious to notice that in the Egyptian inscriptions we have this region continually mentioned as the source of the various kinds of wood used by the Egyptian cabinet makers.

Gudea left at least one son, who was called Ur Ên-Girsu, *i.e.* the Man of Girsu. In one inscription he calls himself *patesi* of Sirpurra, and in another expresses his devotion to the goddess Nina. In later Babylonian literature the name Ur Ên-Girsu occurs as the equivalent of farmer or rustic (*ikkaru*), which Hommel explains by some tradition that his reign was a peaceable one and devoted to country life.\*

We would suggest that Ur Ên-Girsu was succeeded as *patesi* of Sirpurra by Urbau, who may have been his brother. His name means 'the Man of the goddess Bau.' Hommel and others have made two persons out of him, one a *patesi* of Sirpurra, and the other a king of Ur. We believe them to have been the same person, and that he began his career as *patesi* of Sirpurra. His name was formerly read Uruk.

A statue of him has been preserved and is now in the Louvre. This is inscribed, and the inscription reads, according to Amiaud, 'To the god Ên-Girsu, the powerful warrior of the god Ellil, Urbau, *patesi* of Sirpurra, the offspring of the god Ên-Agal ("powerful lord," a by-name of Ea), chosen by the will of the goddess Nina, endowed with power by the god Ên-Girsu, who has widely published the name of the goddess Bau and was endowed with intelligence by the god Enki (*i.e.* the god of the sea, otherwise called Ea). The submissive incantation priest of the goddess Ninni (Ishtar), the beloved servant of the god "Lugalla Gishgallaki" (*i.e.* the "King of Gishgallaki or Babylon," *i.e.* Bel), the favourite of the goddess Duzizuab or Duziabzu.' The paragraph ends with the words 'I am Urbau; the god Ên-Girsu is my king.' At this point the narrative changes to the third person, and the translation is problematical. The king apparently claims to have excavated some site, the earth of which he had extracted and measured and weighed, and then piled this earth upon it. Upon this he placed a substructure six cubits high, and upon

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\* *Op. cit.* p. 330.

this he raised (probably rebuilt?) the temple of Eninnu thirty cubits high. Hommel says this was without doubt the great temple of Ên-Girsu.

For some reason or other Urbau seems to have changed his residence from Sirpurra to Ur, on the other side of the Euphrates. He now became a great builder, and has left a large number of bricks inscribed with his name there, as he has in other cities of Babylonia. Among these are some recording the building of the temple of the Moon-god at Ur, and also the walls of Ur. He also claims to have built a temple to the goddess Nana at Uruk; this is recorded on a brick from the ruins of Bowariah, near Warka. He raised another shrine to Babbar, the Sun-god, recorded on a brick from Larsa or Senkerah; another to Nin-Lil, the wife of Ellil, on a black stone found at Niffer; another to the same God, also at Niffer, which was known as the city of Ellil. Nabonidus, who lived in the seventh century B.C., tells us that Urbau built the tower of Êgis zir gal at Ur, which however he did not complete, but it was finished by his son Dungi. The ruins of this tower still form the most conspicuous object at Mugheir. He also built a temple to Sar-ili, the king of the gods, at Sirpurra. From the same source we also learn that Urbau styled himself not only king of Ur, but also king of Kingi Ura, which title now occurs for the first time. He apparently had dependents who continued to rule elsewhere.

Among M. de Sarsec's discoveries is a circular dish made of hard stone, on the back of which the name of Urbau is associated with that of a certain Nam-magh-ni. From this inscription we learn that the latter married his daughter, whose name has been read Gan ul, and who dedicates the plate to the god Ên-Girsu for the life of her husband, who is styled *patesi* of Sirpurra. This ruler's name occurs on other objects, *inter alia* on a door socket of diorite, published by Ledrain ('Revue Critique,' 1883, ii. 220), which is dedicated to the goddess Bau.

Again, there is a signet cylinder, dating from his reign, in the British Museum, and which belonged to a man called Hašhimir (who, be it noted, bears a Semitic name), and who calls himself *patesi* of the town of Ishkun Sin, and describes himself as the subject or follower of Urbau. The name of the Sun-god, as given in this name, *i.e.* Sin, is its northern form, and points to this place having been in Northern Babylonia. It possibly answered to the later Isin or Nisin.

We learn from the inscription of Nabonidus already quoted, that Urbau was succeeded by his son Dungi or Dungiinna, a name formerly written Ilgi, who completed some of the buildings  
his

his father had begun, and notably the great pyramid tower at Ur. Dungi, like his father, calls himself king of Ur, and also king of Kingi Ura, and his inscriptions have been found at Mugheir (Ur), where he claims to have built the temple of Ên-Gharsak. He also restored or completed the temple of Nana at Erech, called Eanna, and built its great wall. At Tell Loh two inscriptions of his have occurred, commemorating his work on the temple of the god Ên-Girsu, called Eninnu, and of the goddess Nina, called E-shesh-shesh-mar-a.

There was also found at Tell Id a black stone on which Dungi claims to have restored the temple of Eninnu, and built another for the goddess Nin Mar (*i.e.* the goddess of Mar), in the city of Girsu. On a stone weight, in the shape of a duck, in the British Museum, we have the inscription 'Ten manehs of Dungi.' This shows he instituted some new standard of weights. Another weight, recently added to the British Museum, mentions the standard of Dungi.

On a seal cylinder, now in the British Museum, we are told that a certain 'Kilulla (styled *Guzallu* or the throne-bearer, and who calls himself son of Urbau) made this seal cylinder for the god Shitlamma Uddu, for the preservation of the life of Dungi, king of Ur.' Kilulla was therefore a brother of Dungi.

This god Shitlamma Uddu, a name of the North Babylonian god Nergal, is mentioned in another inscription of Dungi's, now at Berlin, in which he tells us he built for him the temple of Shitlamma at Gudua (*i.e.* the resting-place, afterwards called Kutha, and now represented by the mound of Tell Ibrahim). This is recorded in a clay tablet, which is expressly stated to have been copied from an old one from Shitlamma, at Kutha, and is endorsed with the scribe's name, Bel-uballit. These inscriptions show that Dungi was a patron of the Northern gods.

Lastly, among M. de Sarsec's discoveries is an inscription in which a certain Ghala dingir kalla, son of Lukamâ ni, *patesi* of Sirpurra, dedicates an object to the goddess Bau for the life of Dungi, king of Ur. As the son is not called *patesi*, Hommel interprets this as meaning that Dungi or his father put an end to the line of *patesis* of Sirpurra.

This completes our survey. Shortly after Dungi's reign the whole country was conquered by a Semitic people, and it was possibly then that Sirpurra with its treasures was burnt, the statutes of its kings were mutilated, and everything destructible was destroyed. The story M. de Sarsec enables us to tell fills an important gap, and we wish him success in his further labours.

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 ART.

- ART. IV.—1. *Rembrandt. Sa Vie, son Œuvre, et son Temps.* Par Émile Michel. 1 vol. Paris, 1893.
2. *Rembrandt. His Life, his Work, and his Time.* By Emile Michel. Translated from the French by Florence Simmonds. Edited by Frederick Wedmore. 2 vols. London, 1894.
3. *Rembrandt. Sa Vie et ses Œuvres.* Par C. Vosmaer. La Haye, 1877.
4. *Catalogue raisonné de toutes les Estampes de Rembrandt.* Par Adam Bartsch. Leipzig, 1797. Reprint 1880. (Bartsch's Catalogue arranged in the order of subjects.)
5. *A Descriptive Catalogue of the Etched Work of Rembrandt van Rijn.* By Charles Henry Middleton. London, 1878. (Middleton's Catalogue arranged in chronological order.)

THE recent appearance, first as a French edition and then in an English form, of M. Émile Michel's volume on the 'Life and Work of Rembrandt' has already, to some extent, had the effect of increasing the steadily growing interest entertained by all lovers of Art in the painted and etched work of the artist. It is not sufficient to describe Rembrandt as the greatest master of the Northern School; his personality and his genius are so closely interwoven that a picture believed to be by his hand, or a choice early state of one of his finer etchings, assumes for us a special interest. While we carefully study the character and treatment of the composition, we ask ourselves to what period of his career it may be assigned; what reference it may have to some event in the history of his life; what peculiarity it may possess which connects it more directly with himself, or with those with whom he was most intimately connected. There is no other artist in whom the realistic tendency, so characteristic of the school of the Netherlands, has shown such remarkable and original results; none whose reputation, even from very early days, though perhaps not in his own lifetime, has enjoyed such unrivalled influence; and there are few artists whose personal history in recent years has been more carefully written, or whose painted and engraved work has been more exhaustively described and more accurately catalogued.

We say 'in recent years,' for the history of Rembrandt's Life and Art, as it is treated by his earliest biographers, is so imperfect and so frequently misleading, that the labours of later writers have been devoted not so much to establish their facts as to disprove their fallacies. Modern researches have shown that this unappreciative recognition was not universal. Thus Huijgens, in an autographic memoir (discovered in 1891 by Dr. J. A. Worp, of Gröningen, while engaged on a new edition of

of the poet's works), when recording his recollections of the rising artists of the day, refers in eloquent terms to Rembrandt's astonishing precocity. After comparing him with Lievens, for whom he entertained an almost equal admiration, he tells us that 'one of these two youths is the son of a mere artisan, an embroiderer of curtains; the other,' as he humorously observes, 'is the son of a miller, but made of other flour than his father.' He adds that 'their masters are obscure and mediocre artists, for the modest means of their parents could afford them no better instructors,' and goes on to describe in glowing language a picture, one of Rembrandt's earliest paintings, long lost, but which M. Michel has lately had the felicity to discover, 'Judas returning to the High Priest the Price of Betrayal.' The whole passage referred to by M. Michel is well worthy of perusal.

Four years after the completion of this picture of 'Judas,' in 1628, Rembrandt's reputation as a portrait painter had become so widely extended, that from 1632 to 1634, besides studies of himself and of members of his family, he had at least forty portraits in hand. Yet, as we now know his history, he was neither then nor at any other time popular among his fellow-countrymen. His life, like his painting, was full of light and shadow. He had personal qualities which rendered him worthy of regard; he was the friend and associate of Huijgens and of Tulp, of Uytenbogaert and of Six; he was intimate with Sylvius; he married a charming girl of good social position; he enjoyed more than a mere acquaintance with Anso, with Manasseh Ben Israel, and with Decker. But for some reason, even in the days preceding his misfortunes, he was not generally appreciated among the good people of Amsterdam, either as an artist or as a citizen. After that unhappy time he was even less regarded; his marvellous power as a portrait painter was necessarily acknowledged, but the man himself seems to have passed into comparative obscurity.

The truth is, as Vosmaer has clearly shown, that Rembrandt cared nothing for display and mercenary distinction. 'When I desire,' said he, 'to rest my mind, it is not honour that I seek, but freedom.' The words reveal the man, and throw a light upon the remarks of Sandraat, himself an artist, and for three years resident in Amsterdam, from 1638 to 1641. In his 'Lives of the Painters,' published at Nuremburg in 1675, he speaks somewhat slightly of Rembrandt, as a man capable of producing simple work, but never inspired by subjects from poetry or history. Referring to the causes of his misfortunes and want of popularity, he tells us that if Rembrandt had  
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known better how to conduct his own affairs, if he had been more impressionable, more careful to conceal his opinions, and adapt himself to the conventionalities of society, he would have gained in social position as well as have increased in wealth. The artist-world could not sympathise with one who called no man master, who preferred rules of his own to all the teaching of the Schools; and the higher, and in this instance the more intellectual class, were offended because he showed no anxiety to enter their ranks.

Vosmaer also reminds us that Vondel, then esteemed the chief poet of Holland, who had no praise too great to bestow upon Lievens and Koninck, upon Govaert Flinck and Quellinus—each of whom had more than once painted his portrait—who speaks of Lastman, not as Huijgens had done, as ‘an obscure and mediocre artist,’ but as ‘the Apelles of the century,’ who acknowledges that his own superb tragedy of ‘Joseph at Dothan’ was inspired by the scene pictured by Pinas, once only refers to Rembrandt,\* and then in terms of faintest commendation. Orlers again, the historian of Leyden, writing ten years after the appearance of the ‘Lesson in Anatomy’ and while the so-called ‘Night Watch’ was in progress, devotes but a single page to the artist whom we now recognize as the almost unapproachable master in the School of Holland. The impression conveyed by the reminiscences of Hoogstraaten—‘Inleyding tot de Hooghe School der Schilderkonst,’ Rotterdam, 1678—is only less unsatisfactory. Although at one time with Rembrandt as a pupil, he tells us little or nothing of the master’s social or domestic life, but refers to his freedom from theoretic rules of art, to the attention he bestowed on the colouring and modelling of flesh, and to his inimitable management of light and shade. Fifty years later Houbraken enters the field, and, while content to utilize for his unveracious records a strange diversity of improbable tradition and evident untruth, all the time affects such intimate acquaintance with even the pettiest details that he tells of ‘the red herring and the piece of cheese’ which formed the relish of Rembrandt’s daily repast. The result is that, until recent years, the tale of Rembrandt’s life and art has been practically

\* Among the numerous painted or etched portraits executed by Rembrandt there is not one in which we can recognize the likeness of Vondel. In the collection of the late Mr. Jacob de Vos, dispersed by sale at Amsterdam in 1883, was a drawing, ‘*Largeement esquissé à la sanguine et à la plume, puis terminé au lavis de bistre*,’ described as a portrait of the poet. This drawing, a very precious one, at one time in the Ploos van Amstel Collection, is not, however, a portrait of Vondel, but is, as Vosmaer has suggested, a study of Ephraim Bonus.

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untold, and it has been reserved for students of our own generation, or—we say it with regret as we recall the memory of Vosmaer, Charles Blanc, and others—of the generation now passing away, to place the true story before their readers.

The most important contribution to the new era in Rembrandt literature is undoubtedly that of Vosmaer, whose revised edition, '*Rembrandt, sa Vie et ses Œuvres*,' appeared in 1877. Modern critics, and we do not say it in any disrespect, are, in their appreciation of present knowledge, too often forgetful, perhaps it may be unconscious, of the laborious steps by which it has been attained, and so they fail to recognize the amount of patient research and of careful investigation which has been required to establish what are now regarded as simple, almost self-evident facts. We cannot say this of the author of the first volume on our list, M. Émile Michel; he has thrown himself heartily into his subject, and while he has not hesitated to avail himself of all the information which Vosmaer and his immediate predecessors have afforded, supplementing it with the fruitful results of still more recent investigations, he has not forgotten to acknowledge to its fullest extent the assistance he has received. After a grateful recognition of the labours of Eduard Kolloff, to whom the inauguration of a more exact and learned criticism is due, and an appreciative tribute to the careful and untiring researches of Bürger, he adds—

'The task Bürger had set himself to accomplish was destined to be carried out by a Dutchman, and Vosmaer showed himself equal to the lofty work his patriotism had suggested, by the pious care he brought to bear upon it, and by his profound study of his subject in all its ramifications. To his skilful grouping of facts already ascertained, he added the sum of his own discoveries. His perfect knowledge of Dutch literature enabled him to paint the artist among his actual surroundings, and to show how far Rembrandt had been inspired by these, how far by the originality of his genius.'

And, in reference to the advantages afforded him by the later investigations of Messrs. Bode, Bredius, De Roever, and others, M. Michel writes—

'In grateful recognition of all I owe to their friendly help, I here tender my thanks . . . If I have been enabled to supply the deficiencies of Vosmaer, and to trace more clearly than he has done the close union between Rembrandt's life and art, my success is due to them . . . To their zeal and discoveries I owe the information which must give a certain value to my book.'

So far as Rembrandt's personal history is concerned, we cannot but think that the final word has now been uttered. It is,

is, of course, possible that the discovery of unexpected memoirs or archives may reveal some further details; it would, however, be difficult to imagine, with M. Michel's book before us, that anything can have been left unsaid; but there is, and long will be, room for controversy as to the authenticity of examples of drawing, etching, and painting, hitherto attributed to his hand, and bearing, in many instances, what has been regarded as Rembrandt's well-recognized signature. As to these so many questions have already been raised, so many conflicting opinions have been expressed, that it is impossible at present to anticipate any final decision. With regard to the drawings, we are convinced that no small proportion of those which have been assigned to the master are somewhat more than questionable. We have ourselves met with several in public collections, and have seen a still larger number in private hands, which we should unhesitatingly reject; in some of them we have even detected modern watermarks in the paper. Of the etchings we will speak later on. As to the paintings, Dr. Bode, to whose authority connoisseurs would willingly defer, and who has already published the results of his repeated examination of the larger number of Rembrandt's pictures preserved in public or in private galleries,\* is now, we are informed, engaged upon a much more extensive and important work. It is a carefully descriptive Catalogue, accompanied by photogravure reproductions of every known and veritable painting by the master's hand, arranged, so far as is possible, in their chronological order, and supplemented by transcripts of documents, registers, &c., which in any way relate to the works themselves or to the period of their execution. Until Dr. Bode's work appears, it would be well to reserve expression of opinion. Meanwhile so-called 'Rembrandts' exist, and from time to time appear in exhibitions and sale-rooms, which either bear no satisfactory evidence of originality, or are copies or adaptations of recognized works, perhaps with unimportant variations, but revealing to the practised observation of the connoisseur unmistakable inferiority in colour or execution.

We are unwilling to say anything which would even appear to detract from the true merit of M. Michel's 'Rembrandt.' We realize, as we read it, that it represents the work of one who has spared neither time nor labour in its preparation. We sympathize with his claim that he

'lived for several years with Rembrandt, surrounded by reproductions of his pictures, drawings, and etchings, and by documents bear-

\* 'Studien zur Geschichte der holländischen Malerei,' 1883.



ing on his history, my mind all the while intently fixed on the facts of his life, and the achievements of his genius. . . . I saw the heterogeneous threads of information weave themselves gradually into the fabric of a life—the life of Rembrandt, with its small events and large passions, its stormy aspirations, its glorious masterpieces, marking the successive epochs of a troubled existence.’

But it is unfortunately the case that, for purposes of study, the book he has produced has more than one serious defect. Foremost among these is the insufficiency of the index, which gives references only to the occurrence of proper names, and is even thus incomplete. Again, the catalogues of the pictures, the etchings and the drawings, at the end of the second volume (we have before us the English edition), give no references to the mention of them in the text, and are otherwise exceedingly inadequate. Thus of pictures in English hands only 126 are recorded—we are assured that there are at least twice as many—to 48 of these no dimensions are given, neither are we told whether they are on panel or on canvas, yet fully one-fourth have appeared in past years in Burlington House at the Old Masters’ Exhibitions. It may be further remarked that, while the work is rich in reproductions, the lists of full-page and text illustrations are arranged only in the order in which they occur in the volume. We may give an example of the inconvenience, to use no stronger term, which this arrangement involves. In chapter iii. of volume i. (English edition), the author refers to Rembrandt’s portraits of his mother, and upon one page mentions six of the etched portraits, of which he has given reproductions. It would of course be an advantage to the reader to compare these reproductions. They do not, however, accompany the text, but are introduced in a haphazard kind of way at irregular intervals, from pages 1 to 164, and their position can only be discovered by the somewhat tedious process of searching through the lists in the first pages of the volume of some 170 illustrations, not arranged in alphabetical, and only partially in chronological, order. We also think it an error of judgment that so many, nineteen or twenty, of the full-page illustrations with which M. Michel has enriched his book, should, in the English edition, have been omitted. The three or four new ones introduced in their stead, although among them is one of the finest of the master’s portraits of himself, are, in our opinion, insufficient compensation. Such oversights and omissions, which may in a future edition be corrected, do not however detract from the real merit of M. Michel’s work, and, as we have already acknowledged, we believe that, thanks to his appreciation and unwearying labours, there

there is now before us all the information respecting Rembrandt's life and work which is at present attainable. Although we find ourselves at issue with M. Michel in some of his conclusions—such occasional divergence is the privilege of the reviewer—yet, with regard to his volumes as a whole, we are more than satisfied, and may congratulate ourselves, as well as the author, on the publication of a work which will be heartily welcomed by all who desire to acquaint themselves with the life and art of Rembrandt.

It would be impossible in the short limits of a Review, to follow out the whole history of Rembrandt's life, as it is now related by his biographers. From existing records we know him to have been the fifth son of Harman Gerritszoon van Rijn and Neeltje Willemsdr. van Zuytbrouck, respectable well-to-do people of the burgher-class, resident in Leyden, Harman being part owner of a mill, and possessed of several houses and gardens in its vicinity. The mill—that 'enchanted den of darkness,' so poetically described by Fuseli, 'where, magician-like, he brooded over half-seen forms, and his imagination framed strange spells out of elemental light and shade'—was not, as once supposed, the scene of Rembrandt's birth and youthful days. His parents occupied a more prosaic home, a comfortable house in the Weddesteege (the Water-lane), an approach to the 'White-gate,' one of the entrances to the city. We may omit all discussion as to the exact year of his birth, only expressing our conclusion that the date is, as Vosmaer and Middleton have decided, 1607. Orlers tells us that his father sent him early to school to be instructed in the Latin tongue, and so prepare himself for the Academy of Leyden, 'that when he came of age he might serve the City and the Republic with his knowledge.' We learn, too, of his entering, in his twelfth year, the studio of Swanenburch, a painter of some reputation in Leyden, and, among after-events of his personal history, of his removal to Amsterdam in 1630, at first renting an apartment in the Bloemgracht, thrice changing his residence, and, after his mother's death in 1640, of his purchasing a larger house in the Joden-Breedstraat, where for sixteen years he made his home.

In 1634 he married Saskia van Uylenburgh, not a vulgar peasant girl as earlier biographers have asserted, but the orphan daughter of a Frisian lawyer of good social position and considerable wealth. Their married life, though short—for Saskia died in 1642—seems to have been a very happy one. Of the portraits and studies of his charming wife we shall speak later on; there is one touching peculiarity which distinguishes them, as also the studies and portraits of himself,

executed during their brief married life. She is always gaily, in some instances richly, dressed, while his own figure is clothed in picturesque garb with velvet hat and drooping feather, as if too joyous and contented to recognize a care. Not until six years after her death does his own portrait again appear, and then he represents himself in plain burgher dress with high narrow-brimmed hat. The poetry of his life was gone.

The world had gone hard with him; always generous, even reckless in his expenditure, he was already heavily in debt. At his wife's death trustees had to interfere to save the share of her property which their only surviving child Titus should inherit; and in the end matters reached such a crisis that his whole effects were seized. So complete was his ruin that the inventory, still preserved, of the contents of his house, to be submitted for sale for the benefit of his creditors, includes, with other works of Art, not only a rich collection of pictures, of drawings, of prints, both by his own and by the hand of various Italian and other masters, of statuary and armour, but even the chairs and cupboards in the kitchen, and 'Linen—then at the washerwoman's' (*Lijnwaet, 't welck geseyt op de bleech te zijn*). For the incidents of his later life, so far as they are known—of his connection with Hendrickje, of his residence, as discovered by Vosmaer, in a house in the Rosengracht, and of the death of Titus—we must refer to M. Michel. In the 'Doodboek' of the Wester Kerk in Amsterdam is found this entry: 'Tuesday, 8th October, 1669. Rembrandt van Rijn, painter, of the Rosengracht opposite the Doolhof, leaving two children.'

We turn to the history of Rembrandt's Art. The facts as verified by numerous existing archives and other documents, and the presumable inferences now so carefully worked out, must ever have for us a special interest. Foremost among these is the extent to which, as Orlers expresses it, his 'natural inclinations,' which 'always drew him on to the art of painting and designing,' were influenced and directed, not only by the masters, under whose tuition he acquired the first principles of his art, but by his own observation of the pictures of others, his predecessors, at that time, and some of them still preserved in the Town-hall of Leyden; and with which the precocious boy, who before his twelfth year had been placed in a painter's studio, must have become familiar. Of these the most important would be 'The Last Judgment,' from the hand of the well-known master, Lucas van Leyden. Though more than one critic has described this picture in a somewhat depreciatory tone, it is, although much injured by 'restoration,' an undoubtedly genuine work, manifesting, together with much originality of design,

design, a sense of richness and harmony of colour. If it does not bear comparison with the finer work which Rembrandt himself produced in after-years, it possesses qualities by which we may feel assured the youthful student would be specially attracted. Throughout the whole composition there is an advanced feeling of realism, of a higher character than is seen in any other composition of the period. The picture has its faults; the drawing may be exaggerated or imperfect, the demons too grotesque to be horrible; but the interest it has for ourselves, and certainly had for the boyish artist, is the evidence it affords of advance in the realistic tendency of the Northern School.

Another naturalistic picture in the collection is 'The Crucifixion' by Cornelis Engelbertsz, a much inferior composition, but showing similar influence in the mummified corpse, &c., in the foreground. Of the work of Swaneburch, with whom Rembrandt remained from his twelfth to his fifteenth year, we know too little. Six panels were, perhaps still are, assigned to him in the Gallery at Leyden; a 'Papal Procession,' now at Copenhagen, is the only existing picture of his which is recognized by M. Michel, and, though instructive, it is a work of no special importance. Lastman, in whose studio at Amsterdam Rembrandt afterwards passed six months, is not, now at least, represented at Leyden, but his influence on Rembrandt's earlier work was not inconsiderable. Himself a disciple of Elzheimer, he showed a sense of chiaroscuro which, though varying in degree as in conception, somewhat frequently appears in the work of other painters of that day; and although his colour was too often discordant and his handling laboured, his drawing was generally correct; and he has left us landscapes, notably two at Berlin, which possess delicacy of touch, picturesqueness of detail, and poetic instinct.\*

Much more distinctly, especially in his treatment of light and shadow, do we recognize in Rembrandt's work the direct influence of Elzheimer; and though no picture of this master or engraved reproduction is mentioned in the long and interesting inventory of Rembrandt's effects, when at the time of his bankruptcy his treasures were offered for sale, we may be sure that in one or other of those volumes of drawings and engravings by distinguished artists—*'een groot boeck vol teecheningen en printen van verscheydens meesters'*—would be found the seven engravings by the Count de Goudt, after Elzheimer, and among them the larger scene of 'Tobit and the Angel.' This is a com-

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\* Vide 'Landscape in Art,' by Josiah Gilbert. London, 1885.

position which has for us a double interest, not from its character alone, but from the support it gives to our contention that Rembrandt knew, if he did not actually possess, this series of engravings. The picture by Elzheimer passed into the possession of the late Mr. Samuel Sandars, and was contributed by him in 1879 to the Winter Exhibition of the Old Masters at Burlington House. It has now, by generous bequest, been added to the treasures of the National Gallery. It represents a darkly wooded landscape scene. In the foreground, to the left of the print, is the youthful Tobit, wearily dragging the fish by his right hand, his face expressive of sadness and fatigue; behind him is the Angel, bending forward and evidently encouraging him with some hopeful words; a landscape, with trees and cattle on the sloping hill-side and cloudy sky, is seen in the distance on the right. The composition was afterwards utilized by an impecunious engraver, Hercules Seghers, who, while he copied the figures directly on to his plate, closely imitating their action and expression, placed them on a steep incline instead of on level ground, changing the character both of sky and landscape, but retaining the hill-side, the cattle, &c., in the distance. The plate then passing into Rembrandt's hands, the group of Tobit and the Angel was erased, though not entirely, traces of the figures still remaining, and a 'Flight into Egypt' was rudely scratched in in their place. From the plate with these alterations some five or six impressions were taken, and, from the time when they were issued, they seem to have been accepted as the genuine work of the master, to the infinite perplexity of modern connoisseurs, to whom the rare first impressions of Seghers's plate were unknown, and who, unable to recognize in the execution of the landscape the handling of Rembrandt, yet unwilling to reject the print, endeavoured to explain the process by which they supposed it might have been created, entitling it 'The Flight into Egypt, in the style of Elzheimer'—*Fuite en Égypte, dite dans le goût d'Elzheimer.*\*

The more immediate influence of Elzheimer may be traced in many of Rembrandt's pictures. Italian in feeling, yet retaining the realistic tendencies of the Northern School, Elzheimer's compositions are often singularly effective, almost romantic, in their arrangement of light and shade. Sunset or sunrise, moonlight and starlight contend in the same picture with the gleam of torches or of shepherd's fires, while dark masses of shadow

\* Wilson's Catalogue, p. 17; Charles Blanc's Catalogue, No. 29. So far as we know, only two impressions of the plate before it left Seghers's hands have been preserved; one is at Amsterdam, the other in a private collection.

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bring into strongest relief the natural or artificial light which illumines those parts of the scene on which he would concentrate our attention. We regard as perhaps the most effective of his pictures 'The Flight into Egypt,' now in the Gallery at Munich, another of those from which an engraving was made by Elzheimer's friend and patron, the Count de Goudt. It is a night effect, with dark wooded background and clouds above, the moon rising above the horizon to the left. We specially refer to this picture, since those of our readers who had the good fortune to visit the recent Old Masters' Exhibition at Burlington House may recall a panel with which it may be compared,—a beautiful little scene of Rembrandt's middle period, the property of the Trustees of the National Gallery in Ireland. It represents a group of peasants, with cattle, around a fire at the foot of a steep wooded hill, with dark sky and a gleam of moonlight.\* The composition of this and that of Elzheimer's picture are not identical, and we recognize in the latter the work of a greater hand, but the character and treatment are so closely in accord that, as we study the Rembrandt, we are conscious of the influence of Elzheimer.

In his remarks upon this master M. Michel has drawn attention to a peculiarity which, we think, has not been sufficiently observed. This is, that while Elzheimer, in his treatment of light and shade, makes the actual source of the light in all its intensity a chief feature of his picture, Rembrandt usually conceals the flame, and contents himself with rendering the light it sheds on surrounding objects. As a rule we may accept the criticism, though with some little reservation, since we do not find it to have been Elzheimer's invariable practice thus to display the origin of the light with which he relieves the darker shadows of his picture. Paintings by Elzheimer are exceedingly rare: besides those described, there is one in the National Gallery, others are in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, eight or ten are in foreign galleries, and a few others are in private collections; but we know more than one in which the source of the light does not appear. There is, for instance, the landscape scene, 'Tobit and the Angel'—the picture we have already referred to as having been utilized by Hercules Seghers; another, known to us only by the engraving, is the lovely little 'Dawn of Day.' These, however, may be regarded as exceptional, while in support of M. Michel's contention we may instance, among others, the Munich picture, 'The Flight into Egypt,' in which three sources of the varying

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\* Smith's 'Catalogue Raisonné,' vii. 603.

light are pictured; and the 'Ceres,' another night effect (the original is now in the Liechtenstein Gallery), where, besides the moon in the upper right, are seen two torches and a candle. On the other hand, with Rembrandt, the source of the light which relieves his night effects is very rarely shown. It is introduced in a few of his pictures, as in the panel mentioned above, and in five or six of his etchings. For example, in 'The Flight into Egypt, a night effect,' St. Joseph, leading the ass on which the Virgin is seated, carries a lantern in his hand, which casts the only light introduced into the composition. Another, also a night effect, is a 'Descent from the Cross,' in which the light comes from the torch held by a disciple who stands close beside the Cross. A third is the 'Adoration of the Shepherds': the Blessed Virgin is lying, half asleep, to the right; the shepherds enter on the left, one bearing a lantern; the source of the main light, falling behind the figure of St. Joseph, is unseen, the secondary light is from the lantern.

There were other artists of the sixteenth and of the earlier years of the seventeenth century, predecessors or contemporaries of Rembrandt, to whom reference might be made, as having, to a greater or less extent, influenced his manner and his composition, though they may not have directed his genius. Such were Miereveldt of Delft, who, with simple and truthful feeling for his subject, combined often a warm and tender colouring; Moreelse, a master in portraiture; Keyser and Ravenstein, and above all Franz Hals, painters as well of portraits as of Corporation Pictures and Civic Guilds, scenes often admirably grouped, 'full of shadow and of light, tones brown and gilded, and amber flesh-tints that Rembrandt himself would not have disowned.' But the earnest realism, the naturalistic character of form and of expression which Rembrandt carried to so great perfection, and which, together with his inimitable powers of composition and execution, have placed him in the forefront of the painters of Holland, were not the invention of his immediate predecessors, for they in their turn had inherited an earlier influence.

'The History of Art,' writes K  gler, 'its rise, its progress, and its decadence, from primitive Christian days to the period known as the Renaissance, which we regard as commencing with the first years of the fifteenth century, is a very curious as well as a very instructive one.' There are in fact few studies of greater interest than those which lead us to trace its gradual development from the symbolic, the purely religious, and conventional type that dominated its earlier conceptions, up to the

the humanized and realistic character which it ultimately attained. We well know the chief intention and power of Art in earliest Christian days were not perfection of technique or beauty of composition; they were rather utilized for purposes of religious instruction. Pictures and statues were created to attract the onlooker, not by their accuracy of design nor loveliness of form, but by their intense spirituality and reverent teaching of religious truth. The painter was, consequently, not an artist, in the modern meaning of the word, but 'simply a superior class of workman, in whom excellence of workmanship was the chief claim to distinction.\*' The religious pictures introduced, year after year, into convents and into churches—the Art Galleries of the age—show, as time went on, greater accuracy in drawing, greater distinctiveness in sentiment and expression, yet, mostly, were such as required for their execution rather honest patience and manual dexterity than artistic inspiration. But as we enter on the first decade of the fifteenth century, we witness the dawn of a new era, which, though commencing almost simultaneously in the Italian and in the Northern Schools, assumed in the latter, and especially in the Flemish, its most pronounced and conspicuous form.

The most striking examples of the new departure that now remain to us are seen in the work of the Van Eycks. It must ever be a matter of infinite regret that, comparatively speaking, so few pictures of this period, *i.e.* pictures of the Northern School, should have been preserved. It was a troubled time. The contemporary annals of continental history contain little else than records of war and devastation. One hundred and fifty years later, during the Revolt of the Netherlands, we are told how some four hundred churches, with their contents, were destroyed, and that the Van Eycks' superb masterpiece, an altar-picture, 'The Adoration of the Lamb,' was saved from the fury of the iconoclasts by its removal, only two days before, from its place in the Cathedral of St. Bavon. It is a picture which, for its beauty of design and execution, must always demand our heartiest admiration; but for our present purpose it has a special interest, and merits careful examination. The composition of the upper panels, with their gold and tapestried background, is to a certain extent conventional and in the manner of an earlier time, but not so with the rest; and what strikes us most as compared with the religious pictures of others, especially of Southern Schools of the period, is the intense naturalism which pervades the whole. The compre-

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\* W. J. Stillman, 'Old Italian Masters.'



hension of form, the realism of treatment, the draperies which are fitted to and follow the movement of the body, the expression in the faces, the linear and aerial perspective of the landscape, combine to create a marvellous picture. Still more, they prove how complete was the departure from the old era of conventionality, and show how thoroughly the foundations were laid for a still further development of realistic feeling and truthfulness to Nature, which were never again disregarded, but retained their influence, ultimately to exhibit at once their extreme as well as perfected form in the works of the Dutch painters of the seventeenth century.

That the influence thus established should be varied or intensified as years passed on, that it should manifest itself in a broader and more realistic direction, that a new and distinctive character should continue to prevail, were inevitable results. With the changing condition of the people, the spread of education, the invention of printing, the advance of the Reformation, the rejection of all Papal tradition, a new era gradually arose. The evidence of this is apparent in varying degree in the artistic work of all the Northern Schools, but is carried to its completest form in the Schools of Holland. The struggle through which they had passed in their rejection of foreign rule had determined the whole character of the people; in Art, as in Literature and in Religion, earlier tradition was no longer acceptable. The legendary Altar-pieces, Madonnas, Martyrs, representations—devotional or historic—of Monastic Saints, allegoric design, or ideal mythologic scenes, had no interest for a people whose thoughts were in their homes, in the simplicity of pastoral, or the prosaic incidents of municipal life.

M. Michel has some interesting notes on the originals, members of his own family or others, whom Rembrandt made use of for his models. It is not always possible to identify them, at least with any certainty, since the pictures, drawings, or etchings which were thus produced, not unfrequently in fanciful costume, were generally much more in the nature of studies than of likeness, the latter often subordinate to picturesque effect or the solution of some problem in chiaroscuro. Those who are familiar with the etched work of Rembrandt are aware how many of the smaller heads, especially of his earlier time, are studies from himself. Their execution is mostly very summary, and the results unequal in value and importance. His mother's likeness may be frequently recognized. At one time it is only a head of placid and venerable mien; in another she is pictured in Eastern dress with a scarf twisted turban-like about her head, or again in black fur-bordered cape with black laced band

band across her forehead, the mourning veil and sombre garments of her widowhood. Even more frequently was the charming Saskia, his study not only for fancy pieces, but in more than one instance in what we may regard as actual portraiture. Such is the pencil drawing now in the Print-room at Berlin—reproduced by M. Michel—below which is an inscription in Rembrandt's own handwriting, to the effect that it is the portrait of his wife taken at the time of their betrothal. We recognize the likeness, almost a front face, not only in the Dresden picture of 'Rembrandt and Saskia,' and in 'The Jewish Bride' in the Liechtenstein Gallery, but also, as M. Michel points out—and in this we entirely agree—in the group known as 'The Burgomaster Pancras and his Wife,' one of the treasures of Buckingham Palace, and which by permission of Her Majesty appeared in the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition, 1889. The likeness of Saskia, with some variation, may be seen also in a 'Jewish Bride,' the property of the Duke of Buccleuch, and in a replica with variations now in the possession of Mrs. Ellice, of Invergarry. Before us while we write is an impression from an etched plate by Marcenay, a Parisian engraver, signed and dated 1755, a portrait group of 'Rembrandt and Saskia,' in which the features and expression closely resemble those of 'The Jewish Bride' in the Buccleuch picture. So far as decision is possible, we can believe it to have been taken from an original by Rembrandt, but it is not among the portraits catalogued by Smith, nor can we learn whether it is still in existence.

In other pictures Saskia is represented not full-faced but in profile. The finest of these and the one which we may accept as an actual portrait is the celebrated picture in the Gallery at Cassel. It has been copied in etching by Leopold Flameng and by Unger, and an admirable reproduction has been produced by the Berlin Photographic Company. Apart from its beauty, it has interest for us in that the features are repeated with unimportant variations in more than one Scriptural or fancy subject, as in the 'Abraham dismissing Hagar and Ishmael,' a picture now in the possession of Mr. Constantine Ionides, and exhibited this year at the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition. Among other studies belonging to Rembrandt's earlier time we recognize some which we assume to be the likeness of his father. We say 'assume,' since their identification, as M. Michel acknowledges, 'has been based on hypothesis more or less plausible.' In 1878 Middleton expressed the opinion that Herman Gerritszoon was probably the study for the etching of 'The Old Man with a long beard and fur-trimmed cap.'

M. Michel

M. Michel tells us that in his attempts to classify the studies executed by Rembrandt and his friends, in or about the year 1628 to 1632, he has observed a frequent characteristic type occurring in eleven paintings, and in nine of the master's engraved works, as well as in three heads scratched upon a single plate. There are, however, two of the nine etchings about which there is some difference of opinion. Thus there is the print, representing 'An Old Man seated in a Chair,' in which Charles Blanc believes that he recognizes the portrait of Jacob Cats, tutor to William Prince of Orange, a likeness which he considered to be again repeated in the 'First Oriental Head.' Middleton, writing of the former, gives it the title of 'Philon the Jew.' In Smith's Catalogue, a description is given of a portrait with this name, from which, he says, Van Vliet made an engraving. Bürger, in the 'Gazette des Beaux Arts,' September 1866, describes this print as 'after Rembrandt,' adding that the figure bears upon the hat-band the word *Φίλων*. A second state of the Rembrandt engraving is known, on which 'Philo' is apparently engraved. Thus, three different models are suggested for the portrait to which M. Michel refers, viz. Rembrandt's father, Jacob Cats, and the unknown person entitled Philon the Jew. The picture described by Smith is, or was until lately, in the Galerie Tschager at Innsbruck. There were others, outside the circle of Rembrandt's relations or immediate friends, who served as his 'models.' Thus, the likeness of 'An Old Man' in the Cassel Gallery is described by M. Michel as also occurring in a 'St. Peter' at Stockholm, in a Portrait at Oldenburg, at one time attributed to Lievens, and in another portrait at Metz, bequeathed to the Gallery by the Marquis d'Ourches, and described by its late owner as the portrait of a member of his own family, Charles de Goulon, who fled from his native town in 1658 after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The whole question of the attribution of these studies is an interesting one, and it is not improbable that we may be able to assign still more of them to their original models. Be this as it may, the idea offers opportunity for further investigation, and may lead to the discovery of the actual personages represented in more than one well-known picture of which at present the name of the sitter is unknown.

We may heartily commend to our readers what M. Michel has written respecting Rembrandt's pictures on panel or on canvas. Himself an artist, his descriptions are thoroughly appreciative, both of their composition and their manner of execution. With regard to portraiture, examples of which form

so large a proportion of the master's work, there can be little difference of opinion, and we will quote a passage from M. Michel, which very well expresses ideas with which, we feel assured, everyone will agree:—

‘ Though he recognized that nothing is unimportant in this difficult art, and that the great portrait-painter is he who wins the richest result from his boundless material, he also perceived, with the earlier masters, that the eyes and the mouth are the supremely significant features of the human face, the features to which we look for the expression of life, of thought, and of the various emotions that stir the soul. . . . In Rembrandt's personages the eye is the centre wherein life, in its infinity of aspect, is most fully manifested. His portraits are distinguished, not only by the absolute fidelity and precision of the likeness, but by a mysterious limpidity of gaze, which seems to reveal the soul of the sitter, inviting us to yet closer study and a yet deeper knowledge of its secrets. This life-like expression in the eye is well seen in Rembrandt's portrait of himself in the National Gallery, No. 672.’

As to Rembrandt's treatment of Biblical subjects, the contrast between these and the purely religious pictures of others, notably of the Italian Schools, is often so distinctive, that at first sight the spectator may fail to appreciate the intense religious sentiment which the master endeavoured to express. The models from whom he took the secondary personages or the onlookers whom he brings into his composition must often have been very ordinary commonplace people, the lower class of Jews or even mendicants who frequented the quarter in which the master himself had made his home. But as the picture ‘grows upon us,’ and we are impressed with the intense spirit of realism, the absolute acceptance of fact which it is intended to convey, we perceive how appropriate are their forms and attitudes to the parts into which they are introduced—their very ugliness giving relief to the leading figures in the composition—and we become conscious of the earnestness, the depth, the intensity of the religious feeling which has inspired and which dominates the scene. It would be easy to multiply instances; but we will only refer, as among the more important, to the ‘Presentation in the Temple,’ in the Hague Museum, of which M. Michel has given a full-page illustration; to the ‘Descent from the Cross,’ at Munich, though now unhappily in a somewhat unsatisfactory condition, and to ‘The Woman taken in Adultery’ in the National Gallery. In this latter work, says Kügler, ‘a touching truthfulness and depth of feeling, with every other grand quality peculiar to Rembrandt, are seen in their highest perfection.’ The master was no less  
successful

successful in several of his etchings, as, for instance, in 'The Angel appearing to the Shepherds,' in 'The Death of the Virgin,' in 'The Hundred Guilder' plate, 'The Christ healing the Sick,' and in the marvellous composition 'Our Lord crucified between two Thieves,' otherwise known as 'The Three Crosses.' In all of these, the introduction of figures, in themselves homely or commonplace, so far from lowering, increases the reverential feeling with which we contemplate the design.

The three great pictures which must always hold their place, if not as the finest, certainly as the most important examples of Rembrandt's work, each in its turn represent, as it were, the culmination of the three chief periods which we recognize in his artistic career. These representative works of his 'earlier,' his 'middle,' and his 'later time,' are, as is well known, 'The Lesson in Anatomy,' the so-called 'Night Watch,' and 'The Syndics of the Cloth Hall.'

As to the first of these, 'The Lesson in Anatomy,' the vigorous criticism of Fromentin, who describes the handling as 'thin and unimpassioned, and the drawing of the dead body as faulty, and as showing want of knowledge in the modelling,' may be accepted, in so far as it compares the quality of this early work—it was executed in 1632—with that of later years, and there is certainly much in the picture to which we may take exception, as the foreshortening of the corpse, &c. But remembering its date, it would be difficult to conceive a more admirable grouping. The prominent portrait is that of the Professor Claes Petersz, known to us as 'Tulp,' a pseudonym borrowed from the tulip (*tulpen*) carved upon the façade of his house.

'Seated in a vaulted hall at a dissecting table on which the corpse is laid obliquely, he holds up one of the tendons of the left arm with a pair of forceps and seems to be enforcing his demonstration by a gesture of his left hand. Seven students, all men of mature age, are grouped to the right around the corpse, at whose feet lies a large open volume. All excepting the professor are bareheaded, and all, like their master, dressed in black, except the man nearest to Tulp on the right, who wears a dress of neutral tint inclining to violet. Broad white collars stiffened or hanging loosely about their necks enframe their faces . . . The figures are illuminated by a soft light from the left, which is concentrated on the corpse and on the heads of the two seated auditors in the foreground.'

It is a noble picture, and as we stand before it we lose all perception of faulty arrangement, and imperfect drawing, or hesitating chiaroscuro, and feel only wonder and admiration at its manifest perfection.

And then we turn to the 'Night Watch,' the picture of his 'middle'

'middle' time. We think there can hardly be an existing picture about which so much has been said or written, so many varying opinions have been entertained. Bürger, Vosmaer, De Vries, Bredius, Meyer, Louis Gonze, Durand, Greville, and others have entered into the discussion. Theories and facts respecting it have been contested, refuted, and established until there can now be little room for further controversy. The picture itself has had its vicissitudes. The title of 'Night Watch,' a name only invented in the latter part of the eighteenth century by the French, and afterwards adopted by the Dutch cataloguers, is a memorial of the neglect from which it suffered. Its shadows and its tone had been so deepened and blurred by soot and dirt, by rancid oil and varnish, that when Sir Joshua Reynolds wrote of it in 1781, its dulness and opacity caused him to question its originality. In an earlier time it suffered from mutilation, each side having been ruthlessly cut away to fit it into what some enlightened Amsterdam town councillors thought would be its suitable position in their hall. Further, its intention has been misunderstood, the scene it represents been a matter of dispute, and the presence of the two little girls a mystery. It is now 'restored,' not, alas, to its original dimensions, since no trace has been discovered of the slips which were cut away, but, relieved of its superstratum, the 'Sortie of the Amsterdam Musketeers' has become a sunlight scene, one of the noblest treasures of the Ryks Museum of Amsterdam.

The third of these pictures, 'The Meeting of the Syndics in the Cloth Hall,' belongs to Rembrandt's later days, A.D. 1661. It represents a very simple and even prosaic scene. Five dignitaries of the Corporation are seated at a table, honest, respectable men, no doubt fully deserving the confidence of their fellow-citizens; their morning fully occupied in the verification of their accounts. They are clad in plainest and most formal costume, wearing flat puritanic collars and black broad-brimmed hats; behind stands an attendant with uncovered head. The rich scarlet table-cloth, and the yellowish tone of the wainscot in the background, alone relieve the somewhat monotonous colour. Suddenly interrupted, perhaps by the entry of some stranger or official, they are represented with heads raised, looking forward towards the spectator, while the light which comes from some window, high up on the left unrepresented in the picture, falls direct upon the faces, bringing the portraits—for that is the intention of the composition—into full and distinctive relief.

'Never before,' says M. Michel, 'had Rembrandt achieved such perfection, never again was he to repeat the triumph of that supreme moment'

moment when all his natural gifts joined forces, with the vast experiences of a life devoted to his art, in such a crowning manifestation of his genius. Brilliant and poetical, his masterpiece was at the same time absolutely correct and unexceptionable. Criticism which still wrangles over the "Night Watch" is unanimous in its admiration of the Syndics. In it the colourist and the draughtsman, the simple and the subtle, the realist and the idealist alike, recognize one of the masterpieces of painting.'

We must add a few words about the etchings which form so important a part of Rembrandt's work, and with which, thanks to the numerous existing impressions, and the frequent copies and reproductions—there are one hundred or more in M. Michel's book—students are now generally familiar. Until comparatively recent years almost every print on which the name of Rembrandt was engraved, or which in any degree appeared to resemble Rembrandt's manner of execution, was unhesitatingly attributed to his hand. At the present time the tendency is very much the other way, and the somewhat uncompromising criticism to which they have been subjected has resulted in the rejection of no inconsiderable number. There are of course many of the prints, at one or other time ascribed to Rembrandt, as to the authenticity of which there need now be no difference of opinion; in some of these we recognize the distinctive or inferior work of scholars or of imitators, others again bear absolutely no resemblance to the handwork of Rembrandt, and offer no single evidence of authenticity beyond the insertion of the name. On the other hand we believe that many prints, especially of Rembrandt's earlier time, have been rejected on insufficient grounds. Our readers will realize how great is the divergence when we remind them that Bartsch, whose Catalogue appeared in 1797, accepts almost without misgiving 375 prints, while M. Émile Michel, whose volume has so recently been published, is not disposed to admit more than 270, and tells us that he regards the authenticity of some 40 of these as still open to discussion. With such a conclusion we are ourselves unable to agree, and we do not hesitate to express our opinion that many of those which M. Michel now rejects must ultimately be restored. There is another question, and an important one both for students and collectors, as to which we must also acknowledge that our conclusions do not accord with those entertained by M. Michel. It is as to the extent to which the variations to which the plates were subjected, producing successive and more or less divergent impressions, constituting what are described as 'states,' were by the hand of Rembrandt. M. Michel thus expresses himself:—

'To

‘To Rembrandt one of the charms of etching was that it admits of corrections. A severe critic of his own plates, he would lay them aside altogether if they fell below his expectations, or would return to them again and again, never conceiving of them as finished; as with several of his pictures, he overloaded too many by continual retouching. But when he held his hand at the right moment, or worked out an idea methodically, he produced masterpieces of extraordinary originality. The successive retouches, when judiciously applied, gave prodigious flexibility and diversity of effect.’

Our own contention is that—except for purposes of correction, to remove some evident error, repair some omission, or affix a signature and date—Rembrandt rarely re-touched his plates; that, generally speaking, the earliest ‘states,’ seldom more than two or three, were in the nature of ‘trial proofs,’ of course by Rembrandt’s own hand, and in nearly every case we can decide which he regarded as his finished plate. The further alterations, corrections, and additions belong, as a general rule, to a later time; they were the work of another hand to restore the worn plate or perhaps conceal some injury from which it had suffered, or introduce some variation to suit the idea of the engraver who desired to place impressions in the market. We take, for example, the portrait of Abraham Fransz. The first state, of which only one impression is known, has an evident error in the design; the second and third show corrections; the fourth is the finished impression. After this we do not suppose that Rembrandt ever touched the plate; the later states showing re-work and variations by inferior and unskilled hands. Another example, the ‘Portrait of Jan Lutma,’ exists in four if not five states, though two only have been catalogued. The window in the background, &c., and the formally engraved inscription, ‘*Joannes Lutma Aurifex natus Groningae*,’ which distinguish the second state, are not by the hand which executed the portrait, but are probably, as Middleton suggests, by the younger Lutma. A hundred years later the plate came into the possession of Basan, and was further re-worked; and if the reproduction in the English edition of M. Michel is accurately rendered, a still more recent state may be distinguished. We may mention two other instances of later work,—the ‘Portrait, unknown, of a Man with a Sabre,’ and the ‘Uytenbogaert.’ The second state of the one, and the third state of the other, are impressions from the plates after they had been cut into an octagonal form for insertion in panel or box-lid. We cannot believe that this was done by Rembrandt, although Mr. Hamerton has suggested, with regard to the former of these, that it was ‘the original intention to use the copper as an



ornamental plate on a box rather than for printing.' Had this been the case, we think that the name and date would not have been engraved on the plate *in reverse*.

We have ourselves carefully examined the varied impressions of thirty of Rembrandt's more important plates, existing in one hundred and fifty described states; and we contend that the variations which distinguish fully one-half of these were executed by other hands than those of the master; and we may remind our readers that, in or about 1767, Basan, a Parisian engraver and print-dealer, to whom we have already referred, issued, in folio, a volume containing impressions from eighty-five of Rembrandt's original plates which had come into his possession, all more or less 'restored' by himself or Watelet; and that after his death the plates passed into other well-known dealers' hands, and were again and again printed from.

A few words in conclusion. The history of the time when the Dutch School arose is a history of one of the most stirring periods in the life of any nation; yet Rembrandt, like nearly all the artists of Holland who preceded or immediately followed him, rarely gives any sign in his works of a knowledge of events almost without parallel in the world's history. Holland had still a long struggle before her to preserve her hardly-earned liberty, yet if we except the composition known as 'The Pacification of Holland,' in the Rotterdam Museum, there remains hardly any evidence in the master's works that there ever reached his ears even the faintest echo of the strife. He cannot be said to be wanting in imagination, but he devoted it to the expression of Scripture scenes. The portraits he painted were not of patriots or warriors, men who devoted themselves for their country or their faith, but of peaceful burghers,—the advocate, the writing-master, the jeweller, the print-seller, or the burgo-master, whose literary tastes find vent in composing a tragedy founded on an old-world fable. When he descends to common life, he gives us Jews or beggars, picturesque in their dirty raggedness; and when he turns to landscape, he depicts only quiet, peaceful scenes. Events, excepting those of simple home-life, seem to have passed him by; and his lot, if we judged him only from his works, and had no other knowledge of his history, might have been cast in days of uneventful tranquillity.

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- ART. V.—1. *Buchan*. By the Rev. J. B. Pratt, M.A. Aberdeen, 1870.
2. *Transactions of the Buchan Field Club*. Peterhead, 1887–1893.
3. *Spalding Club Publications*. Aberdeen and Edinburgh, 1840–1870.
4. *Papers printed by the Club of Deir*. Aberdeen, 1873 and 1876.
5. *Ellon Parish Records*. Aberdeen, 1876.

IN the north-eastern corner of Scotland there lies a region with a distinctive character of its own, which, though situated away from the great routes between north and south, and protected by its remoteness from being the scene of conflicts that decide a nation's fate, yet affords much that well repays the investigations of the antiquarian, the archæologist, and the student of civil and ecclesiastical history or social development. The stranger with preconceived ideas of Scotland is surprised to find far 'benorth the Mount' the physical features of the Lowlands reproduced in an expanse of country which Dr. John Hill Burton once described as 'a spreading of peat-moss upon a cake of granite,' and in celebrating which the local poet could never get further than the enthusiastic repetition of the line—

'O! the howes o' Buchan are bonnie and braw.'

Yet the wind-swept sand wastes, peat-mosses, and bare fields have their own charm, not only for the native-born 'Buchan body,' but for many others, who have learnt their secrets and their language with rod and gun, men who on the sands of Forvie have been able to fancy themselves in the African Sahara, have sought the grass of Parnassus on the bents of St. Fergus, and have held communion with the winged wanderers of the far north on the low shores of the loch of Strathbeg. Something in the atmosphere of this northern land, where grey days alternate with a brilliant sunshine which challenges comparison with classic skies, appeals to the weather-worn sportsman who has shot in all climes and added to his trophies every kind of game. And who shall adequately interpret the magic sway that the wild coast-line exercises over those who love Nature best when she displays at once her beauty and her power? Whether on a warm summer day, when the red granite cliffs are washed by the slow and sleepy surge of a sea that is never still; or late in autumn, when the thick mist is drifting inland, and the fierce North Sea, in dull leaden grey, is dashing on the

rocks, the white spray showering through the fissure of the Dunbuy, and rising in clouds from the churning caldron of the Pot of the Bullers, there is a commanding fascination in the play and strife of rock and wave, and an awe-inspiring beauty in cave and arch and skerry, that speak to all, and that often find simple and grand expression from the lips of men who have spent their lives wrestling with those fierce seas under that iron wall of rugged rock.

Buchan is the name of a well-defined district, bounded on the west by the river Deveron, flowing northwards, on the south by the river Ythan, flowing eastwards (the head-waters of the latter rising not far from the banks of the former), and on north and east by the German Ocean. The Gaelic name has been variously translated, as meaning the land lying in the bend of the ocean, which is thoroughly descriptive, and therefore consonant to a characteristic feature of Celtic etymology, or as signifying 'cow-tribute,' and thus bearing witness to the ancient reputation of the region for its cattle. It is to this day famous as a cattle-feeding district, and the descendants of the old 'Buchan humlie' furnish much of the 'prime Scots' for the London Christmas market. 'Your friends live in Buchan,' *i.e.* far off, was the taunt of other Aberdonians to the man who praised himself; and in the district a phrase is sometimes heard, 'The folk in this corner,' which quaintly describes a fact, and links on with the generally received derivation of the name. In olden days, from its physical conditions and perhaps from the immunity of its situation, Buchan was famous for its crops. It was not without reason that the arms of its old Earls were three sheaves of golden corn on an azure field. Indeed the district was termed 'the granary of Scotland,' and was the original 'Land o' Cakes.' It was probably to a later period, when the 'small corn' of the upland parishes exhibited a production more famous for quantity than quality, that the expression of supercilious neighbours is to be attributed, 'Ye're like Buchan victual, twa part and third,' alluding to the large proportion of bear formerly mixed with oatmeal. While, however, the Land o' Cakes has extended its limits to include the whole of Scotland, the province of Buchan in olden days had broader bounds than those now assigned to it. The oldest traces of local divisions in Scotland show us a large province extending from the Dee to the Spey, which probably embraced the country of the Taixali of the old Roman writers, and is described by later Scottish annalists as consisting of Mar and Buchan. It is certain that at a later time Buchan consisted of the whole country from the Don to the Deveron, and at an  
intermediate

intermediate period had included more of Banffshire. Two important localities identified with the old Earls of Buchan are found at Ellon and at King-Edward on its eastern and on its western confines respectively; and as Ellon was a central place when Formartine formed part of the Earldom, so would King-Edward be when it embraced a considerable part of Banff. Be that as it may, the Deveron has for generations been recognized as the western boundary, and Formartine—originally a thanage under the great overlord of Buchan—has long had a separate existence. Another thanage existed in the district of Glendowachy, or Doune, in the north-west.

Whatever might be its precise limits at any period, there is no doubt that Buchan was one of the great early Celtic divisions of the country. Its Mormaer, or Earl, was one of the native magnates known as the Seven Earls of Scotland. Its name is illustrated throughout Scottish history. It even appears in the pages of Ariosto; and far away, and common-place in some respects as the district is, it was, curiously enough, the principal seat of four of the most famous noble families of Scotland. The Cheynes of Inverugie gave the realm a Justiciar; the great house of Comyn, with possessions stretching from the German Ocean to the Western Sea, and castles here and there from Slains to Inverlochy, not to speak of 'the realm of fair Menteith,' almost ruled Scotland for generations; and—more remarkable still—for hundreds of years, from two castles on the bleak north-eastern coast, there issued the highest officers of the realm, who rode on the right and left of the king, and kept order, the one within, and the other without, the gates of the Parliament House, the Earl Marischal and the Lord High Constable of Scotland. In the case of the Keiths the old prophecy has come true—

'Inverugie by the sea,  
Landless shall thy Lords be,  
And underneath thy ha' hearthstane  
The tod shall bring her bairnies hame.'

But the grey stone of Luncarty still rests before the doors of Slains—

'The Hays still flourish and their good grey hawk  
Does not finch before the blast.'

The geological composition of the district is a foundation of the primary or crystalline rocks covered with a thick coating of gravels and clays. Upon the clay later ages have placed the peat-mosses. Following the coast northwards from the Ythan, the line is bold and precipitous, the rocks consisting of gneiss and

and mica slate, with numerous veins of quartz, covered in parts with a deep deposit of red clay. Far inland stretches the waste of sand, covering what was once the fertile parish of Forvie. It was overwhelmed in a terrific storm, similar to that which formed the sands of Culbin in Morayshire, and tradition associates with the catastrophe a wrong perpetrated on the heiress of the lands, who is said to have been carried off by a cruel relative or a pirate. As she was borne from the shore she is said to have uttered these words :—

‘If ever mayden’s malisoun  
Did licht upon dry land,  
Let nocht be fund on Furvy’s rigs,  
But thystil, bent, and sand.’

A similar sandstorm filled up the mouth of an inlet, made Strathbeg a fresh-water loch, and ruined the port of Rattray, to which the Dutch herring-busses used to resort.

The rocky coast-line is broken by a beautiful sandy bay extending for about two miles, known as the Ward of Cruden, beyond which precipitous red granite cliffs stretch to north of Peterhead. In days when the bay of Peterhead is being converted into a huge harbour of refuge, it is interesting to note that the Countess of Erroll, who wrote a description of Buchan two hundred years ago, records that ‘the English under Cromwell, when they had founded their citadels of Inverness, Ayr, Leith, &c., coming to see the stance and site of this place, were much grieved for not seeing it sooner, it being most commodious for a citadel or garrison, and to have been improved to an excellent port to the eastern seas.’ From Peterhead the coast trends north-westward to Kinnaird Head, the bold headland at Fraserburgh which sentinels the Moray Firth. The intervening shore is mainly sandy, broken by the headlands of Craig-Ewan, Scotstown Head, Rattray Head, and Cairnbulg Point. At Rattray there runs out a dangerous reef, of which an old local distich of those navigating these seas says :—

‘Keep Mormond hill a handspike high,  
And Rattray briggs ye’ll no come nigh.’

Mormond (the *Mhor Mount* or Big Hill) is indeed the only hill of any size in Buchan ; and rising to nearly 800 feet from a level low-lying cultivated country, covered with dark heather, and with the figures of a white horse (carved out of the heather and filled in with quartz stones) on its south-western and of a stag on its south-eastern slopes, forms a prominent object in all the landscape north of the ridge that runs south-westwards from Buchanness, as does that of the Mount from Girdleness. From  
Fraserburgh

Fraserburgh westwards along the Moray Firth the coast is at first a low beach with flat rocks about the sea-margin, but from Rosehearty to Aberdour it rises the whole way 'in an uninterrupted mural line of blackened and rifted precipices.' The north-western section of the district, consisting of the parishes of Aberdour in Aberdeenshire and Gamrie in Banffshire, presents features of its own. At Aberdour and Troup Head the old red sandstone crops out; the cliffs and the country immediately behind them are high. The land soon slopes away to the south, and is here and there cut up by the beautiful ravines and Dens of Troup, Pennan, and Dardar. The coast is bold, and famous for its caves and natural arches, in this resembling that on the eastern face; but while the traditions of the eastern shore are those of smuggling adventures, the caves along the Moray Firth are sanctified to the votaries of the White Rose by the perils of Lord Pitsligo. An old writer observes that there is not a seaward parish in Buchan that has not at least one and sometimes two or more 'fischer-tounes.' Very picturesque many of these are, perched at the head of some wild ravine amid the red rocks, with a shingly beach below, or clustering round the ruins of an old castle or early Christian church on a bold headland overlooking a sheltered spot of shore.

Perhaps to a geologist the most interesting fact in Buchan is the occurrence on the ridge of hill running south-west from Buchanness of an extensive deposit of chalk flints. They are only found on the high ground which stretches as far south as Dudwick, in the parish of Ellon, but also occur on high ground between Turriff and Delgaty, and in Boyndie in Banffshire. Curiously enough, there are also found in the neighbouring parishes of Slains and Cruden two portions of the greensand formation which in England accompanies the flint. Of the coal measures and other strata, which in geological sequence intervene between the primary rocks and the flint-bearing chalk, there is no trace in Buchan. It is difficult to realize, when gazing over the wide prospect of fertile land, of woods, and of occasional mosses commanded from the central part of the ridge on which these flints are found, from Mormond on the north to the far-away barrier of the Mount beyond the bay of Aberdeen in the south, that it must probably have at one time formed the shore of an open sea.

The peat-mosses, which covered so large a part of the face of the country a generation or two ago, take the mind to a period when the freshwater loch and the swamp must have been frequent features of its aspect. They rest almost invariably upon

upon a stratum of clay; their depth varies from two feet to twenty-five, and close examination of their material has disclosed that the greater part consists of the remains of aquatic plants. The huge trunks imbedded in them, often scarred and burnt, and bearing testimony either to the frequency of great fires or to the fierceness of the devastation with which Robert the Bruce visited the territory of his strongest foes, tell of a time when this bleak and treeless district was richly wooded and possessed all the characteristics recorded by the Romans of the Caledonian forests. The tree of the past in Buchan was oak; and there are found with it birch, hazel, alder, and mountain ash. Fir, on the contrary, is generally absent, except in the case of the northern mosses, more particularly those that existed to the north of Mormond, where there seems to have been a pine forest. It is strange to find the Earl of Buchan addressing a petition to Edward I. begging that, as one of his manor-houses and most of his domains had been destroyed by fire during the war, he would grant him as much timber as he pleased from his forests of Kintore and Buchan to repair his dilapidated residences. History thus confirms tradition and the record of the peat; and it is probable that in the days of its ancient Lords the region was far more fully clothed with pleasant woods than, in spite of the planting of two or three generations, it is to-day, and that it boasted a more genial climate.

The peat-mosses not only tell us much of Nature's ways, and how she renews out of destruction: but they disclose interesting vestiges of man and of beast. In the moss of Savock in Longside there were found at a great depth, and beside the roots of an old oak-tree, still fixed in the soil, several horns of the *bos primogenius* and two or three stone celts, possibly silent witnesses of a primeval butcher's shop. Antlers of roe and red deer of a larger size than living stags carry occur; and in the moss of Knaven, near New Deer, there was unearthed a canoe hollowed from a single oak. Flint arrow-heads are very common in the district, though the superstition that they were elf bolts, shot to cause the cows to cease giving milk, and harmless so long as retained by the first finder, rendered them difficult to obtain; but the mosses have also disclosed flint spear-heads, a Roman spear-head of bronze, a short bronze sword, a bronze celt, a bronze pot of the Romano-British period, a solid oak spade, and a portion of a large rude cross-bow. Perhaps not least interesting, though later in date, was a solid silver statuette of a man on horseback, about one and a half inches in height, found under sixteen feet  
of

of moss in the parish of Longside, which 'may have surmounted a helmet or formed part of the trappings of some of the horsemen who crossed the district during the civil war in the reign of Edward I., or of the knights of Ludquharn, who had a castle adjoining the moss.'

There would seem to have been a primeval factory of weapons of war of the stone age in the moss of Loch Lundy in the parish of Slains, and another at Aldie in Cruden; so common are the flakes formed by the chipping of the flints found there. Other relics of early man are numerous. A few years prior to 1795 there were said to be twelve Druidical circles in the parish of Deer, one of which, with a large altar or execution stone, remains in good preservation to this day, while more or less perfect vestiges of others exist. They occur also at Newark in Crimonmogate; at Cortes in Rathen, where the estate takes its name from the circle; and at Culsh in New Deer, where the stones were used to build a manse. The district has also furnished two examples of the type of sculptured stones which is so characteristic of the country of the Picts. One was found at Old Deer, and, when seen by Dr. Stuart, was placed at the end of the ruins of the Cistercian Abbey of Deer. It was of whinstone, having the crescent and other tracings on one side, while on the other, probably at a later time, had been carved a rude cross. It has now disappeared, and is said to have been built into the walls of a neighbouring house. The other stone, which bears the figure of a bird and other devices, was found at Tyrie on the north of Mormond. It is remarkable that in the vicinity of the former stone there existed the ruins of a small village called by the country people Peights or Picts Houses. 'It consisted of fifty or sixty mossy huts, from six to twelve feet square, irregularly huddled together: hence it got the name of the *bourachs*. The walls were built of small stones and clay; the floors were paved with stones.' Under a considerable depth of peat-moss were also preserved the ruins of an ancient village at Aberdour, a locality which shares with Deer the distinction of being recorded as a 'town' when the first light of written history breaks on the darkness of Celtic Buchan. The Den of Boddam, near Peterhead, contains a number of excavations, which local tradition calls the houses of the Picts; and a so-called Pictish village existed till within recent years in the vicinity of the old battlefield at Cairn Catta.

Sequestered as for many generations the province was, it bears evidence of having been in earlier ages the scene of sanguinary strife. Here and there are found the stone coffins, with



with clay urns and calcined bones, which are all that remains of the love and veneration felt by the people for their chiefs of old ; and many a parish has (or *had*, for the vandals of progress have been very ruthless in Buchan) its frequent graves, its huge cairns, and its clustering tumuli, which bear silent witness to a stricken field, recorded only by local tradition, or passed altogether from the minds of men. Tradition generally connects these cairns with incursions of the Danes ; but it is remarkable that their vicinity often yields rich stores of flint arrow-heads and stone weapons. On one side of a valley the heathery slopes are studded with small stone circular erections, said to have covered the fires of a bivouacking army ; and in the rear a neighbouring knoll is crowned with the remains of a mighty cairn, still called Cairn Catta, or the Cairn of the Battle. The opposite slope retains the name of the Camp Fauld, and there is still pointed out a tumulus called the King's Grave. As to what armies fought, and what monarch fell, no record survives.

‘ Omnes illacrimabiles  
Urgentur ignotique longa  
Nocte carent quia vate sacro.’

We are, however, fortunate in finding firm ground at a very early period in the history of Buchan. This outlying region, strangely enough, furnishes probably the earliest authentic written record of Scotland, and it is one which in few words throws much light on Celtic polity and social conditions throughout a long series of years. There is no trace of the district being penetrated by the Romans, though at Glenmailen the ‘mouldering lines’ of the *Statio ad Itunam* look across the Ythan, and the Roman road from the Dee to the shores of the Moray Firth indicates that the Emperor Severus skirted its confines when on his way to his astronomical investigations in the far north. The ‘Book of Deir’ lifts the veil which shrouded the Celtic life of the north-eastern Lowlands, and gives us the first glimpse into Buchan. Laithers in Turriff, by the ‘streams of Duvranna,’ has been identified with the Dun Lathmon of Ossian, but authentic written history begins some time between 563 and 597, when the great evangelist of Scotland having converted Brude the king of the Northern Picts at Inverness, pursued his mission in his eastern territories. The quaint words of the ‘Book of Deir’ tell us that

‘ Columcille and Drostan, son of Cosgrach, his pupil, came from I, as God had shown them, unto Abbordobhoir, and Bede the Pict was Mormaer of Buchan before them, and it was he that gave them that town in freedom for ever from Mormaer and tosech. They came after

after that to the other town, and it was pleasing to Columcille because it was full of God's grace, and he asked of the Mormaer, to wit Bede, that he should give it to him; and he did not give it; and a son of his took an illness after refusing the clerics, and he was nearly dead. After this the Mormaer went to intreat the clerics that they should make prayer for the son that health should come to him, and he gave in offering to them from Cloch in tiprat to Cloch pette mic Garnait. They made the prayer, and health came to him. After that Columcille gave to Drostan that town and blessed it, and left as his word, "Whosoever should come against it let him not be many yeared (or) victorious." Drostan's tears (deara) came on parting with Columcille. Said Columcille, "Let Dear be its name henceforward."

At Aberdour are the ruins of a very old church dedicated to St. Drostan, and his well is shown by the seaside. He was also the patron saint of Old Deer, where a well exists called by his name. St. Drostan's market is held in December; and 'Aiky Fair' in July, of old a famous gathering, commemorates the translation of part of his relics. No two spots in the whole region could be selected better suited for a seaboard and for an inland Christian settlement, than those chosen by Columba, with that eye for natural beauty as well as for the purposes of his work which distinguished him. Gordon of Straloch speaks of the Abbey of Deer as being 'in depressâ valle olim totâ sylvestri'; and the Cistercian Abbey, as well as the older Celtic house, which was apparently further down the river Ugie, where the ruins of an older church than the abbey still exist, were situated in the most central, sheltered, and fertile spots that the district affords. Tradition records that the original builders of the old church tried one spot after another, but were always haunted by a supernatural voice which repeated,—

'It is not here, it is not here,  
That ye're to big the kirk o' Deer,  
But on Tap Tillery,  
Where mony a corp shall after lie,'—

until they selected a beautiful knoll on a horse-shoe loop formed by a bend of the river. The prediction was fully justified. The 'View of the Diocese of Aberdeen'—written in the beginning of last century—says, 'This church has an isle for the Keiths'; and its venerable ruins, which bear a stone graven with the Keith arms and the words 'Georgius Comes Mariscalli Dominus Keytheus Altrens et Patronus,' have since the time of the Keiths been a place of sepulture for the families of Kinmundy and Pitfour. The received etymology of the name Deer derives it from the Gaelic word for an oak; and it is probable

probable that the spreading oaks, of which a record still remains in another tongue, in the name Aiky Brae, reminded the saint of his earlier foundations at Derry and Durrow in his native land, which took their name from the same tree. At the same time it may be borne in mind that *Dairthech* or *Deirthech*, the usual name given to the early wooden church, is derived alternatively from *dair*, 'an oak,' and from *dear*, 'a tear.' St. Columba left Drostan in charge of the new foundation, but tradition also associates his presence with another locality. On a knoll close to the beach and overlooking the sea, at the extreme north-eastern limit of Scotland, stand the remains of St. Colm's kirk. Its situation recalls the beautiful lines of which the authorship is attested by the words *Columille fecit*:

'Delightful would it be to me to be in Uchd Ailean,  
     On the pinnacle of a rock,  
     That I might often see  
     The face of the ocean;  
 That I might see its heaving waves  
     Over the wide ocean,  
 When they chant music to their Father  
     Upon the world's course;  
 That I might see its level sparkling strand,  
     It would be no cause of sorrow;  
 That I might hear the song of the wonderful birds,  
     Source of happiness;  
 That I might hear the thunder of the crowding waves  
     Upon the rocks;  
 That I might hear the roar by the side of the Church  
     Of the surrounding sea.'

The history of old churches often throws a curious light on stages of social development and changes of national policy. In far-away Buchan, we have the original Columban foundations—Deer, Aberdour, and their offspring; an example of the dedications to St. Peter, which are associated with the Pictish change of church policy carried out by King Nectan in 710; the formation of parishes and new religious foundations under the Comyns; the diminution of religious staffs that followed the Reformation; the increase in the number of parishes that was carried out in the reign of Charles I. under the supervision of Bishop Patrick Forbes of Corse; and the ecclesiastical changes that followed the Revolution. The early saints specially associated with Buchan, in addition to St. Drostan, who was of the royal family of the Scots, were St. Fergus, said to be of Pictish blood, who, having performed the office of a bishop in Ireland and preached in Caithness, came to Buchan and ministered near the coast in the parish

parish still called by his name, after which he settled at Glamis, 'where he erected fresh *cænobia* to God, choosing this as the place of his rest'; St. Ethernan or Mernan, 'who lived an eremitical life in Rathen,' and whose hermitage probably occupied a hollow known as St. Eddran's Slack on the side of Mormond; and St. Modan of Philorth. The ruins of a chapel dedicated to St. Adamnan exist in Slains. Peterugie, or Peterhead, is the only example of a dedication to St. Peter, and Fyvie of one to St. Andrew. Turriff was dedicated to the Celtic St. Congan, but no tradition of his personal ministrations exists. In later years the Templars seem to have had a foothold there.

In the parish of Cruden a peculiar dedication to St. Olave, the patron saint of Norway, is connected with traditions relating to the most prominent facts in the civil history of the region during the years while the Celtic foundation flourished on the banks of the Ugie. These were the invasions and the battles with the Sumarlidi, or Summer Wanderers, as the Norse pirates were called. On the shores of the Bay of Cruden on the east, and on the cliffs of Gamrie in the north-west, the legends take most specific form. 'In Gamrie,' says an old writer, 'was a battle of Danes upon a very high promontory called the Bloody Pits to this day.' It is said that after the battle of Aberlemno, in which the Scots were victorious, the remains of the Danish army, when sailing round to join their compatriots who then held the province of Moray, were driven by bad weather on the coast of Buchan. Having landed to forage, they were attacked and cut off from their ships by Mernane, the so-called Thane of Buchan. Their final stand was made on a steep hill near Gamrie, where the Scots put every one to the sword. Three skulls of Danish chiefs were built into the walls of the church.

'The Bloody Pits to this day can tell,  
 How the ravens were glutted with gore,  
 And the church was garnished with trophies fell,  
 Jesu Maria shield us well!  
 Three grim skulls of three Norse kings,  
 Grinning a grin of despair;  
 Each looking out from his stony cell,  
 They stared with a stony stare.  
 Did their spirits hear how the old church fell,  
 They'd grin a ghastlier smile in hell,  
 Oh! it would please them passing well!'

In the following year Sueno is said to have made a final effort for the conquest of Scotland, and to have fitted out a large army under the command of his son, the famous Canute, afterwards

afterwards King of England, which landed in Buchan, where Malcolm II. encountered them near the Bay of Ardendraucht—where ‘the Danes then had a castle’—in the parish since known as Cruden. A day of fierce conflict took place, but when the sun rose on the slain both armies were so exhausted that ‘the priests and religious, whom by reason of their character both nations respected, had an opportunity of mediating a peace.’ The Danes agreed to withdraw from Scotland and evacuate those places they had in Moray and Buchan, and on the field of battle there was erected a church dedicated to St. Olave. The name of the parish is said to be derived from the words *Groch Dain*, or slaughter of the Danes, and the vicinity bears evidence of having been the scene of a bloody conflict. Early in the century a neck chain of jet and amber, and a battle-axe of black flint, were found on a neighbouring farm.

Probably the Danes had held the seaboard districts for some time on a more or less permanent tenure, for there is undoubtedly a large Scandinavian strain in the population. Occasionally you meet with a man of fair beard and bright blue eyes, who might stand for a typical Viking; and the dialect, and especially words used among the fishing population, speak plainly of a large Norse or Danish element, and probably a Frisian strain in the ancestry. One village on the northern coast (Roseheart in Pitsligo) has a tradition of its own accounting for the Norse strain. Early in the fourteenth century it is said that a party of shipwrecked Danes took up their residence among the natives. On the eastern coast there are also indications of a Dutch strain, but the Teutonic blood all round the coast is stronger than can be accounted for by occasional infusions; and dates, no doubt, in large degree from substantial settlements of the Norsemen. In view of their settlements in the west, it could hardly be otherwise than that they should have obtained a strong foothold on Scottish soil where it most nearly approached their native land, even though the coast of Buchan offered little shelter to their galleys.

If the coast parishes bear the footprints of the Norsemen, there are similar vestiges in the inland district of Monquhitter, which tradition associates with civil war. In the vicissitudes of the strife that followed the death of Malcolm Canmore, Donald Bane, who had beleaguered Edinburgh Castle when the sainted Queen Margaret was on her death-bed, is believed to have waged a three days’ fight at Lendrum with the Mormaer of Buchan, who adhered to the royal cause. The site of the battle was known as Donald’s Field, and ‘such is the effect of superstition, and the tendency of prophecies to accomplish the object

object foretold, that a prediction that corn growing on the *bloody butts of Lendrum* should never be reaped without bloodshed or strife among the reapers is said to have been literally fulfilled from time immemorial.'

With the expulsion of the Danes, and the settlement on the Scottish throne of the children of Malcolm Canmore, Buchan seems to have entered on a period of peace and prosperity which lasted till the convulsions of the war of succession. The era was one of general prosperity throughout Scotland, which she was never to see again till the union of the Crowns gave peace, only too soon broken by the civil wars. It is in Buchan associated with the great name of Comyn. The head of that mighty house, the type of all that was boldest, most polished, most sagacious, and most unscrupulous in the Norman race, married Marjory, daughter of Fergus, the last Celtic Earl of Buchan. The right of their son to succeed, through his mother, was in conformity with Pictish ideas of succession and the past history of the Mormaership as disclosed in the 'Book of Deir.' It was also undoubted, as heir of both father and mother, under the new feudal law. There could have been no easier and more appropriate transition from an old order to a new than circumstances thus rendered possible in Buchan, and the relentless devastation with which the Earldom was visited by the Bruce indicates the strong position of the Comyns in their northern territories, and the necessity for ruthless measures directed against the sources of that strength. The country must then have combined forest and field, and, with a more equable climate, yielded little, if anything, in productiveness to more southern regions. The Pictish element certainly remained large, especially in the agricultural labouring population; but with this were blended the Norse strain and a constantly increasing Norman and Saxon infusion. The process by which the old tongue was superseded by the most marked variety of the Aberdeenshire Doric, known as 'Broad Buchans,' cannot be traced, but it was probably the same as in the rest of the Celtic kingdom of Malcolm Canmore north of the Forth. The power and policy of the Comyns are best illustrated by the remains of the great castles they built and their care for the religious welfare and civilization of the people. Most remarkable, perhaps, are the great 'strengths' they planted on bold rocks all around the wild coast: Cairnbulg, Dundargue, Old Slains, Rattray, and Inverallochy—occupied by a younger son of the house, and bearing the inscription,

'I Jurdan Cumyn, indwaller here,

Gat this house and lands for biggin the Abbey of Deer.'

Fedderate,

Fedderate, in the centre of the district as we know it, was theirs also, but their principal family seat seems to have been Kin-Edar or King-Edward, on the margin of a deep ravine through which a burn flows down to the Deveron. At Rattray they had a strong castle on the site of an old Pictish rath, near which are the ruins of a church. 'Tis said that a son of Cumine, Earl of Buchan, was drowned accidentally in a well here, whereupon this chappell was founded for his soul.'

The decadence of the old Celtic Church was accompanied by a large secularization of its property, and in Buchan much of this, no doubt, was at the disposal of its Lords. But the lands of the Church did not, in the expressive words of the Irish chronicler, long remain 'dead' in the hands of the Comyns. In January 1219, William Comyn founded the Cistercian Abbey of St. Mary of Deer, on a sheltered haugh by the banks of the Ugie, where it flows between the hills of Saplin Brae and Aiky Brae. He conferred upon the Cistercians broad lands, including probably the older possessions of the Celtic monastery, and others beyond the bounds of Buchan. But the central house of Deer, though the largest, was not the only agency for Christian work in the region that owed much to the Comyns. The Priory of Fyvie, dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin, and the churches of Turriff and Rathen, were given by them to the Benedictine house of Arbroath. Alexander, Earl of Buchan, Justiciary of Scotland, founded a hospital at Turriff, called after the patron saint, St. Congan, for a master, six chaplains, and thirteen poor husbandmen of Buchan. Earl Alexander also, 'for the benefit of his soul and that of the Countess Isabelle, his spouse,' gave certain lands 'to six poor prebendaries dwelling at Newburgh in Buchan.' This foundation, known as the 'Rood kirk of Buchan,' was subject to the Abbey of Deer. John, the grandson of the founder, gave to the Abbey the patronage of the church of Kin-Edar, 'the last gift which the brethren of St. Mary were fated to receive from his race and lineage.' The founder is said to have chosen the abbey as the place of his sepulture, and another weird tradition associates the locality with a tragic episode in the history of his house. 'On Aiky Brae (according to the View of the Diocese of Aberdeen) are certain stones called the Cummin's Craig, where 'tis said one of the Cummins, Earl of Buchan, by a fall from his horse at hunting, dashed out his brains. The prediction goes that this Earl, who lived under King Alexander III., had called Thomas the Rhymer by the name of Thomas the Lyar, to show how much he slighted his predictions; whereupon that famous fortune-teller denounced his impending fate

fate to him in these words, which, 'tis added, were all fulfilled literally:—

“Though Thomas the Lyar thou callest me,  
A sooth tale I shall tell to thee:  
By Aiky side thy horse shall ride,  
He shall stumble and thou shalt fa';  
Thy neck-bane shall break in twa,  
And, maugre all thy kin and thee,  
Thy own belt thy bier shall be.”

It is said that some years ago, when excavations were being made in the ruins of the abbey, a stone was found bearing the arms of the Comyns, and below it some bones and the remains of a leathern belt.

If Deer was the ecclesiastical, the village of Ellon, on the banks of the Ythan, was the civil centre of those old days. The vale of the Ythan was known as ‘the rich rig of Scotland,’ from the pearls found in its waters, one of which adorns the Scottish crown; and till comparatively recent times the remains of the Moot Hill, or Earl’s Hill, at which the Earls of Buchan held their court, were traceable beside the river. In one of their extant charters the grantee is bound to afford the free services of an archer and to give three attendances in the year ‘at my Court of Ellon.’ And long after the titular Earls of Buchan had little connexion with the district, a link with this historic locality was retained. The Earl’s Hill was included in the charter of the Earldom, and in 1615 Mary Douglas was enfeoffed in the earldom of Buchan and Earl’s Hill.

The rapid rise and widespread ascendancy of the Comyns were only paralleled by their sudden and irrevocable fall. Their policy throughout the various stages of the war of independence is difficult to appreciate; now acting as Guardians of the kingdom and aiding to defeat the English at Roslin, and again swearing fealty to King Edward and resisting the arms of Bruce. They had a subsidiary claim to the throne, of which that of their kinsman Balliol took precedence, but the blood of the old Celtic kings also flowed in their veins through Hexetilda, the daughter of Donald Bane. They had no reason to view with satisfaction the succession of a Bruce, and the dagger that slew the Red Comyn in the church of Dumfries made the struggle between their house and the hand that wielded it one in which there could be no peace and no mercy for the vanquished. A ‘revolution which placed the Earl of Carrick on the Scottish throne’ could never be accepted by the Lords of Buchan and Badenoch. In the spring of 1308 the hour struck for the Comyns. Defeated by King Robert at Inverurie, they were

Vol. 179.—No. 358.                      2 D                      pursued



pursued into their own territories by the fiery Edward, launched by his brother on their rear. Strangely enough, it was on the heights of Aiky Brae, overlooking the monastery which testified to their piety, that the final conflict took place. The forces of the Earldom were broken and defeated with great slaughter, and the victors devastated the territory with fire and sword. 'For fifty years after men spoke with terror of the harrying of Buchan,' and so relentless was King Robert's proscription of the hated race, that 'of a name which numbered at one time three earls and more than thirty belted knights there was no memorial left in the land, save the orisons of the monks of Deir.' Indeed the only branch of their house that kept a scanty foothold in the province so closely associated with their power, was the family of Buchan of Auchmacoy, 'the first of them having been a son of Cummin, Earl of Buchan, who had got this small estate from his father, and did, notwithstanding the almost general rebellion of his whole clan against King Robert I., adhere so faithfully to that Prince that he was allowed to retain his estate upon the condition of his taking a new name, whereupon he chose that of Buchan.' Many generations afterwards the name of Cumine became again well known among the Buchan proprietary, but the families of Pittulie (now of Rattray), Auchry, Kininmonth, and Birness, all traced their descent through the Badenoch branch of the ancient house.

From the settlement that followed the victory of Bruce down to the Reformation and the civil wars of the seventeenth century, the history of Buchan offers little to attract the annalist. It lay out of the line of direct history, though its baronage nobly bore their part in national events, the Earl of Erroll with eighty-seven of his clan falling with King James at Flodden. There is a touch of pathos in the discharge by the young Earl of Erroll to the heir of Walter Hay, of Carmuk, 'because the said Walter remanit with my lord my fader to the deid.' Two sons of the Earl Marischal were also left on the same fatal field; but no prominent local event serves as a landmark, and the existence or the ruins of many a strong castle are the only relics which can be assigned to this era. With these ancient piles many strange legends and many a quaint prophetic distich attributed to Thomas the Rhymer are associated. Historical facts sometimes either dislodge the prophet or intensify his prophetic insight; but whoever be their author, the predictions are always quaint, and their fulfilment sometimes strangely dramatic.

The doom pronounced on the haughty Earl of Buchan was soon exacted; but it was left for the last century to see the weird  
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of Gicht worked out, when one man was drowned in the Ythan, Lord Haddo killed by a fall from his horse, and the incredulous mason employed on the house while the lands were being laid down in grass illustrated the truth of the saying at which he scoffed—

‘Three men on Ythanside a violent death shall dee,  
An’ then the lands o’ Gicht shall lie in lea.’

No less accurate was the prophecy—

‘When the heron leaves the tree,  
The Lairds o’ Gicht shall landless be;’

or the other, ‘unrivalled in its quaint obliquity’—

‘Twa men sat down on Ythan brae:  
The ane did to the ither say,  
“An’ what sic men may the Gordons o’ Gicht hae been”?’

or the similar pronouncement about Inverugie—

‘As lang ’s this stane stands on this craft,  
The name of Keith shall be alaft;  
But whan this stane begins to fa’,  
The name of Keith shall wear awa’.

The parish of Slains is said to owe its name to the Gaelic word for ‘health,’ and perhaps it required no great supernatural qualification, in its near neighbourhood with the sea-breezes blowing on the bents of Cruden, to certify—

‘St. Olave’s well low by the sea,  
Where pest or plague shall never be.’

But it was an evil hour that kept the Rhymer waiting in the pelting storm outside the ‘yetts’ of Fyvie till he had pronounced the malediction—

‘Fyvie’s riggs and towers,  
Hapless shall your mesdames be  
When ye shall hae within your methes,  
Frae harryit kirklands stanis three:  
Ane in Preston’s tower,  
Ane in my lady’s bower,  
And ane below the water-yett,  
And it ye shall never get.’

Similar was the ‘freit’ about Towie, fulfilled by the fact that no proprietor ever saw his eldest son come of age—

‘Tollie Barclay of the Glen,  
Happie to the maids but never to the men.’

It is well to part with one of a more encouraging character, whether it refer to surviving the male line of the old house of Gordon, or the whole Gordon clan, or another race also noted for combative qualities:—

‘When there’s ne’er a Cock o’ the North,  
There’ll be a Fraser in Philorth.’

For more than three hundred years the Abbey founded by the Comyns in the locality associated with St. Columba flourished. The Abbot of the little grey monastery, with its mullioned windows of red sandstone, appears as taking part in many important transactions; and though in 1267 Dene Adam of Smalham demitted office, ‘choosing rather to enjoy sweet converse with the saints of Melrose than to govern an unworthy flock under the low roofs of Deer,’ the Abbot Michael sat in the Parliament at Cambuskenneth soon after the glorious day of Bannockburn. The first shadow of impending change is discerned when the Abbot of Kinloss who died in 1526 was appointed Visitor of his Order throughout Scotland, and ‘more than once used the authority of his office in restoring the fallen discipline of the monastery of Deer.’ The Reformation found Robert Keith, second son of the Earl Marischal, in possession. He had probably succeeded his uncle as Abbot, but is better known as the Commendator. At first he seems to have been no friend to the new Order; for when he petitioned for relief from certain payments due to preachers at the Abbey’s churches, the General Assembly declared that ‘the kirk can in no wise remitt the thing that pertains to the poor ministers,’ especially to such a one as ‘My Lord of Deir, who debursed his money to the enemies of God, to prosecute his servants and banish them out of the realm.’ But the Commendator was not the man to be personally overwhelmed in the wreck of any system. In the year 1587, the ‘Manor Place of Deir, of auld callit the Abbey of Deir,’ and the whole temporal possessions of the monastery, were erected into a barony, to be called ‘the Lordship of Altrie in all time coming,’ destined to the Commendator and the Earl Marischal. On his death the Abbey was seized and held for six weeks by Robert Keith of Benholm, till he was dislodged by ‘Marischal and Lord Altrie and their company.’ Henceforward the lands of the Abbey formed part of the Marischal estates; and devout men traced from that moment, when it stood at the pinnacle of its power, the decline of that ancient house. The vision in which the Earl’s wife saw the stately crag of Dunottar demolished by the penknives of the ‘silly religious monks,’ re-echoed the popular voice, and  
was

was haughtily responded to by the defiant inscription on the tower which the Earl built on the Abbey lands, on his lodging in Peterhead, and on the college he founded in Aberdeen: 'Thay haif said: quhat said thay: lat thame say.'

With the exception of the chastisement which fell with comparative forbearance on the Earl of Erroll, after his share in the defeat of Argyll's Highlandmen at Glenlivet, the struggles between Queen's and King's men, in which Gordons and Forbeses fought so fiercely, seem to have little affected the people of Buchan. When the Armada was driven round the northern coasts, the 'St. Catherine' found her fate in a deep pool near Collieston, from which some of her guns have been recovered. The unfortunate Queen Mary's name is associated only with the erection of the little village of Rattray into a Royal burgh, as a compromise between the rival claims of Slains and Inverurie, but her son is found 'at the Craig of Inverurie at the Laird's daughter's marriage.' Fyvie, under the shade of an erewhile Royal Castle, was the only other Royal burgh of which there is any indication in the province, and it had sunk to a burgh of barony in the seventeenth century; but towards the end of the sixteenth century the enlightened chiefs of the Keiths and the Frasers founded the burghs of barony of Peterhead and Fraserburgh, which have expanded into flourishing towns. The Earl Marischal planted his University in Aberdeen; but Sir Alexander Fraser, with more local patriotism, boldly endeavoured to raise a seat of learning in the utmost corner of the land. The burgh of Turriff flourished under the superiority of the Hays, but the harvest of the sea was wanting to its prosperity, and it was left for an Earl of Erroll of the nineteenth century to found Port Erroll on the Bay of Cruden. Rosehearty was fostered by the first Lord Pitsligo, and from its manse in the early years of the Covenanted struggle went forth the notable Mr. Andrew Cant, whose church, with its fine belfry brought from Holland by Lord Pitsligo, is still known as 'Cant's Kirk,' and whose name remains one of the most familiar nouns in the English language. 'The White Kirk of Buchan' at Tyrie had been a favourite place of pilgrimage in olden days, but for some time after the Reformation the religious needs of the district were very scantily supplied. Indeed, in 1570, Gilbert Chisholm officiated as Minister of Old Deer, Foveran, Peterurie, and Langley, for the stipend of 40*l.* a year.

The region was fortunate in escaping the fiercer devastations of the civil war, which fell with special force on other parts of Aberdeenshire. Yet it was within the bounds of Buchan that the first blood was shed, that hostile forces first defied each other,

other, and that the first fight was fought. The Earl Marischal, a young man, was one of the steadiest supporters of the Covenant. The Earl of Erroll was a minor, but the old alliance of his house with the Gordons had been broken, and the Frasers and Forbeses were at one with the Keiths,—though in the case of the two latter houses the bond was described as a ‘new scarce well-cemented association,’—in hostility to the house of Huntly, who represented the Royal cause, and one of whose most active partisans was Gordon of Gicht.

The Gordon baronage and others of the Garioch and Mar formed the strength of the Cavalier party; and though in Buchan they had their sympathisers in Irvine of Fedderate, Buchan of Auchmacoy, Forbes of Blackton, and others, in the earlier stages of the war at any rate, the leading lords and proprietors were strong Covenanters. Spalding records that the deputation of 1638 ‘went down through the presbitreis of Buchan, and gat mony subscriptions of ministeris and laickis to their covenant.’ On their return to Aberdeen ‘multitudes resortit to thaim besydds out of Buchane.’ On the 21st of September, 1640, the ‘outstanding minister’ of Slains ‘recantit, repentit, and preached a penitential sermon.’ Turriff, belonging to Lord Erroll, was a favourite meeting-place for the Covenanting Committee. There occurred the ‘First Raid of Turriff,’ when Montrose dashed across ‘the Mount’ to support the northern Covenanters, who, consisting largely of ‘the men tennendis and seruandis of Buchan,’ of the Earl Marischal and Lord Erroll, ‘buskit very advantageouslie thair muskattis round about the dykis of the kirk yaird,’ and watched Lord Huntly’s ‘2,000 brave euill horsit gentilmen and brave foot men’ draw up in order of battle, and, in deference to the king’s order not to make the first attack, march peaceably past, without ‘ony kind of offence or injurious word.’ Gordon of Rothiemay quaintly observes that Fame made this incident pass in Paris ‘under no less notion than the seidge and tacking of the Great Town of Turriff in Scotland by the Marquis of Huntly; whom Fraunce knew better than they knew Turriff.’ The first life was sacrificed three months later when Urquhart of Cromartie, Gordon of Gicht, and others sought to recover from the Castle of Towie some arms which had been seized from Balquholly by the Covenanting lairds of Delgaty and Towie. Lord Fraser and the Master of Forbes manned the castle and beat off the attack, a servant of Gicht being killed. These Cavalier barons had also made a demonstration in Ellon, where they vainly urged the Laird of Kermuck to forsake the Covenant; but the first actual encounter of large bodies was the skirmish known to history

history as the Trot of Turriff, when the Cavalier barons attacked a large body of Covenanters early in the morning, and though inferior in numbers put them to flight.

The Earl Marischal commanded along with Montrose at the battle of the bridge of Dee, and his Buchan men frequently joined the southern forces at the Covenanting musters in Aberdeen. When the Marquis of Huntly rose in 1644, and the Covenanting barons took to the strengths, Spalding notes, 'The Lord Fraser goes to Cairbulg . . . the Laird of Watertown takis in Watertown; the Laird of Kermuckis keipis his house of Kermuckis; the Tutor of Pitsligo keipis Pitsligo; the Laird of Philorth keipis Philorth.' A little later, when the star of the Royalists waned, Gicht was taken by the Marquis of Argyll, but the young Laird 'being well horsit lap the park dykis and saifly wan away.' Six months later the gallant Montrose, now leading the Scottish Royalists, beat off the attacks of Argyll at Fyvie, resting his right upon the Ythan, and won one of his most creditable though lesser victories in an action full of picturesque incidents. In his later campaigns and even on the scaffold his most constant companion was the Laird of Delgaty, who like him had been a 'prime Covenanter' in the earlier stages of the troubles, and who with Gordon of Gicht covered his difficult retreat at Inverness.

In 1644 troopers of the Covenant were quartered over the presbyteries of Ellon and Deer, and they were succeeded by Cromwell's English soldiers, who 'threw down the place of publick repentance' at Ellon, which a little earlier had been occupied by 'Patrick Ferguson, railer against the Covenant,' who had 'entered to his repentance in sackcloth,' for the indiscreet observation, 'during the tym of James Graham's being in Orkney,' that 'he hoped to see a black day upon Covenant and Ministers bothe.' A glimpse into another phase of opinion and social conditions is afforded by an incident which occurred to Father Blackhall, an adventurous Roman Catholic priest who used to visit three houses in Buchan. He mentions that at one time the Lairds of Waterton and Kermuck, his connections, 'their zeal being stronger than the natural love which should be among blood friends,' did 'ride to take him living or dead,' but went on a false scent after Captain Hebron, who 'was going to Inverugie to salute the Earl Marischal, and to ask from his lordship such men as were in his lands misdoers or unprofitable to the country, to disburthen the countrie of them by taking them to the wars.' Hebron, who was doubtless that famous soldier of fortune of the Royal Scots, Sir John Hepburn, got four men, and thoroughly enjoyed the humour of being taken

taken for a priest. Father Blackhall, and his 'third noble Lady,' ultimately made their escape to France in a ship, come from the south to transport the recruits for the Scots regiments in that service.

The Restoration was hailed with satisfaction by Buchan in common with the rest of Scotland, and, in strong contrast to the south-west, the north-east found the years that followed it under the later Stuart kings a period of rest and contentment. As a general rule there were few violent changes among the ministry of the district when Episcopacy was re-introduced; and that the form it assumed, 'under the mild government of Bishop Scougal,' was not uncongenial to the people, was proved by the long delay that took place after the Revolution before several of the parishes were settled anew with Presbyterian ministers, which in some cases had to be done by military force. General Mackay records the lack of support which he found north of the Tay; and it was a scion of a Buchan house, General Thomas Buchan, who commanded King James's Scottish army after the fall of Viscount Dundee. Indeed the ancient keep of Fedderate, 'of old reckoned a great strength,' appears for the last time in history as the scene of the final stand in their own country of the Cavalier officers who won barren glory in the service of France. After the battle of Cromdale 'several gentlemen of the king's party came there, and caused the country people carry in a great deal of provisions for them; but after the regular forces had lyen some four weeks before it, they surrendered, and were carried abroad on the Government's charge.' It was not till the 1st of March, 1718, thirty years after the Revolution, that Mr. Dunbar was removed by a sentence of the Court of Justiciary from the Church of Cruden. In 1709 Lonmay had been for two years without a minister, 'since the death of Mr. Houston, late Episcopal incumbent,' and, the people 'still differing and dividing,' the Presbytery 'did legally and orderly call' their own nominee. The first Presbyterian minister was ordained at Monquhitter in November 1727, and at St. Fergus a similar settlement was not made till the following year, the predecessor having been deposed in 1716 for 'abetting a mob to proclaim the Pretender king.' At Peterhead, Pitsligo, and Longside, the old incumbents were only ejected after the first Jacobite rising. But it was Old Deer which, true to its identification with prominent ecclesiastical events, furnished the most dramatic incident—rang the chapel bell, to use Mr. Gladstone's significant metaphor, to some purpose, and sowed the seed of fateful controversies in the future. In March 1711, the Presbytery, supported by seventy horse and some infantry from  
Aberdeen,

Aberdeen, attempted to carry out the settlement of Mr. Gordon, who 'had a presbyterial call,' but, in the words of an old description of the parish, 'the presbytery and their satellites were soundly beat off by the people, not without blood on both sides.' This 'skirmish' was commemorated in verse by Meston, and the minister of Fraserburgh reported to the agent of the Church 'that the Master of Saltoun had said to him that the rabble of Old Deer procured the Acts of Toleration and Patronages.'

The rising of 1715 was warmly supported in Buchan, and was fateful to its interests from the ruin which fell on the ancient house of the Earls Marischal. The two gallant youths who marched from Inverugie made famous names for themselves on the Continent in after-days; but there is no more touching and spirited Scottish lyric than that composed by their haughty mother, who, when some one sighed over what had happened, replied, 'If they had not done their duty I would have gone out myself with my spindle and rock,' and only gave rein to her feelings in the strains of 'When oor King comes ower the Water'; and no more dramatic scene than the picture of the old Earl Marischal, restored to his honours after his great service to the State in warning Lord Chatham of the Family Compact between France and Spain, halting his carriage on the brow of the hill from which he caught the first glimpse of the ruined towers of Inverugie, and, attended as he was by his good folks of Peterhead, sadly telling the driver to turn the horses' heads and drive away again. The old Chevalier landed at Peterhead, whose inhabitants, says the author of its Annals, 'were once, we must allow, firm Jacobites,' and where not a few traditions of the stirring days of the '15 and the '45 still linger. Indeed, the whole town was under arms in the '15, and such was the enthusiasm that among those supplied with 'ane sufficient gun charged with powder and bullets, and flour spair shots beside, and ane sufficient sword,' occur the names of Geills Scott, Janet Dickie, Elspat Mitchell, Widow Bodie, Widow Brown, and others of their sex. It was a Peterhead boy who, proud of his middy's uniform, on the Pier of Leith had his career changed in a moment by the question, 'What would your father say if he saw you wearing that cockade?' tore off the black badge of the House of Hanover, and went at once to Prince Charlie's camp. He saw the campaign out, and after the slaughter of Culloden found his weary way on foot, travelling by night and hiding by day, back to Peterhead. A pebble on his sister's window revealed his presence, and he was kept for some time disguised in woman's dress as a servant, and known by the neighbours as 'the unco' lass.' At last



last a chance of escape presented itself, and how eagerly the sister watched from the pier-head for the flutter of the handkerchief on the departing vessel that told the boy was lost to his family for years, but safe! That sister made it a condition of her marriage that her husband should leave the Royal Navy, and only assented to his return to it after the death of Henry, Cardinal of York.

In the '45 many of the gentlemen of Buchan followed the gallant and good old Lord Pitsligo to the field, and formed part of the small cavalry force of Prince Charles Edward. When the troop of one hundred horse paraded at Aberdeen, the old lord moved to the front, lifted his hat, 'pronounced with a solemn voice the awful appeal, "O Lord, Thou knowest that our cause is just," and then gave the order, "March, gentlemen."' After the rout of Culloden, many were his adventures, now kindly sending a drink to the soldiers who had almost unearthed him from the wainscot of the bedrooms of Auchiries, now lurking under the bridge of Craigmaud, now hiding in his cave on the face of the rocks on the seashore, occasionally receiving alms as a beggar and condolences on his asthma from the troops in search of him, once actually, when apparently working as tailor, acting as their guide, and again holding the lantern for the ransacking of a barn. Most trying of all must have been the moment when he listened for the reply of the half-witted fellow whose warm recognition had excited suspicion. 'He kent him ance, a muckle fairmer, but his sheep a' deed in the forty.' The country was full of fugitives, and a writer of the time says: 'It's not possible with a troop of men to get one man, although it be true in Buchan from Cullen House to Fyvie, thence to Ellon, and from the waterside down to Peterhead, Fraserburgh, Pitsligo, Troup, Banff, Boyn, Cullen, there are very many. They are thickest about Carnousie, Auchmedden, Pitsligo, Fraserburgh, Altri in Old Deer Parish, Inverugy, Fyvie, Monwheitir.' 'They travel in the country after transformations of all kinds: Dudwick, as I am informed, is a packman with a wallet; Pittodrie is buying so many swine a dearth of them will ensue, it's thought, and so of others.' 'The women carriers' were reported to 'travel among the rebels' houses day and night,' and a system of expresses existed for conveying intelligence to the fugitives; 'Barbara Strachan, the Jacobite postmistress of Buchan,' being a prominent person. 'There's not one place of it she travels not once a week when business is throng.' 'Craigston,' writes this zealous Whig, 'has a secret which hid three men: as ye goe ben the hall it is in the thickenesse of the wall anent your face at the back of the end

end of the table, next the inner chamber door as ye stand looking out at the window, which window is closs at the chamber door. It's closs at your right hand; it enters from the room above; goe up stair from the inner chamber, as ye enter the chamber at the hall there's a private room, off that room for a chamber box, under which box a pavement lifts up, and so if there were a strong search in the country some might be there.' In the list of those specially excepted from the Act of Indemnity occur the names of Lord Pitsligo, Cumine of Kininmont, Cumine of Pittulie, Fullerton of Dudwick, Moir of Lonmay, Ogilvie of Auchiries, and Turner of Turnerhall; and it is interesting to note that a Buchan laird, James Ferguson of Pitfour, acted as counsel for the unfortunate prisoners at Carlisle. On this occasion the province did not wholly escape the direct ravages of civil war. 'That rough partisan of the fallen cause, Gordon of Glenbucket, instead of attaching himself to the main army, extended his barbarities into the Lowlands; and as the Laird of Kinmundy was known to favour the opposite side, he showed some of his rude civilities to that house, particularly to the lady, who was left in command of the garrison.' The lady referred to was equal to the occasion, and is said to have saved her house—though not its contents—by a judicious message, expressing wonder that troops commanded by an officer and a gentleman should set fire to a lady's house; that for her part she was preparing to entertain them; but as they had set fire to that part of the house, if they wanted their dinner they had better put it out. Another tradition, vouched perhaps by a deep sword-cut in an old door, tells that a recruiting party were forcibly impressing the neighbouring farmers' sons, when some of them fled to her for protection. She sent them to the upper rooms, barred her doors, posted a gun at the loopholes commanding the court gate, and announced to the soldiers that 'her people had come there for safety, and safety they should have, and, if they were to be taken, the house must be knocked down first.' After Culloden, an Aberdeen minister warns his correspondent, in writing to Deer, to 'remember that the Lady Kinmundy hath given it the name of Dear William,' and there linger traditions of the same good lady's Presbyterian zeal and active co-operation with the Campbell militia, who with Lord Mark Kerr's dragoons carried out the orders for the destruction of the Episcopal meeting-houses in Buchan.

With the '45 the more stirring incidents in the history of Buchan close, though it is recorded that the artillery volunteers of Peterhead, under Captain William Ferguson, an old naval officer,

officer, manned their battery and beat off a French ship in the days of the Great War. In the time of Pitt and Canning the district produced a father of the House of Commons, of whom not a few quaint stories still survive. For long well known for his caustic wit, and a friend of Pitt and Dundas, 'old Pitfour' was not ambitious of oratorical distinction. At last he rose in the House, and something good being expected by the many who knew him in the precincts, loud and repeated were the Hear, hears. 'I'll be d——d if you do,' said he, and sat down; surely the shortest House of Commons' speech on record. He was dining one night with other Members, when it was reported that Pitt was up, and there was a general rush. The last to leave saw the Member for Aberdeenshire quietly continuing his repast. 'What! are you not coming to hear Mr. Pitt?' 'No,' was the reply; 'he wouldn't come to hear me.' 'Wouldn't I though, if I got the chance,' said Pitt when he was told.

The main life of the region has lain in the peaceful paths of agricultural improvement, originally set on foot with difficulty by the landowners, and since pursued by an industrious and enterprising tenantry. So far back as 1735, Lord Pitsligo, Lord Strichen, Lord Pitfour, Garden of Troup, Urquhart of Meldrum, Gordon of Ellon and others, formed the first agricultural association, calling themselves 'A small Society of Farmers in Buchan'; and who that looks over 'the laigh o' Buchan' on 'stookie Sunday' in September, can fail to be struck with the appositeness of its old heraldic honours? Many an old-world custom and many a quaint superstition lingered long in this far-away corner of the realm. Till comparatively lately the frequent fires reddened the sky, lighted from time immemorial on Hallowe'en, and it was a tradition quite in accord with scriptural teaching that gave every animal on a Buchan farm a double feed on Christmas morning. There was something characteristic of the people, and not less scriptural, in the old salutation offered to any one found busy in his lawful calling, 'Guid speed the wark,' to which the answer was, 'Thank ye, I wish ye weel.' Meston thus writes of the Buchan folk, described before his time as 'remarkably plain and hospitable':—

'The people that this land possesses,  
Live quietly and pay their cesses;  
They fear the Lord and till the ground,  
And love a creed that's short and sound . . .  
They are not fond of innovations,  
Nor covet much new reformatiouns;  
They are not for new paths, but rather  
Each jogs on after his old father.'

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The writers of the Statistical Accounts generally give their parishioners a good character for sobriety, hospitality, and industry, and write in terms of which the Minister of Aberdour may furnish an example: 'The people, notwithstanding the pressure of the times, are contented and happy, of a social and obliging disposition, shrewd and intelligent, regular in their attendance upon public worship and the ordinances of religion, as well as in the performance of the duties of life. Strangers to that fanaticism which acts as a nurse to sedition, and that pharisaical hypocrisy which serves as a cloak to the most heinous sins, their maxim is to "fear God, honour the king, and not meddle with those that are given to change."' Whatever application these estimates may have to the men of the latter days of the nineteenth century, much kindness of heart, warmth of friendly feeling, and sterling worth exist under a manner which sometimes reflects 'the asperity of the climate of Buchan.' At no time, it is said, have the inhabitants been much addicted to a military life; though the district has produced some famous generals. First and foremost stands Field-Marshal Keith, the exiled hero of Hoch-kirchen, but he is supported by many others; while the famous Dutch Admiral, Tromp, is said to have been the son of a Peterhead man. The local Muse, though not prolific, has made her own contributions to Scottish song. The most characteristic lyric, 'O Logie o' Buchan,' is said originally to have commenced with the words—

'O' wae to Kinmundy, Kinmundy the Laird,'—

and to have reflected in a parable founded on fact the Jacobite aspirations of its author, George Halket, the schoolmaster of Crimond, upon whose head a price was set by the Duke of Cumberland for writing 'Awa, Whigs, awa.' And where save in Ayrshire is there a local poet more dear to his district than John Skinner, 'old Tullochgorum,' whose house of Linshart still stands near where he ministered at Longside?

If this northern region can claim little share in the more dramatic and famous episodes of Scottish history, its records nevertheless show that there is no part of Scottish soil that does not richly repay the labours of the student of the past. As closer knowledge reveals a charm even in its scenery, so its obscure annals present vivid pictures of vanished power, contribute pages of peculiar interest to the story of the conquests of the Cross, and yield bright illustrations of high-principled devotion to an unfortunate Royal house and a lost cause.

ART. VI.—1. *Labour and the Popular Welfare.* By W. H. Mallock. London, 1893.

2. *Method and Results.* By T. H. Huxley. London, 1893.

**T**HERE are signs that politics, which have long been a strife of one class of social instincts with another, are becoming subjects of scientific reflection. The mere partisan, it may be said, has disappeared in the wake of the hustings. With the approximate completion of Reform, in the institution of democracy, it was generally taken for granted that the party which claimed to be the Party of the People was entering upon a permanent lease of approval and authority. Those who shared that assumption are in process of a rude awakening. Once and again the Party of Progress has been in office, and each time it has disappointed expectations. It matters little that the hopes were such as could not possibly be realised. The relevant fact is that Liberalism is no longer in vogue. Its great end, the enfranchisement of the people, achieved, the people are discovering that 'government of the people by the people' does not mean arrangements to 'benefit the people.' That in itself is cause for review of party professions.

So far as the people and their comfort are concerned, a political party, it is clear, is not composed of all who vote one way at a General Election, or intend to do so when the occasion comes. It is composed of the men who represent them in the House of Commons. The men who at present sit on the Government side of the House are, for all practical purposes, the Liberal Party. The electors who voted them into their places are in reality as little within the Party as they were before they had votes at all. It was only by an arbitrary tampering with property that the Liberal Party could possibly redeem certain promises by which it persuaded the people to believe it to be the Party of Progress; and on that enterprise the politicians now on the Ministerial benches cannot enter to any satisfactory extent. Even as we find a Tartar when we scratch a Russian, we come upon a capitalist when we penetrate beneath the public guise of any Liberal in the House of Commons. The Liberal Members have stakes in the country, interests in land or in merchandise, just as the men of the Opposition have; and, so far as self-interest is concerned, they are, in principle at least, as much handicapped in the aspiration towards Progress, as Progress is understood by the poor and by the comfortable who would like to be made more so by artificial means, as any quorum of the Liberty and Property Defence League. Realising, then, that Liberalism

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is not a royal road to the domestic millennium, by forecasts of which the Liberal Party achieved the reputation on which it has thriven, the proletarians who once trusted it trust it no longer in the old manner, and are thinking for themselves.

As the rise of the Independent Labour Party shows, it is plain that the enfranchisement of the masses, and the institution of democracy, have wrought no such miracle as the people were led to expect. Not only is the new 'government of the people' in no degree more obviously for 'the benefit of the people' than the old was: as the people are not in Parliament, it is not in any sense government 'by the people' at all. 'A democracy,' as Hobbes said, 'is no more than an aristocracy of orators, interrupted sometimes with the temporary monarchy of one orator.' Rightly viewed, then, the change in the constitution of the realm has been superficial and slight. An aristocratic oligarchy has been supplanted by a democratic oligarchy. That is all. It is not much. The only difference between the two is that the new oligarchy is based upon a widened acquiescence. Its self-interests are essentially the same as those of the old; and are just as much a restraint upon it against all temptation to retain or to gain popularity by sacrificing the rights which it feels its own. Thus, as regards the artificially reared fruits which the poor were to pluck in the golden age of democracy, Liberalism is a creed, or a frame of mind, or a system of professions, which the proletariat have abandoned. That is what has happened to the Liberal Party in its relations to the poor and their desire for increased comfort. What has happened to it in another relationship is equally striking. Liberalism has abandoned itself. It used to be a safeguard against encroachments upon the liberty of the subject. Recently, having been refused a hearing by the Liberal leaders, deputations from 'the masses,' one of them representing 100,000 men, asked Lord Salisbury, and through him the Tory peers, to resist a measure, promoted in the House of Commons, which would deprive every working man in the kingdom of liberty to make terms with his employer. It is not surprising that, amid circumstances such as those upon the salient points of which we have touched, the eager populace are ceasing to have much respect for Party traditions, and are inclined to cleave their own way into the land of promise towards which the Liberal Party cannot lead them.

The crisis which we have reached was inevitable. The Liberal Party was a group of men animated by a twofold purpose. It had certain principles the embodiment of which in our national polity it believed to be necessary for the welfare  
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of the realm; also, like the other Party, it was naturally anxious to be popular and in office. In a rough way, it may be said to have achieved its mission of principle when the last Reform Bill was carried. It did not, however, as lowlier organisms do, die with the accomplishment of its natural functions. In the body, it lived on; and, feeling obliged to continue in activity, it proceeded, for lack of better employment, to enterprises which, if they had prospered, would have undone its own work. It has not proposed a single measure of importance which was not a menace to the rights which it had helped to evolve, or to the liberties which it had proclaimed. It is the decayed organ of a polity which has been achieved.

This fact is still ignored; and the consequences, although not practically very serious, have, as in the attempt to impair the integrity of the empire, and in the attempts to curtail the liberties of minorities, minorities even of the people's representatives themselves, proved troublesome almost in the extreme; but we must, in fairness, recognize the conditions of the case. We must remember the twofold purpose of the Party. A man may be dead as a politician and yet alive as a man; and it would not be in accord with human nature to expect that a party, a body of men, should realise the exact moment at which, its duty in the matter of reforming the State having been fulfilled, the duty of reforming its own ambitions should begin. No Englishman thinks of giving up the flag at the very moment when it waves in the flush of triumph. That, on the contrary, is the moment when fresh conquests are sought; and we cannot, being natural men, complain that these continue to be sought when possibilities of conquest no longer present themselves. A serpent which, having no natural game within reach, should proceed to eat itself from the tail upwards, would soon destroy itself in the character of serpent; but it would not abate its mass. In similar plight, the Liberal Party, having liberalised all things capable of the process, has been consuming Liberalism.

The mode of thought and of action in which the Liberal Party has recently addressed itself to domestic affairs is a spurious Toryism. Having become vested with nearly all the liberties which are possible to the inhabitants of a civilised State, the people, so far as the Liberal Party has been permitted to deal with their affairs, have been made subject to new bondages. They were no more under control of the lords of the soil in feudal times than they are under control of the State in these. They have only exchanged one condition of dependence and regulation for another. They did so not unwillingly,

willingly, it is true ; but that, apparently, was because they did not realise the nature of the results. They expected that the State as master would be more benevolent than individual private men as masters ; and, inasmuch as the whole body of the people has a passion of pity for the poor in the abstract, there was some cause for the expectation. What was not realised was the lesson of other democracies, that pity for the weak and the poor is not a sentiment which a Socialistic State can indulge in action. Although it already affects every class in the community as regards liberty, the experiment in State Socialism is not yet wide-spread as regards property ; it is practically confined to the soil of Ireland and the Highlands ; but, even so, there are already many signs that the State as the administrator of property is necessarily more exacting than any ordinary private person in that position, and that the classes, for whose benefit the transfer of authority was made, are far from satisfied with the arrangement. Thus, we are constantly being told by the proletariat, or by those who speak and write in their behalf, that the welfare to which the people are entitled will be an unrealised condition until a complete change in our polity has been effected. Land must be nationalised, and all the great industries must be treated similarly. Neither of the two great parties, nor both together, can, as the business of politics is at present conducted, yield to that demand. Therefore, the broad problem which we have now to face lies not in any difference between Liberalism and Conservatism, but in a theory of property which is believed to be spreading among men who have ceased to have any respect for either, and are opposed to both.

Few things are more ridiculous than the spectacle which is presented, in Hyde Park or in Trafalgar Square, by the orators of the agitation ; and it would be easy to treat the whole subject gaily. If we are wise, we shall refrain from scorn, and from the optimism in which the scorner sits. The falsity of an idea is no guarantee against its becoming widely popular ; and the suddenness with which a sense of wrong, however baseless it may be, is apt to bring society down about our ears has been demonstrated in almost every democracy which grew old enough to give a fair chance to the dangerous fallacies that arise in all civilisations. Besides, it is not unnatural, it is not even deplorable, that the poor should wish to become less poor. 'A sense of our country's greatness,' as Mr. Mallock says, 'enlarges and elevates the mind as nothing else can. To be proud of our country, and proud of ourselves as belonging to it, is a privilege which it is easier to underrate than exaggerate.' That sense,



which is patriotism, is incompatible with an empty larder and a cheerless hearth. It is not to be expected among scores of thousands of men who are unemployed; it is not to be expected among those, more numerous still, whose employment provides, for themselves and their families, nothing beyond the means of bare subsistence. We all wish that the poor, for their own sakes, should become less poor; and we all wish it for the sake of the realm. Thus, the ominous question with which we are dealing is one to be pondered seriously. We may not, by mere argument, lull the whole community into patriotism; but we may at least, by bringing the facts of the great subject into the clear light of reason, do something to mitigate the social distemper, breeding treason and anarchy, from which our country, in common with many a neighbour, is suffering.

On the threshold of our task, we are conscious of a peculiar embarrassment. We are aware that there will not be in our writing a single important paragraph of which it will be impossible for some Socialist to say that it is no criticism of any doctrine affirmed by himself. The Socialists are not united. Like the Liberals of a time the catchwords of which are within a youthful memory, they 'glory in their freedom to differ in their opinions.' Their differences are so wide, and the glory of them is so exuberant, that sometimes, as on Tower Hill, the desire to proceed against the common enemy is second in urgency to the duty of rebuking one another with their fists. There are fire-eating Progressives who despise the Social Democratic Federation; the Social Democrats contemn the Fabians; the Fabians, who ruminate on the imperfections of society over drawing-room tea-cups of ancient china, look on both with a blend of benign despair and sweeter hope; and the Anarchists, in supreme disdain, are not on speaking terms with any sect of the Progressive Alliance. That disunion benefits the nation; but it discomposes anyone who desires to plead in favour of the established order. Such an advocate may frame the most convincing argument against the proposition of any Socialist sect, and leave his case undefended against the propositions of all the other sects. In order, therefore, to treat our subject satisfactorily, we must deal with the propositions common to all the Socialist sects, as well as with those which are peculiar to this or to that form of the various creeds.

First, then, let us set forth the truth about the things in relation to which natural rights, whatsoever they are, constitute a claim. Let us for the moment assume that the inhabitants of the United Kingdom are entitled to have the whole wealth of the kingdom divided among them. How should we fare?

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The extreme politicians who think that nothing less than such a distribution of the means of life would be justice have an answer to that question which is subject to striking correction. At the instance of Mr. Henry George, they believe that the rental of our aristocracy is now about 800,000,000*l*. In reality, as Mr. Mallock has found on consulting the official statistics, it is not more than 30,000,000*l*. Politicians who think that rents of lands held by the aristocracy make up two-thirds of the national income, whilst in reality they are only 2½ per cent. of it, may be expected to err in their reckonings as regards the parts of the subject which involve deeper enquiries and more complex calculations. Their misapprehensions are grave. Some of them believe that a communistic treatment of the wealth of the United Kingdom would give each man an 'independence,' an income upon which he could live independently of his own exertions. That is a mistake. In the event of the division of wealth which the communist seeks, a workman at present in receipt of 70*l*. a year would receive 110*l*.; but he would not be able to be at leisure long. The additional 40*l*. would not be the same thing as the interest on a legacy. If he did not continue to work, he would, besides consuming the windfall, lose his normal revenue. That is clear when it is stated clearly; but popular notions on the subject are vitiated by oversights. The man who wishes an 'independence,' which means the possibility of being idle if he wills, overlooks the fact that, if the division of the national wealth could produce 'independences' for us all, all of us might, like himself, elect to live in idleness. If all of us did decide upon that course, the capital out of which our 'independences' were provided would be entirely consumed by the first year's operations in leisure. In a nation in which all were equal, what could not be done by all could not be done by any. Therefore, in order to be supplied with the means of life, all of us would have to work; and, as the provision of our living wages unimpaired would depend upon the exertions of the whole community, it would become our unanimous concern to see that no one shirked his task. There would be little happiness in having our 70*l*. increased to 110*l*. at the cost of working at least as hard as at present without any hope of being allowed to strike for a decrease of the hours of labour or for an increase of the sum by which the labour was required.

When we look into the matter particularly, we are confronted by results equally unfamiliar to the populace. The gross income of the United Kingdom is computed at 1300,000,000*l*. That estimate must not be relied upon by those who, even

in fancy only, contemplate a division of the wealth according to the proposal of the extreme. The sum total is not arrived at without many of the items having been counted twice. For example, a fashionable physician who goes to the Continent to attend a client receives a fee of 1,000*l.*; and, while the physician pays income-tax on his fee, the client pays tax on his whole income. Thus, the estimate of the national wealth, which is based upon statistics in which the income-tax returns have a large share, is erroneous in respect of duplications of certain items. Professor Leone Levi has estimated that the exaggerations from that cause amounted, ten years ago, to no less than 113,000,000*l.*; Mr. Giffen and Mr. Mulhall have arrived at practically the same conclusion. Mr. Mallock, however, anxious to give the hypothetical commune the rosiest prospect possible, deducts, in respect of the sums duplicated in the returns of income-tax, 100,000,000*l.* only, and leaves the income of the United Kingdom, estimated with a view to its division, at 1200,000,000*l.* Now, the people of the United Kingdom number a little over 38,000,000. The share of each person, therefore, would be about 32*l.* As we are not all of the same age, and not all of the same sex, the commune, it is probable, would resolve upon certain mitigations of equality. 1*l.* a week to each man, 15*s.* to each woman, 10*s.* to each boy, 9*s.* to each girl, and 4*s.* 6*d.* to each baby, might be considered an arrangement equitable in the light of reason; but, as men and women and children live in families as a rule, we will take the family as the unit. It consists of four persons and a half on the average, and there are 8,500,000 families in the United Kingdom. It would seem, then, that each family would receive an income of 140*l.*; but the tax-gatherer would not disappear with the establishment of the commune, and if his exactions remained at the rate now current, which, as the cost of government always increases with the extension of state-control, would be extraordinary, each family would be taxed to the extent of 16*l.*, and its net income would be 124*l.* Our hypothetical income for every adult man, that is to say, would be reduced to 19*s.* 6*d.* a week; that of every adult woman, to 14*s.*

Those whose views on the economics of social life are determined by the rhetoric of agitation, will think the result incredible. They will say, if they know the facts, that, while not more than 23 per cent. of the wage-earners of the United Kingdom earn less than 1*l.* a week, 35 per cent. earn from 1*l.* to 1*l.* 5*s.*, and 41 per cent. more than 1*l.* 5*s.*; and they will be disposed to flout the assertion that an arrangement by which the entire income of the nation became the wages-fund would result

result in a diminution of the average wage. That is because they have had in their mind's eye only one phenomenon of the subject, the wide difference between the incomes of the poor and those of the rich. They have forgotten that, in our work-houses and elsewhere, throughout all grades of society, there are hundreds of thousands of men and women who, far from earning even the average wage, earn nothing at all; and that, unless the State resolved upon putting to death every man and every woman among us unable or unwilling to work, the average wage-earner himself would be one of the comparatively rich men who, to their detriment and for the communal good, must have their incomes thrown into the pool. If, letting moderate incomes alone, we dealt with the most flagrant incomes, which are those of the peers and the country gentlemen, of the National Debt and the railway companies, and of the Monarchy, none of us would be appreciably better off. Out of the ruin of the great landowners, each adult would gain a little over a farthing daily; the interest on the National Debt and the profits of the railway companies would yield him barely more; and from the confiscated income of the Monarchy he would draw sixpence halfpenny a year.

Such considerations, together with the certainty that the distribution of the income of the commune would be fraught with endless complexities, some of which any rational man can imagine for himself, are perhaps enough to put the proposal which we have been discussing out of court; but it is not the most depressing of the considerations which emerge in course of a thorough investigation of the subject.

In order that our survey might be as comprehensive as the purview of the most advanced Social Reformer, we have, for the sake of argument, been taking it for granted that, if all the people in the United Kingdom, or a sufficient majority of them, desired an equitable distribution of the national wealth, it would be possible to carry out their wish. That is a fallacious assumption. A communistic division of the national wealth is not only, as we have endeavoured to show, theoretically undesirable: it is practically impossible. It would be practically possible if the wealth were a heap of sovereigns; but that condition is wanting. Sovereigns are a very small part of wealth. There are only, in this country, 226 of them for every nominal 10,000. While the United Kingdom alone, as has been mentioned, produces 1300,000,000*l.* a year, the whole world, within the same time, yields gold and silver to the amount of 38,000,000*l.* only. We, for our share, have only one new sovereign for every nominal

325*l.* of new riches. It is clear, then, that *wealth* and *money* are not interchangeable terms. Whosoever would realise the difference may do so by imagining himself a social reformer heading a company of 500 progressive thinkers in the enterprise of nationalising, among themselves, a mansion which, with all it contains, is worth 200,000*l.* Each of the 500 should, if the advanced expectation were correct, become richer to the extent of 400*l.*; but the expectation is illusory, and the results of the measure would be disappointing. The company might find wine enough to keep them in good cheer for a week, food enough to give thirty of them a day's meals, and bed-clothes for thirty virtuous progressive couches. Those things, however, would account for only a small portion of the 200,000*l.* Where would the bulk of that great sum be? An exhaustive search might lead to the finding of 50*l.* in coin of the realm; but at least 100,000*l.* would be represented by pictures, books, and other works of art, furniture, china, guns, and fishing-rods. Now, if the nationalisation of wealth were going on, in the same manner, all over the land, those things would be practically valueless. The reformer who, having expected 400*l.*, found himself possessed, as his share of the booty, with a Sèvres broth bason, or a portrait of a Dutch burgomaster, would feel himself poorly used; and the five humanitarian philosophers whose share was a buhl cabinet in joint stock would be in even more evil plight. All the 500 would discover that affairs are not as they seem, and that it would have been well if, before quitting the old order to make things new, the community had been quite sure that it understood the deceitfulness of riches.

We have seen, in our figure of the mansion and the mob, that under a system of social equality in our claims upon the national wealth a very large part of that wealth would vanish with the removal of certain conditions. A very large part of it has little or no intrinsic value. The buhl cabinet, for example, might make a rabbit hutch in the Socialist's ideal state; but the rabbit hutch would be of infinitesimally less value than the cabinet is now. Beautiful things and rare things, which constitute a very large part of the national wealth, would lose practically all their value if we ordained social equality in the lack of the means to possess luxuries; and that condition would be established by the extreme reform. The ardent Socialist may say that that would not matter; that luxuries such as those of which we have spoken are, like some of the men who possess them and neither toil nor spin, reprehensible; and that the world would be well quit

quit of them. The feeling which would prompt that reflection may have something to say for itself; but the reflection is not relevant. We are considering what would be the results of an attempt to divide the nation's wealth on the principles affirmed by certain Socialists. Therefore, having ascertained the amount of the wealth, we have to ascertain its nature; and to see how much of it is divisible. Much of it, as our example indicates, is not divisible in any real sense. It is only destructible, destructible either in itself or in the social conditions which give it value; and in the destruction of it a very large part of the national wealth, which the Socialists, in their calculations, treat as a fixed quantity, would be gone. Whether beautiful things and rare things are reprehensible or are not reprehensible, they are to be found in abundance all over the land. That, and the fact that they cannot be socialised without greatly diminishing the sum of the wealth to be nationalised, are the only relevant considerations; and they should make the ardent reformer pause.

Still, there are forms of wealth which do not depend on beauty or on rarity. It is well to consider how far, with the best will in the world, this remnant could surrender to the reformer's theories. The national wealth may be stated in three categories. In the first category, there are the things of which we have written, those which are not susceptible of being divided. In the second category we have railways, shipping, gasworks, the plant of factories, roads, streets, public works, and public buildings. Of the value of those things, which is 2500,000,000*l.*, 1000,000,000*l.*, Mr. Giffen has stated, represent goodwill in certain businesses. In as far as they are tangible commodities, they could be divided, like the *buhl* cabinet, only by being destroyed. There are also in the second category values to the amount of 1500,000,000*l.* Those values consist in legal claims on the part of British subjects to shares in the profits of enterprise abroad. They do not represent anything in this country. It is probable that they would vanish at the moment of their confiscation. It is clear, then, that a division of the things in the second category would bring us sorry comfort. Those in the third category are more promising. They are such things as land, houses, useful furniture, clothing, merchandise, all the commodities known as 'provisions,' and live-stock. Although some of the houses are much above the average size, and the roof of many of them would afford a shelter to dozens of reformed citizens, we might be able to do sound business in that department. It is to be feared, however, that it would be less than, at first sight, the category promises.

The

The nature of the new tenancies would depreciate the value of many of the houses, and the value of much of the furniture also would go down. The other things may be admitted to be genuinely divisible; but the distribution of them would be a deplorable spectacle. Their quantity, like the number of the populace, has been authoritatively ascertained; and the possibilities which they hold forth are sad to think of. On an equitable division of them, each of us would have a lodging, clothes, and furniture to the value of 8*l.*, 'provisions' and miscellaneous movables worth 8*l.*, a 3*l.* ring, or pin, or brooch, an acre, the fourth part of a cow, the twentieth part of a horse, two-thirds of a sheep, and the tenth part of a pig.

That, it will be said by certain Social Reformers, is a *reductio ad absurdum* of a proposition which is not made by all Social Reformers unanimously. We know it is. We are quite aware that the Fabians, if not the Social Democrats, will say that only the Anarchists dream of an actual division of the national wealth; that it is only the Anarchists who are ignorant of the truth that capital is of next to no value when regarded merely as an aggregate of material things, and not as material things vivified by connection with a social order for the service of which they were designed; and that it is they, the Fabians, or perhaps the Democrats, to whom we should address ourselves if we mean to challenge seriously the true doctrine of Social Reform. We do hold that intention; but we cannot allow either the middle class or the aristocracy of Progressives to rebuke us for having held counsel with the humbler orders in the same school of philosophers. The extremists in the policy of Social Reform may, as we have already had occasion to remark, turn out to be a force to be reckoned with just as formidable as the Moderates are, or as what may be called the High Church Party of Progress is; and, if we are to deal with the subject comprehensively, it is necessary to consider all its aspects. Besides, it is not for the Social Democrats, or for the Fabians, to cast stones at their advanced brethren. It is demonstrable that the doctrine of the comparatively moderate Social Reformers is not based on sounder actuarial calculations than the surmises of the most extreme.

It has, undoubtedly, an appearance of being less irrational. 'The man in the street,' that imaginary stolid person to whom we all make reference in the last resort, could tell us, out of his infallible intuition, that any proposal to divide the national wealth in the manner we have been discussing is absurd. Without being able to explain scientifically why, he is assured that communism of the crudest order is not feasible. It is not  
certain

certain that he does not incline a respectful ear to the less immoderate proposals which are sometimes spoken of as Scientific Socialism. The idea that all the industries of the country might be taken over as a going concern by the State has commended itself to the approval of not a few men who, if we may judge by the frequency with which their names appear in the newspapers and periodicals, are eminent; and the man in the street is not sure that there may not be 'something in it.' It is obviously different from the notion which inflames the Anarchists. Their notion, carried out, would simply destroy wealth. We should be none the happier from the possession of two wheels of a steam-engine and the other fractional commodities which would come to us from Socialism of the loot-and-booty kind; but it would be pleasant to be presented, at statutory terms, with those hard-cash shares in the profits of the mechanisms and the organisms to which our fractional interests would entitle us. In short, whilst an arbitrary division of the divisible national wealth is not to be heard of by sane citizens, the proposal to nationalise the means of production, and to divide the income, is another affair; and the man in the street, like the company in the Fabian *salons*, thinks there is much to be said for it. It is not so manifestly a design to slay the goose which lays the golden eggs.

There is, however, a much greater similarity between the two proposals, the extreme and the temperate, than appears at first sight. An attempt to divide the income of the nation would be met by difficulties, inherent in the nature of things, almost identical with those which make a division of the wealth of the nation impossible. The income, which, as has been mentioned, amounts to 1300,000,000*l.* yearly, is not money. It is made up partly of things which are actually utilised, or of legal rights in accumulations of them; and partly of perishable goods, durable goods, and services. The accumulations, which are savings, might, in a polity of Scientific Socialism mitigated by humaneness, have to be let alone. As they are 130,000,000*l.* annually, the amount of income with which the reformed State would have to work is 1170,000,000*l.* Much the larger part of it is represented by food, clothing, lodging, fuel, lighting, attendance of servants, defence of the empire, and the maintenance of law and order. The cost of those things is 800,000,000*l.* The cost of travelling and that of the transport of goods are about a third of the remaining 370,000,000*l.*; and 270,000,000*l.*, not much more than quarter of the total income, is represented by new furniture, new books, new plate, new pictures, and other miscellaneous articles. Of the total 1170,000,000*l.*, 520,000,000*l.* are



are perishable goods, 250,000,000*l.* are durable goods, and 400,000,000*l.* are services and uses. Less than a quarter of the national income, that is to say, consists of material things collected; less than a half consists of things produced to perish; and more than a third consists of services and other actions, immaterial things which pass and are renewed more quickly than food and fuel. In order that we may realise the difficulties in the way of the scientific Social Reformer, we must specialise the details of the national income further. Nearly half the durable and perishable things are imported. If it were not that we produce much of our alcoholic liquor, the proportion would be more than half. For example, the wheat which we import is to our home-grown wheat as 26 is to 12. What the Social Reformer and citizens generally have to ponder, then, is the fact that, far from being the aggregate of many sums of money, an aggregate which could be summoned into the Exchequer for a division more reasonable than that indicated by the widely varying items in which it went thither, the national income is nothing more nor less than our daily meat and drink and the amenities amid which we consume them. It has grown to be what it is, the approximate means of our subsistence, through many centuries of increasing effort on the part of merchants, financiers, and statesmen; effort of the nature of which most of us are entirely ignorant; effort the results of which we know only in the fact, marvellous in itself but stale and unimpressive from its familiarity, that all of us contrive to live although our own country does not produce meat and bread enough for half of us.

Thus explained, one would suppose that the national income, the product, as Lord Beaconsfield remarked, of 'the delicate marvel of our credit,' is a thing too complicated and fragile to be tampered with according to the engineering of the most earnest of Social Reformers. We should pay dearly for the pleasure of having the most symmetrical of polities if half the people, amid whom it established social equality, starved to death in its wake; or if, in the result of being only half-fed and half-clad, the whole community became too enfeebled to produce even its modified rations. Those contingencies, however, are as yet merely hypothetical. It has not yet been shown that the State is less competent than private enterprise to conduct all the industries of the kingdom and to maintain our exchanges with foreign countries in full volume. There is, however, good reason for affirming that proposition. Astonishing as the assertion may be to those who think that there must be justice in the cry for a 'living wage' because so many strenuous voices join

join in it, and that therefore we must acquiesce in a social revolution, it is a fact that the national income, especially the part of it enjoyed by the working classes, has been increasing rapidly. During the first sixty years of the century the income of the working classes rose so quickly that in 1860 it was equal to the income of all classes in 1800. Since 1860 the same doubling of prosperity has been achieved in half the time. The income of the working classes in 1880 was more than equal to that of all classes in 1850. In 1860 the working classes were as well to do as those of 1800 would have been if they had possessed all the wealth in the United Kingdom, and the working classes of to-day are better to do than those of the generation before them would have been if they had confiscated the possessions of every man and every woman in the land who did not work with their hands. The income of the whole nation now is double what it was forty years ago.

If we seek the causes of this increased prosperity, we shall find that they are not such as justify the working class, or the thinking class, or any other class, in believing that the poor are unrighteously treated, or in regarding hopefully any project to transfer the ownership and the control of industry from private men to the State. The increase of national prosperity is not attributable to any of the conditions which agitators affirm to have been its cause. It has not been due to growth of the population. The doubling of the national income has been in proportion to the growth of the population. Indeed, the growth of the population has had very little to do with the matter. Within the last 110 years the income of France has, relatively to the population, multiplied itself four times; yet it is now 21 per cent. less than that of the United Kingdom. Relatively to the populations concerned, our income is greater than that of Norway as 34 is to 20; than that of Switzerland as 34 is to 19; than that of Italy as 34 is to 12; than that of Russia as 34 is to 11. It is clear, then, on the testimony of the civilized world, that, whilst the labourer is worthy of his hire, there is some cause rendering it difficult to assert what the hire is to be.

This cause cannot be explained by those who ring the changes on the three words 'Capital and Labour.' It does not lie in difference of race. The French and ourselves are similar races; yet we make better incomes than the French. Their agricultural population is three times greater than ours; yet the value of the French agricultural product is less than double that of the English. It does not lie in difference of soil or in difference of climate. Belgium has as good agricultural land as England has; yet we till with results 40 per cent.

cent. better than the results of tilling in Belgium. It does not lie in any disparity in the hours of daily labour. When a million of our own people produced in a year half what they produce in the same time now, their daily hours were more numerous and their holidays were fewer. The hours of the manufacturing classes in Switzerland are 26 per cent. more than those of the same classes among ourselves; yet the Swiss product, in proportion to the numbers of men employed, is 28 per cent. less. The cause of the increase of our prosperity is not to be found among the conditions of which, when pressed for explanations, or deeming them necessary, the popular-opinion-mongers in behalf of Socialism make much with assured facility. It lies in something of which they take no heed. Anxious that the end of the century should see the institution of a polity under which the State should be our sole employer, and each of us should be paid out of the nationalised value of our joint production, they assume that the increase in our prosperity would continue; yet they do not know the cause of prosperity, and have no thought as to whether the cause would survive the changed conditions.

When we have realised what the cause of prosperity is, we shall become certain that it will not survive. In order to justify this statement, it is necessary to examine closely the shares in the creation of wealth which are attributable, respectively, to the constituents of production. In the case of Labour and Land, it is comparatively easy to determine the shares in the creation of wealth which are attributable to each. The task is more difficult in the matter of Labour and Capital employed in great manufacturing industries; but abundant statistics are forthcoming, and the difficulty is by no means insuperable. The first step towards this discovery is to realise that industrial capital is in two portions. Part of it is in the form of machinery, which Mr. Mallock calls by the accepted term 'fixed capital'; part of it is the wages fund, which he calls 'wages capital.' Fixed capital has contributed to the prosperity of the great industries in shares which are easily ascertainable. Between 1795 and 1800 the cotton produced in the United Kingdom was to the value, on the average, of 37,000,000*l.* a year; ten years before the yearly output was worth 10,000,000*l.*; ten years still earlier it was worth 4,000,000*l.*; during the fifty years which preceded it was worth only 2,500,000*l.* The extraordinary increase was due to the invention of machines which superseded the one-thread wheel, and to the successive applications of horse-power, water-power, and steam-power. Arkwright's machinery, for example, produced 14 lbs. of cotton for every 1 lb. that had been produced before.

before. The progress of the iron industry tells a similar tale. Between 1740 and 1780 the produce of each smelting furnace was, on the average, 294 tons a year. In 1788 the produce increased to 595 tons. That was due to the invention of the blast furnace.

The importance of circulating capital is equally great. If it were confiscated or otherwise abolished, we could not bridge the Forth, nor enter upon any enterprise the profits of which did not begin with the first day's labour. We could have no great public or private works such as the unemployed are now agitating for. We should be unable to pay the workmen from day to day. Circulating capital has a still more useful function. It enables men of exceptional knowledge and ingenuity to devote their brains and their time to the work of improving the methods of industry, and to that of designing and initiating new industries. It is the means by which exceptional intellect is lent to labour. This is illustrated by the rise and progress of every public company which succeeds. In all its distinctively modern applications, capital, as Mr. Mallock says, 'is the exceptional capacities of one set of men applied to the average capacities of another set'; and 'capital is to be credited with the amount of the increase, or (to put the same thing in another way) with the amount of the decrease which would result if its application were withdrawn.'

By way of discounting the deductions to which those explanations are leading, Socialists often contend that the work of the exceptional set of men is, like that of the average set, labour; and that we ought to apply the name of 'labour' to work of all kinds. In saying so, the Socialists and the economists ignore the most conspicuous of the phenomena which distinguish one man from another. A work by Turner and an oleograph are both products of labour; but to place them in the same category would not be scientific. Mr. Mallock's illustration should be persuasive with that influential body of reformers who affirm that all artists are Socialists. 'Let us,' he says, 'take the finest bronze statue that was ever made, and also the worst, the feeblest, the most ridiculous. Both can with equal accuracy be called congealed labour; but to call them this is just as useless a truism as to call them congealed bronze.' The obvious truth is that human exertion, like capital, is of two kinds. There is the exertion of special powers of mental and moral energy, and there is the exertion of normal skill and muscular force. We confuse the problem of economics if we do not note the difference and make a distinction. The one exertion may be truthfully spoken about as that of

of Ability ; the other may with equal truth be termed 'Labour.' The distinction is not only in the nature of things. It is commanded by experience. The Labour of a man affects his own task only ; the Ability of another man affects the tasks of thousands. That generalisation is so obviously true that it scarcely needs the support of instances beyond the noteworthy ones which we have just cited ; but we may mention another. By the discovery of Bakewell, a leisurely agriculturist, 'the breed of animals in England,' Mr. Lecky says, 'was probably more improved in the course of a single fifty years than in all the recorded centuries that preceded it.' Mr. Thorold Rogers pointed the moral of that episode by remarking that the ability and the capital of the class to which Bakewell belonged were 'the pioneers of agricultural progress.' The story of the nation as regards its progress in manufacturing industries is entirely composed of analogous episodes. If there had been no differences in the nature of men and in the characters of their exertions, there would have been practically no progress to recount. If our fathers and forefathers had all been manual labourers merely, we should now have had none of the abounding national prosperity which gives the Socialists the reason for their political being. Ultimately, therefore, the grievance of the Socialists is not, as they suppose, against man's inhumanity to man : it is against the bounty of the Providence which, for the welfare of the race, made some men superior to the average.

The measure of the superiority is, as we said, ascertainable. At the end of the last century the annual income of Great Britain, the population of which was 10,000,000, was 140,000,000*l.* To-day, when the population is 38,000,000, the income of the country is 1300,000,000*l.* At the one period there was 14*l.* a head of income ; now there is 35*l.* For the sake of generosity in contention, we will, temporarily ignoring Arkwright and all other inventors of the centuries preceding this, allow that the whole of the 14*l.* a head is to be credited to Labour alone. On the assumption, then, that Capital and Ability did not count for anything until 1800, we have to find what is to be attributed to them since then. The calculation is simple. Balancing the increase of population against the increase of wealth, we find that of every 350,000,000*l.* of the national income at present Labour produces 140,000,000*l.*, and that Capital and Ability produce 210,000,000*l.* Of the whole 1300,000,000*l.*, Labour is to be credited with 500,000,000*l.* ; Capital and Ability account for 800,000,000*l.* In short, withdrawing our argumentative concession, and giving to Capital and Labour precedent to 1800 what could be statistically shown

shown to be their due, we find that one-third of the national income is due to the labouring classes, and that two-thirds are due to the class which works with Ability and Capital.

It becomes plain, then, that Ability is chief of the constituents in the production of wealth. We speak of Ability, instead of naming Ability and Capital together, because, as has been becoming evident, Capital is the creation of Ability. Labour, the equal effort of the average man, produces, as the histories of all communities, savage and civilised, show, no more than is needed for the subsistence of the labourer and his immediate dependents. If, therefore, there had been no men whose capacities were above those of the average man, we should have had no capital. All the products of industry would have been consumed immediately after their realisation. Now, the Socialist State, which is the anxious desire of our reformers, and the vague anticipation of many thousands among us who fancy that Socialism is bound to triumph because so many earnest Liberals hear of it without disapproval, would introduce a new influence into civilisation. It would make all men socially equal. It would give to all men incomes of the same amount. This may seem an *ex cathedra* utterance on our part. One sect of Socialists may say that the motto of Socialism is 'To each man according to his deserts'; another, that it is 'To each man according to his needs'; another, that it is 'To each man according to his strength and luck in the general scramble.' It is not for us to say which of the sects contains the true prophet of Social Reform; but we must take the liberty of pointing out that, unless the Socialist State is to be as we say, it is not to be at all. If Socialism means a desire that all men should be requited according to their deserts, it does not imply a necessity for any reform. Misfortune and good-luck apart, the majority of us are already treated according to our deserts. Although belief in State control is wide-spread, we can scarcely imagine that there is any one whose belief is strong enough to give him hope that the State could abolish the good fortunes and the adversities of chance. If the true prophets are they who say that the Socialist State is to give to each man according to his needs, the great bulk of the labouring classes may be trusted to oppose its establishment. The State, as we have shown, could not supply the needs of the very poor without diminishing the income of the average working-man, and there is not a Liberal Three Hundred in the country which would not denounce that prospect as one of insufferable injustice. If, again, the 'true inwardness' of Socialism is a desire for a general scramble in which the Devil shall

shall be welcome to the hindmost, the reform, when the definition of it gets into the heads of the people, will be contemptuously dismissed as the task of the Anarchists alone. In short, the only reform of which the sense of the country allows the most shadowy possibility is, as we have said, the establishment of a polity under which, the means of production having been nationalised, all men shall be equal in the obligation of work, and equal in the requital of pay. It is impossible to conceive any other polity against which there would not instantly appear objections which would commend themselves to the mass of the very people who are not unwilling to think of a reform of some kind. There is no other polity by which the doctrine that all men are born free and equal could be translated into the actualities of life.

That, then, is the hypothetical prospect. We have shown that under the Socialist State there would be no increment of happiness in relation to our daily work. The State as task-master would be as exacting as any private employer, and, from the nature of things, incapacitated from exercising the humanity which many employers indulge. We have now to contemplate the hypothetical prospect of a much graver trouble. Progress in comfort would cease whenever the dream of the Social Reformer was translated into fact. The function of Ability, which, as we have seen, is the main constituent in the production of wealth, which is the means of comfort, would be paralysed. Men exert themselves only when they have a reasonable assurance of being rewarded according to the measure of the talents which they use. We are speaking of what may be called the talents of mechanic contrivance. In a domain still higher than that of the Ability which has been spoken of in this writing, men work without thought of reward. Poets do, it is said; and, as poesy seems to suffer no solution of continuity in the mutations of either science or society, we grant that the Socialist State would not be lacking in bards. That, however, is a casual consideration. A wealth of song, great beyond the dreams of all the prospective Laureates, would not atone for lack of the wealth which is material. We could not live on it. It would not appease the hunger of our crying children, nor lengthen the days of our parents too old to work. Our destitution would be very real. Heretical in many respects, the Social Reformer is a model of orthodoxy in his devotion to the command that his species shall be multiplied and the earth replenished; and it is not for a moment to be supposed that the Socialist State would deprive him of the liberties of that faith. The population would go on increasing; but what of the means  
of

of subsistence? We have already seen that if the State seized the whole available wealth of the country at this moment the income of each of us would be less than the income of the average labourer now. Unless some new source of wealth were tapped, our incomes would dwindle with the birth of each new claim upon the commune. But no source of new wealth would be tapped. The business of Ability, which is the only source of wealth, would be wound up. The men who possessed Ability would not use it. Unlike poets, men of mechanic Ability look beyond fame, beyond the insignificance of mortal neglect, for their reward. They are what are called practical men. Although when they are on the verge of a great discovery, or of perfecting a great invention, they may have no thoughts beyond their laboratories or their studios, the prospect of riches, which will make themselves and their families happy or powerful, is never absent from their minds. It is what moves them to the exercise of their abilities. They would certainly not be moved to that exercise if they knew that success would bring them no special gain.

Lest this statement should make Ability seem self-seeking unto sheer cruelty, let it be remarked that none of us, other than a poet, are entitled to reproach it. Labour is especially disqualified from administering reproach. It has no humanitarian tenderness towards the black-leg and the destitute alien. Besides, the business of Ability would be wound up even if Ability itself did not wish a sequestration. Allowing it to go on in its own way would be an infringement of equality, the cardinal doctrine of the Socialist State. Labour is jealous of its rights, which in one aspect of them are the right to prevent privileges other than its own. The hardworking populace of the Socialist State would be unwilling that men making declaration that they were capable of becoming inventors should be relieved from the common lot and allowed to pass their time in the leisure of laboratories or other studios. They would be averse from the exception on two accounts. In the first place, they would perceive the possibility of much contracting-out on false pretences. They would be quick to realise that all the lazy rogues in the commonwealth would declare themselves *savants* or inventors in order to escape the discomfiture of manual toil. They would be justified by the experience of ages that not one discovery or invention out of a hundred is of much utility. In the second place, working men as a whole, whilst many of them are Liberal in politics, are staunch conservatives as regards the usages of industry. Like men generally, they have a rooted unbelief in the inventor, and



invariably neglect him when he arises, needing aid in money or in sympathy; and, true to themselves in every 'society house' in the land, they are tooth-and-nail opposed to the introduction of labour-saving machines. It is quite certain that with the establishment of the Socialist State we should close the chief source of the national wealth.

Thus far, in our consideration of the anti-social menace, we have given the reformers, to whatever sects they belong, the advantage of certain fundamental assumptions which are common to all. The deductions which we have examined are drawn from the principles that Rousseau formulated in three familiar maxims. In the first place, all men are born free and politically equal; and, consequently, it is the natural right of all men to remain free and politically equal. In the second place, all men being free by natural right, none can have any right to encroach upon another's equal right. No man can appropriate any part of the common means of subsistence, the land and what the land produces, without the unanimous consent of all other men. Property, therefore, is robbery. In the third place, by corollary, political rights are based on contract. What has been called the right of conquest is no right at all, and property acquired by force may be taken away by force.

The falsity of these maxims has been repeatedly exposed; but they still survive, and flourish with perilous pertinacity. Rousseauism, as Mr. Huxley says, 'has gradually come to the front again, and at present promises to exert once more a very grave influence on practical life.' However wide may be their differences as to modes of action, all the sects are at one, if not in any definitive notion of the end to be attained, at least in unhesitating acquiescence in the ideas under the compulsion of which they are more deeply disaffected with the established order of society than, in modern times, any great body of the electorate has ever been before. It is this which we have cause to fear. Practical propositions in politics, projects of reform stated, or about to be stated, in Bills to be laid before Parliament, can usually be disposed of without either exasperating the people or otherwise doing any very grave harm to the realm. A wide-spread disaffection springing from abstract ideas of justice which the law and order of a nation seem to repudiate is much more serious. It is impatient at the thought of orderly procedure towards redress; it distrusts and despises Parliament, which it conceives to be part and parcel of the organized evil to be shattered; it is the cause of riots, sometimes of revolutions. It occurs when some conflict between  
labour

labour and capital, or a series of conflicts, or any other cause, has brought about discomfort, or destitution, among large masses of the community. The suffering pity themselves, and are embittered; the people as a whole, who, as we have noted, have a curious passion of pity for poverty in the mass, the poverty which they hear or read of and do not see, also pity the sufferers, and are moved to doubt the character of the social system under which such distress is possible; and the minds of the ignorant and the emotional become inflamed with all the old primary ideas of revolutionary Radicalism. That is the state of affairs in England now.

Maxim number one is contradicted by the most flagrant facts. Man at his birth is not free in any sense. He can squall and squirm; but he is absolutely at the disposal of his mother, or of whoever else is in charge of him. It may be said that he becomes free; but that is equally ridiculous. He is not free to choose his language, his habits, his standard of right and wrong. All these are imposed upon him by his surroundings. To call men equal at their births, or afterwards, is a similar falsification of facts. The maxim does not mean that at birth men are equal in the total lack of freedom. Therefore, it means nothing at all as regards men at the moments of their births. It is obviously inapplicable to their conditions in after-life, in every stage of which the innate inequalities of capacity, and their results, become more and more marked.

The evidence that the facts of nature refute the first maxim of Radicalism destroys the premiss of the second. Any doctrine of the rights of man logically deduced from the theory that men are equal is necessarily false.

It has to be noted, however, that, whilst the deduction of Rousseau was inexorably logical, that of the modern Radical is an amendment; and that it is a variation of the pure creed which makes a curious addition to the general falsification. Rousseau affirmed the unrighteousness of private property in the products of the land as well as that of severalty in land itself. The average revolutionary Radical is inclined to think that, whilst private property in land is undoubtedly unjustifiable, there may be a real right to property, in certain measures, in the products of the land. That view, whilst it is not consistent with the principles of symmetrical Socialism, asserts itself in the Radical's own practice, and in his support of the demand for a 'living wage.' If he were asked to defend it, he would say that the land, which is a gift to all men, is limited; and in saying so he would imply that land is the only limited commodity. Now, every product of land is limited just as the

land itself, and the attempted distinction is a contradiction of obvious facts.

The mere Radical, then, is temporarily out of court. It is with the whole-souled disciple of Rousseau, the thorough-going Socialist, that we have to deal. Now, if the conflict were between the abstract theory that private property of all kinds is unjustifiable and the abstract denial of that theory, the issue could be no more than a matter of opinion. The conflict of two abstract theories can never, in any case, result in a judgment acceptable to the champions of both. Our discussion, fortunately, is not thus destitute of subject-matter. The Socialist does not propose that all the world shall be reformed. He allows that the French, and the Germans, and the Chinese, and the Hottentots, and all other peoples, are at liberty to settle their politics for themselves. He applies his principles to his own country alone. This, it should be observed, is not an oversight on his part. It seems to be an integral principle in his philosophy. We perceive this when, happening to be a Home Ruler as well as a Socialist, he supports the 'cause' of Ireland or that of any other oppressed nationality. *Nationality*, indeed, excepting when an International Congress of Socialists is in session, is a word which is constantly at the tips of the reformer's tongue and pen. That is unfortunate. If, being limited, the land and the products of the land are rightfully the property of all men, to say that Ireland is 'for the Irish,' or England for the English, or any country whatsoever for the people who dwell in it, is rank heresy against the Socialist theory of right. To say, in answer, that we must be practical, and that any idea of socialising the whole earth is impracticable, would not be valid reasoning. Socialism professes to be an absolute philosophy of human life deduced from absolute theories of the rights of man. We cannot, at present, judge of it, in fairness to itself, as anything less than that. Therefore, we may dismiss the second of its maxims in concurrence with Mr. Huxley's 'strong impression' that, if it came to a struggle for the possession of England, the most ardent of our Socialists 'might be safely depended upon to hold their native soil against all intruders, and in the teeth of the most absolute of ethical politicians.'

The third maxim collapses with the others. Thinkers who hold that, although the earth belongs to the human race in common, a nation is entitled to possess its own part of it, have no authority for affirming that lands in any country may not rightfully be possessed by families, or by individual persons, in that country. The third maxim of Radicalism, however, contains

contains an error peculiar to itself. In founding upon the theory that there cannot naturally be a right of private property the denial that there is a right of conquest, it, like each of the two others, is set against patent facts. If a pirate ship is soundly beaten and forced to surrender, Mr. Huxley's ship, as he himself feels, is not only legally, but ethically, entitled to the prize. If we were attacked by the French, and seized France, England would have a right to her new possessions exactly similar. There is, however, an objection to the third maxim of Radicalism deeper than that which Mr. Huxley states. Radicalism admits that contract establishes a political right. Now, all contracts involve conquest. The man in a savage community who produces something which other men desire becomes possessed of what he himself desires by conquering the reluctance of other men to part with it. That is a type of all transactions between men and men. We conquer all men from whom, in return for supplying their wants, we take any things which they would not part with if, while keeping them, they could accomplish their own desires; and they conquer us when theirs is the greater power in bargaining. Force is no less force because, in civilised communities, men are usually wise enough to own its sway without a fight; and a contract does not the less involve a conquest because, being unfelt physically, the force unwittingly dissembles.

The principles of the reformers, Socialist and Radical alike, are absurd to the last degree; but at the back of them all there is an assumption in which we willingly concur. It is that the rights of man are determined naturally. Where Rousseauism goes astray is at the stage, its very starting point, at which it believes that the mind of man can explain the nature of things without having experienced life. Rousseau, it is true, had lived when he wrote, and men have lived when they accept his teachings; but he and they deliberately cast from their minds all the materials necessary to the formation of a sane judgment on the subject which they profess to expound. They say 'This is so' when nature declares it not to be, and 'That ought to be thus' when nature proclaims it impossible; and all the while they fancy that Nature is inspiring them. They forget that Nature can be apprehended only through its phenomena; and that as regards the politics of mankind the phenomena which are capable of teaching are the very phenomena which they discard, the usages and the results of civilisation. They reject history and contemporary experience; and are thus, on their *a priori* heights of mental desolation, as clearly incapable of teaching

ing as a babe would be if it were born miraculously endowed with the gift of fluent speech and no intelligence. If such an oracle declared that all men are born equally tall, and that, therefore, each of us has a natural right to be supplied, at stated intervals, with a uniform such as would suit a seven-foot Pomeranian Guard, it would be no farther astray from the truth than the Radical and the Socialist are in their particular theory of equality and natural right. The truth, of course, is that no deduction which is sound, or even intelligible, is possible from purely *à priori* ruminations.

Carried to a logical extreme, the theory of Individualism, as Mr. Huxley says, 'is merely reasoned savagery, utter and unmitigated selfishness, incompatible with social existence.' Similarly, the theory of Socialism is merely what may be called, paradoxically, reasoned insanity, a system of inflammatory delusions, equally certain, if it were allowed an experiment, to destroy what it seeks to amend. Nature, to men, means nothing more than men's experience; men's experience in the matters which we have been considering, the experience of all the centuries, is embodied in, and expressed by, the actual economic politics of civilisation at this moment; and they who would explain what Nature has to say about political rights should begin their enquiries, not by harking back to the time when there had been no experience at all, but by taking civilisation as it is, embodied experience, and endeavouring, without any bias from preconception, to discover whither it will naturally lead. There cannot be any rational philosophy of society which is not founded upon those principles and arranged according to that method. Perhaps, indeed, there is not, excepting at times, such as the present, when the prevalence of error is animated by moral passion misdirected, any great need for a philosophy of the subject at all. Nature is ultimately stronger than all philosophies, and cannot be vanquished by any which are at issue with it. Instead of going behind civilisation, behind barbarism, behind Nature itself, to discover what man and his rights are, it is better to take things as they are; to realise that during the century which is now closing the progress of the nation, most notably that of the labouring classes, has been such as the most hopeful Socialist at the beginning of the century would not have dreamt of promising from the institution then of the reforms which are urged now; and to trust that the forces, which have produced this incomparable prosperity, will prove even more beneficent in the future.

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ART.

ART. VII.—*The Life of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, to the accession of Queen Anne.* By Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley, K.P. 2 vols. London, 1894.

‘IT often seems to me as if History was like a child’s box of letters, with which we can spell any word we please. We have only to pick out such letters as we want, arrange them as we like, and say nothing about those which do not suit our purpose.’\*

When the most brilliant of our living historians threw off that bitter sentence about the work to which he has devoted his life, was he by chance thinking of the ‘glorious Revolution of 1688,’ the reigns of James II. and William III.? It is at all events certain that whoever follows Lord Macaulay in examining the original sources for the history of those reigns, on which he has employed his fascinating pen, finds himself beset with difficulties because of the freedom with which the great Whig historian has exercised his undoubted prerogative to take what he likes, reject what he likes, and so make the materials he has selected tell what tale he pleases. There are few characters which have been drawn with such masterly power as those of Macaulay’s William III. and Macaulay’s Marlborough. There the men stand. No! It would be more true to say that they live and move and have their being amongst us as they did nearly forty years ago, amongst the generation for which they were created. Not only in his brilliant volumes do they still exercise their power over us. The shorter historians—as, for example, Mr. J. R. Green—have been content to transfer to their own pages sketches drawn from those finished portraits. Dean Milman, in the sketch of Macaulay’s career prefixed to the posthumous volume of the History, tells us that the book was written with the design of making ‘romance surrender up the province it had usurped.’ Its success in that respect is beyond dispute. The eight volumes are as delightful reading as even ‘Quentin Durward.’ Only it may be doubted whether in the course of the struggle the novelist and the historian have not changed weapons. The Louis XI. and Charles the Bold of Scott are the most accurate historical portraits that have ever been drawn of those two men. Powerful, on the other hand, as those two creations of a master-mind, our hero king and our traitor general, undoubtedly are, suspicions of their historical veracity must have often haunted those who have merely studied the great historian himself.

Taking no account of the innumerable facts which have been

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\* Froude’s “Science of History” in ‘Short Studies of Great Subjects.’  
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ingeniously if not very ingenuously omitted, in order to leave without a blot the stainless character of the hero, one illustration at least of the use of materials for the companion portraits of him and of Marlborough is frankly shown us. The man whose phlegmatic and un-English character had made him, great as he undoubtedly was, always unpopular in England till one of the most popular of Englishmen undertook his apotheosis, had left behind him a series of letters to his intimate friend Bentinck. From these, and avowedly from these alone, his panegyrist contrived to show that the King's inner character was full of those heartier and warmer qualities of which duty and policy restrained the exhibition to the world. The villain of the piece, the foil to the great hero, had also left behind him a series of letters, glowing with warm, simple, and hearty love for the dowerless girl whom he chose for his wife, for the termagant shrew to whom, through good and evil fortune, from the moment he married her, he remained absolutely faithful. By an ingenious sneer the fact that Marlborough 'loved but one only, and held fast to her,' is made to add an element of weakness to his character. By an immediate introduction of the great advantage which in after-life Marlborough enjoyed from the influence of Sarah over Queen Anne, a suggestion, too ludicrous to be sustained by the most unscrupulous slanderer, if gravely stated, is slipped into the reader's mind that, after all, Churchill's love-match was based at bottom on as sordid a calculation as any that the meanest of mankind ever made.

The wrong from which Mary suffered during the earliest years of her married life is so used as to make it appear that when, by the surrender to William of her rights to the crown, and by the assurance of her absolute submission in all political as in all other affairs to him, she had secured his tolerance, she had actually gained that for which she, then ten years wedded, so pathetically sued,—his love. Her touching letters of almost slavish devotion to him, the wording of which often suggests her having met with brutal indifference, or with sneers or scoldings that cut her to the quick, are made to prove the generosity of the husband who could inspire such devotion. Prudently none of them are given. Not a hint escapes of that letter of Mary's in which even she—who during all her long married widowhood never allowed one word of reproach to trouble her hero, for the neglect under which she pined, for the faithlessness which she knew only too bitterly—lets slip the phrase that, because of the neglect of her husband, she had in her very prime lived the life of a nun. In direct contradiction of all evidence the hero is said to have at least had the decency to conceal his amour. The  
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story is swept out of sight by a furious attack upon the 'spies and talebearers' who conveyed information of it to Mary. 'Spies and talebearers'! when the intrigue was carried on with one of Mary's suite under her very eyes, when it was so public that Anne had the rashness to reproach Portland for the way in which Elizabeth Villiers gloried in her shame before Mary's face, when the huge gifts of lands which were made to the mistress out of James II.'s estate became a matter of Parliamentary remonstrance!

These evidences of the freedom with which the great historian has selected his materials are, we say, patent to any one who examines for himself the story as it is told by him. Nevertheless it is not too much to assert that the readers of Macaulay are now divided into two great classes,—those who have examined the original evidence on which his story is based, and those who are content to abandon themselves to the charm of his writing and the eloquent torrent of his invective. The popularity of the history as a work of art is hardly less than it ever was. Throughout society, in proportion as it is influenced by those who know the truth, scepticism as to Macaulay's treatment of facts is everywhere rampant. The 'New Atlantis' and 'The dear Bargain' are works that are only to be found by some research and to be read only in a few libraries. The connection between those scurrilous pamphlets and the most popular of English historians is therefore only to be traced by the few. To those of us who have made the comparison, a physiological problem of no small interest is presented. What is certain is that Macaulay has, consciously or unconsciously, transferred to his own pages charges against Marlborough which he can only have taken from pamphlets, the writers of which he has himself denounced as 'habitual liars' (vol. iv. page 579, edition of 1855). In one notable instance,—that of the muster-rolls after the battle of Walcourt, which Macaulay accuses Marlborough of having fraudulently caused to be made up,—the charge is taken from a pamphlet in which James II. is spoken of as 'a lover of his people, an encourager of trade, a desirer of true liberty to tender consciences,' a 'hater of all injustice and a true father to his country.'

Apparently Macaulay's marvellous memory had this peculiarity, that while the materials he had gathered from all sources were in his well-ordered mind so arranged as always to bring the phrase he required, or the fact he wished to use, to the tip of his pen for the purpose for which he proposed to use them, the source from which they came was at the moment a matter of no importance. That this tendency has permeated his  
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his whole history was exhaustively demonstrated shortly before his death by a writer who warmly appreciated the great qualities of the man whose lapses he exposed. Mr. Paget, the author of '*Paradoxes and Puzzles*,' which is throughout a careful examination of Macaulay's facts and of the authorities on which they are based, was a strong Liberal. 'It was not without many a hard struggle,' as he confesses, that he found himself compelled by a dry examination of facts to admit that he had been grossly deceived and misled by the man whom he profoundly admired. So exhaustive is the analysis to which he has subjected Macaulay's allegations on many points that it is safe to say that any one, who in our time supposes that Macaulay has habitually stated historical facts accurately or interpreted them justly, has never studied Mr. Paget's work. All who, like Mr. Leslie Stephens, or Mr. Saintsbury, have dealt with the materials of this period, have confirmed the soundness of Mr. Paget's conclusions. Yet there are still many caterers for popular audiences, to whom '*Paradoxes and Puzzles*' is an unknown book and Macaulay remains as an accepted 'authority.'

Any one therefore who attempts in our day to write a life of Marlborough is faced at once by the difficulty, that the biography is inextricably involved in the political events of his time, and that his part in those events has been already recorded by an authority whose design was not to weigh them with a just weight in an even balance, but, playing the part of artist and not of arbitrator, to make a telling picture by throwing all the light upon one of the great actors in the drama, all the blackness on the other. Nor is the difficulty lessened by the fact that Marlborough's character is not one that can be defended after the fashion of Lediard or of Coxe. Blots that can never be removed rest upon it. Exposed to a storm of slander in which everything that he had done was twisted so as to appear merely and only evil, he himself, except when he was legally challenged, preserved silence, while his widow, irritated almost to madness, rushed into defence of him and of herself in language which in itself repels any reader who would wish to render her and her husband justice. It is time that we should at least know the truth about a man who, whether for good or evil, played one of the most conspicuous parts in all English history. We therefore rejoice that Lord Wolseley has undertaken the task of going carefully into the evidence on which the life of the victor of Blenheim, as we at present know it, is based.

It was in the circumstances inevitable that Lord Wolseley should restate much that was already, in its main outline, sufficiently

ciently familiar. Without such a restatement the actual part that Marlborough played in history cannot be judged. At almost every point he has matter to bring forward that puts a different complexion upon the facts. His task has perhaps been somewhat lightened by Mr. Leslie Stephen's admirable sketch of Marlborough's career, which has already, so far as space would permit, exposed some of the more extravagant absurdities of Macaulay's estimate of Marlborough, and has supplied some of the most important points that had been omitted. Lord Wolseley's fuller statement, based entirely upon original investigation, pursues its course without reference to the established theory, except in a few instances where the statement of the charge usually made against Marlborough is necessary in order to set forth the facts. It introduces one all-important element which Mr. Stephen has hardly touched, and which, briefly stated, amounts to this. During the reigns of William III. and Anne, Marlborough stood very much in the position formerly occupied by Warwick as 'King-maker'; and from this point of view, and not as a private citizen, his motives, his actions, his temptations, and his conduct generally, must be judged. Now Mr. Oman\* has shown that, largely as personal ambition and intrigue entered into Warwick's career, he was yet, at nearly every period of his shifting course, the representative of popular feeling and the agent in behalf of what at least seemed to him the interests of the kingdom. It is clear that in any just estimate of Marlborough this fact, if established, has to be seriously taken into account.

It must be remembered that that part of Marlborough's career which precedes the great campaigns in Flanders, extends over a period equal to the whole life of William. Though, in judging of him as a man, there are important questions to be discussed in regard to his conduct during the time when he was the central figure, not in England only but in Europe, yet it is safe to say that when he has reached fifty-two years of age a man's character is fixed. It is the history of the first fifty-two years of Marlborough's life which has been most inadequately recorded. It is to this period that the two volumes now published of the *Life* are devoted. Lord Wolseley has in fact undertaken to show cause why, at least so far as regards one of the chief actors in it, the history of the 'glorious Revolution' should be read in a new and different light. He makes no attempt to defend the actions of Marlborough in all their details; but he is able to prove that many of the

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\* In his volume of the 'Men of Action' series.

charges against him are without foundation, and that the determining motives of his conduct have been falsely judged according to the clearest rules of evidence. We may occasionally find ourselves unable to accept all the conclusions at which he has arrived. But no one can fail to realize the energy with which he has sought for all available data, and the value of the result in making clear many facts which had been previously obscured either by the blindness of hate or the carelessness of insufficient research.

We must pass rapidly over the earlier years, though we by no means undervalue the interest of Lord Wolseley's elaborate treatment of them. John Churchill's father, Winston Churchill, was a Cavalier who had lost all in the cause of the King. John Churchill was born on May 26th (O.S.), 1650, at a time when Winston Churchill had taken refuge in Ash House, near Axminster, which belonged to his wife's Puritan mother, Lady Drake. In that house he was educated chiefly by his father, a well-read but somewhat pedantic man, with the assistance of a neighbouring Rector; afterwards he spent a year in the Dublin City Free School, and about two years at St. Paul's. At the Restoration the Cavalier's services were rewarded by the appointment of both himself and his children to various positions about the Court. John Churchill became page to James, then Duke of York. Arabella, his sister, joined the Duchess's household, and for a short time became the Duke's mistress; but, as he soon discarded her and she subsequently married, there is nothing to show that John Churchill's advancement was specially due to her influence. In any case, in that most dissolute Court there were few if any young men who would have resented such a relation for their sisters. Parents sought for such places both at Versailles and St. James's. Nor was it strange that a very handsome young man, most fascinating in his manners, should in such an atmosphere plunge into an intrigue with a distant connexion of his own, the Duchess of Cleveland, a thoroughly abandoned woman and certainly the temptress. It is probable that he received money from her; apparently, according to her own statement, not as her lover, but for certain services presumably connected with the concealment of her vices. It was a disgusting period of our history, at least as it presented itself at Court. There were in the land men who held themselves as loftily above its standard as any have done at any time. Nevertheless one may venture to think that even at a later date Fielding had no intention of representing his hero as plunging into more than the ordinary vices of youth. When Thackeray introduces Colonel Newcome

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as speaking with contempt passing beyond words for 'that fellow' Tom Jones, because he did very much what at this time young Churchill did, he imports a different standard of morality from that in which Churchill lived at the Court. The question of the standard of those among whom he lived is important, because, though Churchill never pretended, as he says himself, 'to be a saint,' there is no reason to think for a moment that any of his Court life made him give himself up as abandoned to do wrong. There is no reason to assume that his appeal, in his later letters, to 'good men' to judge his subsequent transactions, was not a genuine one. When his letters appear to show that in positions of great difficulty he chose what he believed to be the right course of action, there is no excuse, because of his early life, for treating them as therefore hypocritical.

In many respects he was far superior in morals to the crowd around him. He neither drank nor gambled. Naturally the fact that his father had been beggared by taking the side of the King during the Civil War made money a pressing necessity for Churchill. It was surely a virtue, not a vice, that, having no money to spend, instead of running into debt, he acquired the habit of careful economy. That such a habit formed in youth is hardly ever afterwards shaken off and degenerates into niggardliness long after there is no need for saving, is one of the commonest experiences of life. We all know instances of it. They are not attractive certainly, but we might as well praise or blame trees for throwing out their leaves in spring as complain of the wealthy Duke of Marlborough for blowing out a superfluous candle, because John Churchill, if he was to be honest, had to stint himself in rushlights.

Lord Wolseley has cleared up the doubtful points about the parentage of Sarah Jennings. Even the painstaking biographer of the 'Queens of England' had declared that nothing was known of Sarah's father, and that her mother was an infamous woman. The early circumstances of Abigail Hill, due to family misfortune, all the particulars of which Lord Wolseley has recorded, were used by Miss Strickland as evidence that Sarah herself rose from the dregs of society. Lord Wolseley has shown that the language about Mrs. Jennings is baseless scandal, and that she was much respected in her own county of Hertfordshire. She was however, like her daughter, almost insane in the violence of her temper. Both Sarah's father and mother belonged to old county families. Her great-grandfather, Sir John Jennings, appears to have become insane; so that Sarah's lineage gave fair promise of that mad temper for which she was justly famous. It is not impossible that the marvellous patience and  
endurance

endurance with which Marlborough habitually dealt with her, may have been in part due to a knowledge of the danger of altogether overturning the balance of her mind. At all events, the way in which, after she has had one of her raging fits, he habitually writes to her, as if he were alone to blame, is suggestive of some such caution. In Marlborough's letters there are not a few passages which are positively comic in their effect; in these he begs her pardon for his 'bad temper,' having by the admission of all his enemies one of the sweetest and most genial of tempers, she by the avowal of all her friends the temper of a tigress.

Lord Wolseley has brought out, with a fulness which has never been attempted before, the nature of Churchill's military services in France under Turenne. He was already a colonel at the time he married Sarah. The general effect of the ample details which Lord Wolseley has given of Churchill's life during the reign of Charles II., shows that he rendered most valuable services to his master, and that he remained absolutely loyal to him during all that long period when the ultimate exclusion of James appeared to be as certain as any future event. Almost however at the very moment when James mounted the throne, Churchill took care to give him a warning through a man who was sure, as he well knew, at once to repeat the conversation to the King. Whilst he was himself employed as Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of France, in order to report to Louis XIV. the accession of James, Churchill said to Lord Galway, 'If the King should attempt to change our religion, I will instantly quit his service.' Lord Macaulay has taken pains to establish the authority of Bishop Burnet on a higher footing than we are disposed to accord to it. Nevertheless Burnet makes that very important statement, and not a hint of it is given by the historian. In order to realize its significance, it must be remembered that no king ever ascended the English throne with a better chance, if he had only used common prudence, of exercising despotic power than James. This point has, we think, been brought out with irresistible force by Mr. Brewer in his essays on the Stewarts which were originally contributed to these pages.

After careful study of the ground over which the campaign against Monmouth was fought, Lord Wolseley has, largely from local sources and county chronicles, written a narrative of those operations which naturally gains much interest from his military knowledge and criticism. But our present purpose is to take advantage of the fresh materials which Lord Wolseley has collected, in order, by comparing them with others, 'to bring' before

before our readers, as he puts it, 'the man John Churchill, though we do not bind ourselves simply to sketch from the portrait which he has drawn. We shall therefore not attempt to follow him through the Sedgemoor operations, which are in their main outlines sufficiently familiar. The one fact which concerns us is that he has shown clearly that Churchill's services in that campaign were not merely very important, as both Macaulay and Green admit that they were. The effect of the campaign was to give him an authority, position, and influence in the army such as at that time no other man possessed or approached. Neither Peterborough nor Talmash had as yet made themselves famous.

The next fact that has to be taken into account is the profound disgust which was excited in Lord Churchill's mind by the fiendish cruelties of James and Judge Jeffreys during 'the bloody assize.' Churchill's words, 'I wish well to your suit with all my heart, but do not flatter yourself with hopes. This marble is not harder than the King's heart,' are of course quoted by all historians; but, introduced as they are with phrases about him such as Jeffreys would have used to prejudice the trial of a prisoner, they are never weighed as indications which show how these events tended to determine his subsequent action. In the autumn of 1687, whilst Churchill was still a prime favourite, James asked him what the people thought of his having caused Romish priests to perform the religious rites connected with the ceremonies for 'touching for the king's evil.' 'Why, truly,' Churchill replied, 'they show very little liking to it; and it is the general voice of your people that your Majesty is paving the way for the introduction of Popery:' and again, in reply to James, he added, 'What I spoke, Sir, proceeded purely from my zeal for your Majesty's service, which I prefer above all things next to that of God, and I humbly beseech your Majesty to believe no subject in your three kingdoms would venture further than I would to purchase your favour and liking: but I have been bred a Protestant, and intend to live and die in that communion; that above nine parts in ten of the whole people are of the same persuasion, and I fear (which excess of duty makes me say), from the genius of the English nation and their natural aversion to the Roman Catholic worship, some consequences which I dare not so much as name, and which it creates a horror in me to think of.' The King replied by an assertion of his absolute claim to be obeyed, and afterwards at dinner, without speaking to Churchill, treated him to a conversation solely intended to enforce the duty of passive obedience.

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The plot between the English noblemen and William took overt form about the beginning of 1688. Churchill seems not to have been privy to their councils, but it is hardly likely that it was long before he was aware that something was brewing. In any case the reckless course of arbitrary tyranny on which James had entered, and the public excitement about it, must have early forced on him the question what line he ought to take. After the Monmouth campaign he held no military appointment under James till William had landed. Anne was in continual correspondence with her sister at the Hague, and through her Mary seems to have received the first hint that the Churchills were resenting as keenly as any in the land the conduct of the King. Mary had taken a great dislike to Sarah during a visit which Anne and Sarah had together paid to the Court of William. Without having in any way modified her dislike, she as a matter of policy wrote to Sarah letters full of expressions of friendship and assurances of her delight in the affection which existed between her sister Anne and Sarah.

Tried by any ordinary rules, it is difficult to imagine anything more basely treacherous than the action of both the sisters Mary and Anne. Nor is it possible to imagine that any single actor employed an agency for the deception of his father-in-law more diabolical than that which was used by William. Mary under his control continued up to the very time of the sailing of the expedition to write affectionate letters to her father. On one point in particular her letters are masterpieces of deceitful phrasing. For some time after the Prince of Wales was born, no news of the suspicions about his birth reached the Hague. Accordingly he was, as a matter of course, prayed for in Mary's chapel. When, partly from Anne and partly from Zulestein, Mary and William became aware of the universal belief that no Prince of Wales had been born, but that a fictitious child had been substituted in order to deprive Mary of her rights to the succession, the prayers were stopped. The doubts about the birth became one of the strongest points in the declaration which William was preparing to issue. Yet, in order to delude her father, Mary appealed in her latest letter to the fact that the Prince had been prayed for at the Hague *before* he had been prayed for in England, as a proof that any casual omission of his name in the prayers had no significance which need cause the King anxiety. Nevertheless, we are by no means disposed to judge harshly the actions at this crisis of either William, Anne, or Mary. If this were the time to deal with the question, we think that there would be little difficulty in proving, that a deliberate design upon the English crown had

had been formed by William at a period at least as early as that of the ascendancy of Shaftesbury ; that the severe discipline to which he subjected Mary was designed not only to make her his obedient tool, but to prepare her to ascend the throne of England to the exclusion of her father on the death of her uncle ; and that from the time of his marriage he worked steadily to gain his ends. Nevertheless, it is easy, as has been shown by an advocate who leaves nothing in that matter to be desired, to account for the general course of his conduct in a way which places it far above any efforts of mere sordid ambition. That a girl of sixteen, taken from her father at a much earlier age with the express design that she should, under skilful instruction, be taught to hate his creed, married to a man able completely to master her, and surrounded by those who looked upon her husband as the hero of Europe, should learn to submit herself absolutely to her lord, and to think it a sacred duty to aid him against her father, is in accordance with all that we might expect. It is the story of the Janissaries. It is the story of the grandson of the victor of Ivry. What availed it to the victorious Huguenots to shout their

‘Glory to our sovereign liege King Henry of Navarre,’

when that grandson, educated to look on them as hateful rebels and heretics, was to use the power, which they had put into the hands of his grandsire, so shamefully against their descendants as to convert even the Pope, as the popular phrase ran, into a ‘Protestant’ against his cruelty ?

In using that analogy we have touched upon what seems to us one at least of the central facts that have to be realized, if we would judge justly the conduct of either William, Mary, Anne, or Marlborough. Every historian necessarily alludes to the dragonnades and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. No historian, as it seems to us, estimates at its due weight the effect of the frightful crimes which accompanied them in determining the conduct of the chief actors in the ‘glorious Revolution.’ Few things are more difficult than to transport ourselves into the life and conditions of a society which flourished two centuries ago. There is no period of which we have such elaborate details of Court and town life from contemporaries ; but to put us in a position to understand the feelings of the people, the influences under which they acted, the extent to which the movements on the surface of society affected the great mass of the nation, at a time when distances were for all practical purposes so enormously greater than they now are, these details are not enough. Neither Pepys nor Evelyn gives us sufficient



light to enable us without effort to see things as our ancestors saw them, and to feel as they felt.

The faculty of putting ourselves in the place of others is more particularly required in dealing with the charges which are made against the clergy of the English Church, the Tories, and the Cavaliers for their inconsistency in resisting the efforts of James to introduce a creed hateful to them, when many of the same men had been pressing to its utmost limit a theory of Divine Right and a doctrine of non-resistance. But in order that we should have even the bare materials for realizing the influences which were acting on the men of 1688, and, as we shall show presently, more directly upon Marlborough than upon any other man of his time, there is need of a much more ample narrative of the appalling incidents of the dragonnades than has ever been told in England. Probably the materials which exist at this moment for such a work in Bethnal Green are fuller even than those that are to be found in the house of many a Protestant *pasteur* in Paris or the French provinces. Miss Strickland, careful as she was in her search for original documents, has missed the whole point, when she says that the cruelties were no greater than those carried out in many a year by the Inquisition. As a reason why the loyalist members of the English Church should have sat still while James was fastening the yoke about their necks, perhaps the argument lacks something of completeness. The imposition of the Inquisition was in England connected with the hated rule of Mary Tudor and of Philip II., in Spain with the utter decadence into which that unfortunate country had fallen, in Holland with the name of Alva and the rise of the Republic itself. But at least the iniquities of the Inquisition represented a genuine and even popular belief, that no tortures of the present could be other than charitable inflictions if they saved the victims from the endless pangs of the hereafter. The illegality of even judicial torture was at that time almost as much a peculiarity of England as the absence of the duelling code is in our day. It did not extend even to Scotland. It was possible for large-minded Englishmen, however much they might hate the work of the familiars of the Inquisition, to realize that the civilized world was against them in that matter. Cruelties as great had been inflicted by Protestants in Holland and in Scotland. But the action of the priests of France in directing the soldiery of the Grand Monarque in the households of the most cultivated, the most intelligent, the most sober, the most industrious, the most godly families of the kingdom, admits of no such excuses.

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It would be a gruesome task to set forth the full horror of these doings. But in order that their nature at least may be understood, we will cite two cases of a kind which we believe to be representative, the truth of which appears to be established beyond cavil. It matters little for our present purpose whether they did occur or not. What is certain is that the fugitives who succeeded in vast numbers in escaping from these devilries, despite every effort that could be made by the Government to drive them back into the shambles, carried into every English, Dutch, and German town where their language could be interpreted, stories of sufferings which, as narrated by them, were not likely to lose in the telling. It was then, if we are to believe the records, no uncommon incident, in the houses where parties of soldiery, rioting from morning till night and from night till morning in the very bedrooms to which their victims the master and mistress were confined, and encouraged in their drunken revels by the superintending priest, in order that no sleep might be allowed to husband or wife,—it was no uncommon incident for a baby to be taken from its mother's breast and secured just out of her reach till she abjured her faith or listened to the dying cries of her starving little one. The edict which permitted all the children of recalcitrant Protestants to be taken from them and educated in convents or nunneries was by a specious interpretation made to apply to young women of marriageable age, who being skilled embroideresses would be useful slaves in a nunnery, even if they could not be made to accept the creed of their mistresses. In one instance at least it is recorded that the pious nuns, having failed by every cruelty they could inflict in shaking the faith of their pupils, invited the officers of a neighbouring garrison town to come over to see young ladies of the society in which they moved, stripped and savagely whipped by these patterns of modesty and purity.

Nor, though these refinements of cruelty, which were unknown to a coarser age, are the special characteristics of the dragonnades, were the more savage forms of torture less than in those more brutal times. Mary at the Hague was full of indignation at the story of a fire having been lighted under two young Protestant girls in France, and whatever Mary heard reached Anne, and through her the Churchills. Now the feeling of the Cavalier and the Tory for his king was essentially religious. What effect then upon the clergy, the country gentry, and the leaders of English life must these stories have had? 'Torture we can understand if we cannot excuse it. But these priests! these nuns! are they who thus play with the love of a mother

and the modesty of a young girl the representatives of the religion you would force on us? Is it our duty to God to place our daughters in the hands of these?' What logic would not go to the winds before such questions? Is it right, is it fair to say that the English Church had preached passive obedience till it thought it would be applied to itself, and approved of it only as long as it could be used against Whigs and Round-heads? Is it right to ignore the effect which would be produced on any father or mother by such tales as these, told by those who had with difficulty saved their own children from such crimes? Churchill knew France well and spoke French fluently, so that he probably heard more of these crimes than almost anyone.

Lord Wolseley accepts the statement that James congratulated Louis XIV. on the Revocation. The evidence is conflicting. He probably both privately congratulated him and publicly protested. He as ostentatiously as possible gave shelter and money to the refugees, for which they were abundantly grateful. What effect on the confidence in him of any man in England could such acts produce? The bloody assize and Judge Jeffreys told every one only too plainly what was to be expected from him if William were defeated.

No man in all England knew better the marble of that heart than Churchill. And now, whilst unemployed, there comes before him the question, not merely 'Shall I put my daughters and my wife in the hands of this man, of these priests and these nuns?' but this: 'William can muster only some 12,000 men. James can easily muster 40,000. Intensely Protestant as is the feeling of the English soldiery, they will, if properly led, fight well enough for their lawful king against invading Dutchmen. Feversham, as he has shown clearly enough at Sedgemoor, cannot lead them. Had I not been there, James's army would have been defeated. Monmouth would now be king. Shall I make myself responsible not merely for another bloody assize, but for English dragonnades, or rather—for James knows his English soldiery too well to attempt that—for the greater horror of Irish dragonnades in England, with Tyrconnel for chief inquisitor?' Churchill is at this time by education, training, and habit a Tory of the Tories, a Cavalier of the Cavaliers: he has had no scruple in carrying out instructions from his King for negotiations with France which few can have loathed more than he did. Bred a courtier, surrounded by the air of the Court, nothing else was to be expected of him. He has all his life been in the habit of giving wise advice to James, to which, in the days of adversity, his master  
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not unfrequently listened. Now he knows that he has no power to move the King towards any moderation. Taking into account his all-powerful influence over Anne, and the difference that it will make to the fighting efficiency of the army which side he chooses, he must feel that with him rests the decision whether he shall or shall not fasten on England a reign not merely of tyranny, but of cruelty. Is it wonderful that, in these circumstances, puzzled by the alternatives before him, he should make up his mind to talk over the matter with a friend, and should abide by his decision?

The choice of the 'discreet and learned minister of God's Word' to whom, in accordance with the directions of his Church, he under these circumstances 'opened his grief,' was at once the most natural and one of the most significant he could have made. Turner, then Bishop of Ely, had been with him as chaplain to James when Duke of York, and was his own personal friend. They had been together all through the long exile in Scotland, during the years of the 'Popish plot' and the Exclusion Bill. The bosom friend of the saintly Ken, Turner was not the man in whom an unscrupulous plotter would have been likely to confide. He was as much attached to James as Churchill was. He had remained chaplain deliberately after James had become an avowed Roman Catholic. He had preached a 'passive obedience' sermon at the Coronation. He was soon to be one of the five bishops who showed at least that no worldly motive determined their conduct, when they were sent to the Tower as a consequence of their protesting against the illegality of James's conduct, and were afterwards deprived because they could not conscientiously approve of his deposition. On this occasion he gave no hesitating answer to Churchill. He told him that 'it would be rebellion against God if he sided with those who sought to destroy the civil and religious rights of the people, and that to refuse assistance to those who "came to the help of the Lord against the mighty" would be to incur the curse pronounced against Meroz.'

The wording of the advice exactly represents the position of Turner as of Churchill. It is worth considering carefully, because it is clear that Churchill's action was determined by it, at the moment limited by it, and afterwards affected by it. Like all the other Tories who entered into communication with William, Churchill never offered to support him in claiming the crown. He was probably, like the rest, content to allow events to determine the future; but, for the moment, his letters to William, and his words when he is actually in William's camp, as reported by Clarendon—no friendly witness—are consistent in

in this: that he is ready 'to shed the last drop of his blood' for King James and for his *lawful* rights, but that William may command him absolutely in his efforts in defence of the Protestant faith, and, though this is by no means so prominent, in asserting the ancient liberties of the kingdom. On William's landing, Churchill is summoned to attend James. He is made a lieutenant-general and given command of a brigade. He is already pledged, to such extent as we have seen, to William. To refuse to go to James is to disclose the whole plot, to make it certain that William's invasion will fail. He goes. James, when he hears that Cornbury has deserted, assembles his officers, and begs any of them who wish to desert him to resign their commissions. We think that it is fair, from what James reports, to infer that what Grafton and Churchill answered was precisely what Churchill wrote to James afterwards, and what had in all probability been carefully determined on beforehand as the language that should be used in such an emergency, viz. that they 'would defend his *person* and his *lawful* rights with the last drop of their blood.' Obviously it was an *équivoque*. James understood his 'lawful rights' in one sense, they in another. It must be remembered, in considering the use made of the phrase, that Churchill had openly warned James that he did not consider the introduction of Popery to be included among his 'lawful rights,' and that James had taken, on his accession, advantage of a similar equivocation. He had pledged himself to defend the '*just* liberties' of his country. Lord Wolseley shows clearly enough that the story of Churchill's design to carry off James, or even, as one report has it, to assassinate him, rests on no evidence, and is inconsistent with any intelligible reading of his course of action. Macaulay himself treats it as only developed out of James's own terrors.\*

The letter which Churchill left with James when he fled to William's camp should be studied *in extenso*. Macaulay in giving his summary of it omits the most important paragraph, introduces it with one of his Jeffrey-like phrases, and does not allow the connexion between each paragraph and Churchill's action to be understood. The letter runs thus:—

'SIR,—Since men are seldom suspected of sincerity, when they act contrary to their interests, and though my dutiful behaviour to your Majesty in the worst of times (for which I acknowledge my poor services much overpaid) may not be sufficient to incline you to a charitable interpretation of my actions, yet I hope the great advantage I enjoy under your Majesty, which I can never expect in any other change of Government, may reasonably convince your Majesty and

\* Macaulay, iii. p. 256.

the world that I am actuated by a higher principle, when I offer that violence to my inclination and interest as to desert your Majesty at a time when your affairs seem to challenge the strictest obedience from all your subjects, much more from one who lies under the greatest obligations to your Majesty. This, Sir, could proceed from nothing but the inviolable dictates of my conscience, and a necessary concern for my religion (which no good man can oppose), and with which I am instructed nothing can come in competition.

'Heaven knows with what partiality my dutiful opinion of your Majesty has hitherto represented those unhappy designs which inconsiderate and self-interested men have framed against your Majesty's true interest and the Protestant religion; but as I can no longer join with such to give a pretence by conquest to bring them to effect, so I will always with the hazard of my life and fortune (so much your Majesty's due) endeavour to preserve your royal person and lawful rights, with all the tender concerns and dutiful respect that becomes, Sir, your Majesty's most dutiful and most obliged subject and servant,

'CHURCHILL.'

The more we read this letter, the more it impresses us as being an honest statement of the feelings which were at this time determining Churchill's conduct. At the same time it is possible to doubt whether it was actually composed in its present form by Churchill alone. None of his habitual errors in spelling appear in it. Many of the phrases are much better turned than was usual with him. It was probably a joint composition carefully prepared, and we suspect that Turner had a hand in its composition.

The peculiar phrase 'with which I am instructed nothing can come in competition' obviously refers to his consultation with Turner. The sentence put by us in *Italics* suggests the real question for him. That the onus actually lay on him may be judged by the views both of James and William, quoted by Macaulay himself, out of connexion with one another, and for the purpose of condemning him. 'He, and he alone, has done all this,' exclaimed James to his council on his return to London.\* Of William the fearless, Macaulay admits that, 'if there was anything on earth that he feared, it was Marlborough.† That 'precedence in infamy' which was accorded to him by the Jacobites, tells the same story. Not one word more is said in this letter about his regard for James's 'royal person and lawful rights' than he had written to William and publicly said in William's camp. Taking the letter as a *bonâ fide* statement of his feelings, the whole subsequent action is intelligible. He joined in the 'Act of

\* Macaulay, iii. 265.

† vi. 170.

Association' by which seventy peers and others bound themselves mutually to support one another and to *bring about the objects declared in William's proclamation*. He absented himself from all the discussions as to the Regency or Kingship. He, according to Lord Wolseley's very probable argument, purposely avoided employment in Ireland as long as James was personally in the field there. He accepted William's assumption of the throne as the only course open under all the circumstances. His wife, through Archbishop Tillotson and Lady Russell, persuaded Anne to forego her claims to the succession in William's favour in the event of his surviving Mary.

In Lord Wolseley's view, the Revolution upset all his ideas of loyalty. His only conception of loyalty, and that of those among whom he had been brought up, was for the King by Divine right. His subsequent plottings were due to a desire to hedge, to secure safety for himself and his family in any event, at a time when it was scarcely possible to say who might ultimately be on the throne, and due further to dissatisfaction at the way in which he was treated by William. We read the evidence somewhat differently. But before entering into a statement of our general view on the subject, it is necessary, in order that it should be possible to discuss with any calmness Marlborough's action at all, to deal with the gravest of all the charges against him.

He is accused by Macaulay of having caused a disaster to the English arms and loss of life among English soldiers and sailors by enabling the French to make preparations against the attack on Brest in May 1694; and of having done this in order to clear out of the way of his ambition the only Englishman, Talmash, who could at all compete with him in reputation. It would scarcely be possible to dispose of the latter part of this charge more effectually than Mr. Leslie Stephen has already done. 'Such insight,' he writes, 'into secret motives is only granted to men of Macaulay's omniscience.' Mr. Stephen has also shown that Marlborough's letter to James was *not* the first intimation that he received of the attack on Brest, but that Godolphin, then First Lord of the Treasury, and Lord Arran had preceded Marlborough in sending the news. Lord Wolseley has gone much further. He has shown that a month before Marlborough's letter had reached the French Court, Lewis, fully informed of the intended design, had sent Vauban orders to prepare Brest for the attack, giving him exact particulars of the English force. The whole correspondence is in the Military Archives in Paris. Lord Wolseley has also urged that Marlborough's only means of obtaining information was from Godolphin,

Godolphin, whom he knew to be in secret correspondence with Versailles. As Marlborough held no office at the time, while Godolphin's information was authoritative, Mr. Stephen's contention that 'the information from an authentic source might clearly be of the highest importance, even if more or less anticipated,' falls to the ground. Marlborough's information was of the second-hand order, and not as authentic as that which had been already communicated and acted on, and it is practically certain that Marlborough knew this when he wrote. If that is so, then the only possible explanation of Marlborough's action is that he wished to leave an impression on James of his readiness to serve him at any sacrifice of honour or loyalty to England. This incident therefore takes its place as part of the general question of his correspondence with James, with which we next propose to deal.

Among the motives which influenced him in communicating with his old master was doubtless the wish to hedge, to be secure in any event. But it appears to us that the whole situation, as it presented itself to men of Marlborough's bringing up at the time, has to be taken into account, and further that, in attempting to realize the consistency which underlay the complex actions of a very mixed character, the king-maker element has here also to be allowed its influence. It is at least remarkable that Marlborough does not seem to have begun his correspondence with St. Germans till about the time when his old friend Turner, the deprived Bishop of Ely, had also done so. Now, if we read the story aright, Turner's influence over him, direct and indirect, was very important. He was probably the most high-minded man with whom the Cavalier courtier had ever come into close contact. Churchill at the time of the Revolution appears to have trusted him implicitly as a guide of conscience. It is certain that, clear as was Turner's advice to Churchill to assist William in protecting the liberties of England and resisting the imposition of Popery, he had no idea of William's assuming the crown. He had held that Churchill's oath to James was limited by James's oath to protect the Church of England and the established liberties of the realm. May not he have urged, or may not Churchill himself have reasoned by analogy, that his oath to William as king, yielded, as it practically was, to *force majeure*, was similarly limited by the oath taken by William, and that that implied at least that he would rule as an English king and not as a Dutch conqueror? It is difficult to think that, when Burnet preached that William reigned by right of conquest, he did more than blurt out an unpleasant truth. William was certainly not the free choice of Parliament. Mary  
was.



was. William chose to be king, and the force of circumstances decided in his favour. Parliament had virtually no choice but to accept him. When, then, keeping his Dutchmen on guard in London, he distributed all military commands over Englishmen to his Dutch officers, and lavished English estates on his Dutch followers, it must have seemed to Marlborough as if the precise dangers which the Non-jurors, and especially Turner, had foreseen, had been realized. Glad enough himself to escape service in Ireland whilst James was in the field there, Marlborough may well have been content to serve his first campaign during William's reign under Waldeck. But when Schomberg had done nothing in Ireland, whilst Waldeck's only success in Flanders had been due to Marlborough, it was not he only, or he apparently in the first instance, who began to resent the fact that everywhere only Dutchmen were favoured, whilst the best work was done by Englishmen. William's judgment as a soldier was too sound, his appreciation of Marlborough's ability too great, and his sense of the importance to him of the capture of Cork and Kinsale too keen, for him not to accept eagerly Marlborough's proposal to reduce them. When, however, Marlborough's brilliant campaign was brought to a successful issue, the fact that for services in Ireland large grants were again made to Dutchmen, whilst Marlborough's services were ignored, and a specifically promised Garter was withheld from him, was a national as much as a personal offence.

Marlborough's position under William now became very much what Churchill's had been under James. His action appears to have been the same in both cases. He warned William of the risk he was running just as he had warned James. He told William that he was fully content with his own position, but that the English people exceedingly disliked foreigners being put over their heads, and the distribution of forfeited estates and crown heirlooms among foreigners. William, like James, bitterly resented his advice. Like James, though not to the same extent, he had to submit to grave humiliation for rejecting it. These are not the ways of one suffering from a 'deep and incurable moral disease which had infected the whole man.'\* Had his original purpose and design been to play the traitor, it is obvious that he would have worn the smoothest and most flattering exterior to William. No one could have done it with more grace and skill. He did nothing of the kind. Apart from this wise and bold counsel, he had deeply offended both William and Mary by supporting

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\* Macaulay, vol. vi. p. 64.

the Parliamentary grant to Anne, which they had resisted. Since at this time Mary's life appeared to be a much better one than her sister's, it is difficult to see how personal motives can have entered into the deliberate choice of both Marlboroughs to remain loyal to Anne rather than to curry favour with the King and Queen.

About three months after the completion of his campaign in Ireland, of which Lord Wolseley has given a full account drawn from various sources, but especially valuable because of his personal study of the ground and of local information, Marlborough began his correspondence with James. What were his objects? His success had created the greatest enthusiasm throughout England, because it was the success of an English and not of a Dutch general. He became almost inevitably the centre of the popular discontent against the Dutch domination. It was scarcely likely that the English officers who had smarted under the authority everywhere given to Dutchmen, or the English noblemen who had stood like lacqueys behind William's chair whilst he caroused with his Dutch favourites, or the ladies who, like Anne, had been subjected to his boorishness, would restrain their tongues when in the presence of a singularly genial and frank-spoken leader, who had notoriously suffered as they had done. Marlborough had the best means of gauging the strength of the rising feeling, and had to choose whether to restrain it or to lead it. The Non-juring Bishops, six months earlier, while his attention was absorbed by the preparations for his Irish campaign, had been subjected to a scandalous attack, in which it had been suggested that they should be murdered by the mob as the De Witts had been. They had not been allowed by the Government to publish their defence, but had printed it without licence. The feelings of all those with whom Marlborough associated had been enlisted in their favour. It was soon after this that Turner had begun to correspond with James, and had come to regret, not apparently the part that he had played with the others in refusing to publish James's illegal declaration of tolerance, but their insistence on their rights as English peers, which had been the actual cause of their incarceration in the Tower, and so had led more directly than any other incident to the Revolution.\* Marlborough at all events did not restrain the rising feeling of opposition to the foreign ascendancy, but ostentatiously and publicly led it and fomented it. Under such circumstances, it was natural for him to wish to unite

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\* See the careful working out of this question and of Turner's conduct in Dean Plumptre's 'Life of Ken.'

together all those who could help in freeing England from the foreign rule. There is nothing to show that he desired to do more than to reduce William to that position of administrator to which it had been the object of Churchill's party originally to limit him. He wanted the assistance of the Jacobites and of James in gaining this end. If Turner had the influence over Churchill which we incline to attribute to him, the ex-Bishop may well have persuaded his friend that, in agreeing to the actual deposition of James, he had exceeded the advice formerly given him, and that he ought to express regret for having so far injured his benefactor and deposed the 'Lord's anointed.' William had not hesitated to obtain information from Ministers whilst they held office under James. Why should William's Ministers serve him, the *de facto* king, with a loyalty which William had not expected from the servants of the king *de jure*, with a faithfulness which he had not exhibited to his father-in-law or to his wife? We are stating the arguments as they would present themselves to Turner or to Churchill. We, of course, do not defend the consequent action. What seems to us to be required is that dramatic treatment which in the hands of a master makes us almost sympathise with John as well as with Arthur, which at least makes human and real the workings of the mind of Macbeth or Lady Macbeth. We want to understand the man. Mere invective does not help us to that end.

As Marlborough's whole scheme, whatever it was, was never disclosed, much of it is a mere matter of conjecture. It is practically certain that, whether as a final or a preliminary step, he intended to anticipate by a year or two that Parliamentary vote which ultimately obliged William to send his Dutchmen home, and forced his Dutch favourites to disgorge a portion of their spoils. We fully agree with Lord Wolseley that it is clear that he never intended to assist James in remounting the throne without valid guarantees, such as it was practically impossible to secure from a man on whose word, as he well knew, no reliance could be placed. But we hardly think that Lord Wolseley does justice to the nicety of the distinction, into which an attempt to reconcile their theories with the hard necessities of the case had forced many more besides Marlborough. Though they had no wish whatever to put power into James's hand to introduce Popery, and, with Popery, dragonnades, they did wish to have things done in his name as king; they did not wish the succession to be broken.

It seems to us that Marlborough was affected by all those feelings of the Cavalier which had grown with his growth and strengthened

strengthened with his strength, up to 1685 at least. The bloody assize and the dragonnades had inflicted on them a deadly wound. That they should wake to life in 1691 was very natural. That they should affect his language when writing to James would almost inevitably follow. That, mingled with all this, there should be the swellings of personal pride and personal ambition, the sense of power and the desire to clutch from incompetent hands by any means the tools they could not use, which he knew that he could use so brilliantly, is only in accordance with human nature. That among the forces which he intended to employ for his ends were his own and his wife's influence over Anne, that he was in fact making a 'party of the heir apparent,' is obvious enough. But it seems to us that James was right in thinking that it was a mere blunder of his partisans to assume that Marlborough was contemplating an attempt by violence to seat Anne on the throne during Mary's or William's lifetime. He was not, like James, the man to seek the path of most resistance. He did want to force William into employing English troops with English officers and himself at the head of them. He concentrated for that purpose all the forces he could bring to bear on it. William thoroughly understood and feared him. The reasons that William assigned to Burnet for Marlborough's dismissal almost exactly correspond with the explanation which we have offered of his conduct.

A puzzling feature in the transactions is that it does not seem to have occurred to such clever people as Marlborough and his wife that their bosom friend Lady Fitz-William was as certain to be in daily correspondence with her sister, William's mistress, as Lady Marlborough was with her own sister, Lady Tyrconnel. Perhaps the explanation is that Marlborough was not particularly unwilling to let William know that he had a second string to his bow. If he had wished to carry on a secret intrigue, he would hardly have talked as openly as he did. He trusted for his safety to the fact that he expressed the feeling of the English nation and army. It was the attitude of the tribune, of the king-maker, and, in the strength of that position, he boldly fronted his enemies, even when he was sent to the Tower. No public charges could have been brought against him that would not have fomented a counter-revolution. As to the charges of peculation and the like, Mr. Stephen and Lord Wolseley have independently shown that there is one simple answer. Had they been true, his enemies had every facility for proving them and every motive for doing so. They failed to do so in any single instance.

We may now sum up our view of the man, as we understand

stand his history. Brought up with the feelings of a Cavalier, and passing his younger days in a most licentious Court, he yielded as a young man to one of the many temptations around him and kept himself aloof from others. By penurious care he escaped debt, and the habit of not spending enabled him to accumulate a vast fortune, which, together with the enormous power that he wielded under Anne, excited the jealousy of his contemporaries, and led to those charges of preferring money to honour which have formed the staple accusations against him. Yet he frequently refused to accept money that was offered him; notably, in one instance, an income of 60,000*l.* a year, which the Emperor had intended to bestow on him. Among a generation of courtly adulterers he was faithful to his wife. To James and William and Anne he was loyal during dark days, and began to plot when the sun was shining on them. Forced at the Revolution to choose between unlimited power if he would join in forcing the yoke of Popery on England, and the abandonment of a master under whom he had risen, he chose to abandon his master. He had never wished to see William king; but, accepting the inevitable, he took the oaths to him as he had done to James. When he found that to speak English was a bar to promotion under William, he plotted very openly to shake off the Dutch rule as he had plotted to shake off the Irish. In both cases he did things which cannot be defended; in both his motives were mixed; in both he acted as the representative of English feeling. If without him such a man as Monmouth might have been king, if without him the Revolution would not have been attempted, but instead a religious and military tyranny would have been established, then, whatever the stains on his career, the debt that we owe to him is enormous. King-makers are rarely saints, and Marlborough was none. But the malignity with which his actions were traduced is rather a tribute to his influence than a proof of his wickedness.

Lord Wolseley's biography has already made its mark and established its place in literature. It is written with the fire of a soldier who, while he has no wish to slur over the errors of one whom he regards as the very greatest of English soldiers, yet feels intensely that the grossest injustice has been done to him, that the services which apart from his victorious campaigns he did for England have been ignored, and that the miserable lies invented by jealous enemies have been accepted as truth and recorded as history.

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- ART. VIII.—1. *Labour and Life of the People*. Edited by Charles Booth. 3 vols. London and Edinburgh, 1889–1891.
2. *Pauperism and the Endowment of Old Age*. By Charles Booth. London, 1892.
3. *The Aged Poor: Condition*. By Charles Booth. London, 1894.
4. *Plain Words on Out-Relief*. London, n. d.
5. *Outdoor Relief*. By W. A. Hunter, M.P. (*Contemporary Review*, March 1894.)
6. *The Statistics of Metropolitan Pauperism*. By Charles S. Loch. London, 1894.

‘MANY of us suppose that when we have got into statistics we have got away from cheap fancy and sentimentalism. Never was any opinion more delusive. The arithmetical fancy, the passion for calculation and results, is one of the commonest forms of a superficial imagination, and exercises a mysterious influence over half-educated minds. The temptation to calculate rather than to analyse, to fly at once to a mechanical process rather than pause for one which is laborious and demands original research, is active in many of the sciences, and, within the limits of a working hypothesis, it may have results of a certain very restricted value. . . . The pages of the late Professor de Morgan are full of examples that show how readily the handling of figures becomes the organ of the crudest superstition. The general principle which governs all argument by calculation is this,—that figures, being only very mutilated abbreviations of fact, are wholly insignificant, except to those who by concrete experience know precisely and completely for what facts they stand.’\*

This criticism, at once trenchant and precise, from the pen of so thoughtful a writer as Mr. Bosanquet, gives cause to fear that the legitimate value of statistics is in danger of being discredited by the extravagances of some of its votaries, more especially in their manner of applying this method to the elucidation of social problems. A competent authority, the author of the article on Statistics in the ‘*Encyclopædia Britannica*,’ expresses himself to the same effect in more technical language:—

‘The statistical method,’ he says, ‘is essentially a mathematical procedure, attempting to give a quantitative expression to certain facts, and the resolution of differences of quality into differences of quantity has not yet been effected, even in chemical science. In

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\* ‘The Civilization of Christendom, and other Studies.’ By Bernard Bosanquet, formerly Fellow of University College, Oxford.

sociological science the importance of differences of quality is enormous, and the effect of these differences on the conclusions to be drawn from figures is sometimes neglected, or insufficiently recognized even by men of unquestionable ability and good faith. The majority of politicians, social "reformers," and amateur handlers of statistics generally are in the habit of drawing the conclusions that seem good to them from such figures as they may obtain, merely by treating as homogeneous, quantities which are heterogeneous, and, as comparable, quantities which are not comparable.'

So long as statistical enquiry is confined to questions of pure science, its method and its primary figures are subjected to the criticism of experts, and the danger of error is inconsiderable. When however we pass into the burning region of 'Sociological Science,' the atmosphere is altogether changed. Sociological Science is akin to politics, and politics is the business of the democracy and all its organs. Here the arithmetical fancy luxuriates, and a passion for definite results urges the statistician himself, and still more his less critical audience, to include in one category facts which in their nature are essentially different, to distinguish and classify according to appearances which are only incidental, to mistake coincidence for cause and cause for coincidence. In such a subject-matter valuable results can only be obtained by the most careful analysis guided by the teaching of experience, for which no mechanical dexterity in the manipulation of figures can be a substitute.

We have placed at the head of this article a list of statistical works bearing on a question of great practical importance, and it may be well before proceeding further to say something of their history and of the controversy on which they purport to throw light.

Mr. Booth is evidently a born demographer, not easily to be restrained from the manipulation and decimal-pointing of all figures within his reach. He does not claim to have any practical experience of the administration of public relief. He sets out, obviously, with no preconceived opinions, but, as we venture to think, without realizing the elusive complexity and heterogeneous nature of the phenomena which he seeks to subject to his statistical processes. His good faith is above suspicion,—a fact that was the more readily acknowledged when it appeared that his book was designed to prove nothing in particular, and that the author had no views of his own. Mr. Booth's self-restraint did not, however, last for long. In the interval between his first and second volumes his imagination appears to have been captured by some plausible panaceamonger (we are putting our own gloss on Mr. Booth's sudden change

change of method), and his established reputation as an industrious and impartial investigator has given unexpected currency to a proposal for universal pensions which has no obvious connexion with his statistical enquiry, and as to the merits of which an astronomer or a chemist is as well fitted to judge as a statistician. The desire to make all men happy by some deft stroke of legislation has to certain minds all the fascination which the squaring of the circle had for the 'paradoxers,' whose fame Professor de Morgan has embalmed in his 'Budget of Paradox.' It must always be matter of regret that Mr. Booth has allowed himself to be put forward as the advocate of this utterly impracticable proposal. In his last volume Mr. Booth returns to his statistics, but, unless we are mistaken, he cannot lay aside the attitude of advocacy which he has now assumed. He promises us more books and more practical suggestions. It is time, therefore, to examine the foundations on which this superstructure rests.

There are other types of statisticians whose efforts we shall have occasion to notice in the course of our criticism. The attitude which they have taken up is more controversial than that of Mr. Booth in the earlier stages, at all events, of his various publications. Their position is best made clear by a short historical recital. A long succession of Poor-law administrators have up to the present time endeavoured to carry out to their logical conclusion the maxims laid down by the Poor Law Commissioners of 1832. It has been their endeavour (to state the matter shortly) to render the influence of the Poor Law centrifugal rather than centripetal. In other words, it has been sought by a strict and careful administration to give the stream of pauperism a movement away from the Poor Law toward the more honourable condition of independence. The more advanced school of administrators have tried to attain this end by a restriction, in some cases by an abolition, of outdoor relief; that is, the relief given to people at their own homes. The opposite policy has been adopted in a few isolated cases; but though some unions may have moved in the opposite direction, the average shows that the general practice of guardians is tending toward the stricter system. Now, it is obvious that the adoption of this policy must necessarily reduce the number of persons receiving relief. The assertion of those who point out that, in any given union, the restriction of outdoor relief must reduce the number of paupers within that union, is incontestable.

This admission of course is a very small point in the general controversy. Guardians may and do refuse their  
Vol. 179.—No. 358.                      2 H                      consent



consent to the proposition that this restrictive policy is just and humane and impartial. The scruples of such dissentients ought to receive the utmost deference. Their argument is a perfectly honest and straightforward one. They say in effect, 'We may pay too high a price for the independence of the poor, we may inflict too great hardship if we hurry too fast the withdrawal of these facilities for relief.' For many years this controversy has gone on, outside the atmosphere of practical politics. The contention, self-evident as it is—that a restriction or abolition of outdoor relief will reduce the number of paupers—had practically been conceded. A subsidiary and less important controversy as to the relative cost of the two systems seemed also to be settled. The erection of improved Poor-law establishments might in some cases make a temporary increase of cost; but inasmuch as out-relief is eagerly sought for, when obtainable, and indoor relief only accepted when absolutely necessary, it was being generally conceded that in the long run the indoor system was also the cheapest. The question of cost has never been felt to be of much moment, for the advocates of the strict system (with the consent, we may hope, of all reasonable men) argued that the cost was of secondary importance. Pauperism is a social evil, and society should be ready, if necessary, to pay highly for an instrument that would reduce its dimensions. Or, expressing it in figures, we should prefer, so the argument goes, to pay 1000*l.* for a system which would reduce our pauperism to one rather than 100*l.* for the maintenance of ten. The controversy whether the strict policy is just and humane remained and remains. Unions where the strict system has been adopted have been closely watched, and the success of the plan has been confidently asserted. Poor-law literature and Poor-law conferences for the last twenty years have dealt with very little else. The authority of the Local Government Board inspectors, with almost complete unanimity, has supported the stricter school. The text-books and the historians of the Poor Law are, we believe, absolutely unanimous on the same side. The London Charity Organization Society has, from the outset of its career, and of late years with many signs of increasing conviction, used its influence in support of this view; and, by its practical work, it has enforced the argument that such relief as can be judiciously given to applicants at their own homes, is best given from voluntary sources and private charity. Of recent years the advance of these opinions has been indubitable. Though all did not absolutely agree as to the exact measure of restriction to be used, those in favour of restriction of some kind

kind included, it may be said without exaggeration, every one who had ever seriously and impartially considered the subject.

The situation is now changed. The problem of the administration of the Poor Law is being dragged into the vortex of practical politics. It is all too evident that the rate devoted to the relief of the poor can be made an admirable electioneering fund. The *débâcle* has already begun. The Poor-law electorate before Mr. Fowler's Bill was by no means perfect. Electors who were not direct ratepayers abounded, but the anomaly was met to some extent by a counter-anomaly which gave a plural vote to the larger ratepayers, who in many unions were the only *bonâ-fide* contributors to the poor-rate. By a barefaced disregard of every principle of constitutional government, the public purse has been put at the disposal of a local electorate, the majority of which is in many cases financially irresponsible. Attempts have been freely made from both sides of the House to purchase the Friendly Society vote by offering preferential terms of pauperism to members of these associations. On what grounds the man who has invested his savings in a Friendly Society, as distinguished from a depositor in a Savings Bank, should have this unsought-for privilege thrust upon him, does not appear. There is, however, a politician who does not argue. His idea of statesmanship is confined to attempts to win the support of different sections of the community by proposals for looting the rates in their interest. The *débâcle* is proceeding at an accelerated pace. The temptation to make political capital by advocacy of an outdoor relief policy is growing irresistible, though hitherto it has seemed too thoroughly disreputable even for the *fin de siècle* politician.

At this juncture, therefore, it would be a godsend to a party on the look-out for a good political cry, if a man would come forward with argument and statistics, and his hand on his heart, to show that outdoor relief was an electioneering card that an honest man could play. The psychology of political conviction is inscrutable. Men find salvation in many ways. Far be it from us to say that Mr. Hunter and the author of an anonymous pamphlet entitled 'Plain Words on Out-Relief' are not honestly persuaded that a cry in favour of out-relief is not only not disreputable, but on the contrary the highest statesmanship. Every subject must have its 'paradoxers,' and at another time the line they have taken would have been a harmless eccentricity. As it is, Mr. Hunter's figures will be used to give a cloke of decency to electioneering devices from which respectable politicians have hitherto stood aloof. Already the London Reform Union

has more or less adopted Mr. Hunter's policy for the abolition of workhouses. At a recent meeting convened by the Union, Mr. Stansfeld, who as a former President of the Local Government Board knows something of the subject, got so far as to speak 'very sympathetically' of this new idea, and expressed a hope that some one would one day discover a test of destitution other than the offer of relief within a Poor-law establishment. In Progressive circles to express a hope is equivalent to complete achievement of the thing desired. Mr. Stansfeld knows something of the subject and will not talk absolute nonsense, but the London Reform Union is a less judicially-minded body. It is chiefly remarkable for its fantastic optimism, and its exuberant belief in the power of sentimentality to advance the Millennium. Many of its members, we are sure, will quite honestly believe that Mr. Hunter has succeeded in showing that no test is necessary to protect the rates from those who desire an addition to their income, and that an outdoor system is cheaper and more repressive of pauperism than an indoor system. It is the honest simplicity and enthusiasm of the 'paradoxeur' and his dupes that constitute them a danger to society.

Lastly, we have certain statistics prepared by Mr. Loch, in defence of what we may call the common-sense view against the attack of Mr. Hunter and the author of 'Plain Words,' and incidentally also traversing some of the conclusions of Mr. Booth. Mr. Loch's position, however, is somewhat different from that of the other contributors to this controversy. His opinions on the problems of Poor-law administration have been arrived at independently of statistics. He has adopted the view of the Poor-law experts which is based on administrative experience, and on a careful analysis of human motive. Hitherto it has not been thought necessary to defend the position by elaborate statistics. The interest of the discussion lay elsewhere. The reduction of pauperism by means of the strict system seemed unquestionable, and the only matters on which argument seemed possible were the justice and humanity of the course pursued. The new attack, however, leaves these aspects of the question comparatively in the background, and produces a number of figures which traverse the commonly received opinion. If the received opinion is to stand, these figures must be refuted or explained. To this task Mr. Loch applies himself.

Such in brief outline has been the course of this controversy. We have thought it convenient to take this preliminary survey before proceeding to an appreciation of the figures and methods which have been used.

'My

'My object,' says Mr. Booth,\* 'has been to attempt to show the numerical relation which *poverty, misery, and depravity* bear to *regular earnings and comparative comfort*, and to describe the general conditions under which each class lives.'

Throughout Mr. Booth treats his readers with entire frankness; if an importance altogether unwarranted has been attached to Mr. Booth's calculations, the censure should fall, not on him, but on those who are responsible for the uncritical way in which his figures and conclusions have been received. In the above quotation and elsewhere we have put into italics words of his own which seem to govern the whole of his procedure. Here and throughout Mr. Booth treats poverty, misery, and depravity as three forms of one and the same identical quality, and he contrasts with them not absence of poverty, but regular earnings and comparative comfort. This is not a mere verbal quibble, it is essential to a proper understanding of Mr. Booth's method. On p. 33 Mr. Booth describes the eight classes into which he divides the population of London. They are as follows:—

- 'A. The lowest class of occasional labourers, loafers and semi-criminals.
- B. Casual earnings—"very poor."
- C. Intermittent earnings
- D. Small regular earnings } together "the poor."
- E. Regular standard earnings—above the line of poverty.
- F. Higher class labour.
- G. Lower middle class.
- H. Upper middle class.'

We are warned of the assumption made. It is this; where misery and depravity are obvious, the terms 'poor' and 'very poor' are applied; where comparative comfort is apparent, there the absence of poverty is assumed. 'Poor' is further defined to mean those 'who have a sufficiently regular though bare income, such as 18s. to 21s. per week, for a *moderate family*; and by "very poor" those who *for any cause* fall much below this standard.' In his second volume, p. 18, he remarks, 'A good many families have been reported as poor, *who, though they are poor, are so without any economic necessity.*' Now Mr. Booth's classification is not a mere division of the population into manual and non-manual labourers, a distinction which might be successfully made by a cursory inspection of a man's dress and appearance, but an elaborate subdivision of manual labourers into at least six classes, with reference to a condition for which

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\* 'Life and Labour of the People,' vol. i. p. 6.

the most varying definitions have been given. First, poverty is identified with the visible signs of misery and depravity. Next, it is made to turn on the possession of a definite income; but such precision as this implies is at once destroyed by the qualification 'for a moderate family,' while a still further uncertainty arises from the admission that the poverty chronicled is not an economic condition, but merely an enumeration of persons in the humbler ranks of life who have families and other occasions of expenditure, in their own or Mr. Booth's opinion, immoderate relatively to the amount of their income. No complaint is made of the introduction of these considerations. They are each and all important and determining, but how is it possible to give to them quantitative expression? All who know the poor are well aware that comparative comfort is not incompatible with low wages if combined with moderate ambitions, and *vice versa* that high wages are not necessarily exclusive of misery and depravity. If poverty is not a definite economic condition, but a want of equilibrium between a man's habits and his income, we are clearly embarked upon an enquiry of an extremely vague nature: it is honeycombed by the ambiguity of these hypothetical definitions. The earning of 18s. or 21s. a week is a definite fact, and, if we had any means of discovering the number of those in that position, we could express it in terms of quantitative value. No attempt has been made, or could have been made by Mr. Booth, to ascertain the earnings of the enumerated population. In place of this we have the opinions of a large number of anonymous persons, mostly School Board visitors, on a long series of controversial subjects. These cannot be taken as a statistical product from which trustworthy conclusions are to be drawn.

The justice of the foregoing criticism will be confirmed by an inspection of the specimen entries of the note-books given in vol. i. pp. 7-24.

On page 13:

Labourer, 3 school children,	is put in Class E.
do. 2 do.	do. A.
Lazy, drunken vagabond, &c.	

Here the classification is by degree of depravity. There is no evidence as to earnings.

On pp. 14-15:

Bootmaker, 3 school children, 1 baby, 2 boys over school age,	
is put in Class B.	
Good workman, but lazy and cantankerous.	
Bootmaker, 1 child, 1 baby, is put in Class E.	

Here,

Here, unless a bad mark is given to No. 1 for being cantankerous, the classification is apparently by degree of responsibility, though whether allowance is made for the earnings of the boys over age does not appear.

P. 16 :

Smelter, 3 children, 1 baby, is put in Class B.  
Earns good money, but both drink, &c.

Classification by alleged depravity, income being disregarded.

P. 17 :

Washerwoman, 1 child, is put in Class D.  
do. 3 children, do. B.  
1 boy at work ; has parish relief.

Here, notwithstanding the addition to income from boy's earnings and from parish, the 'immoderate' family apparently determines the classification.

P. 21 :

Foreman, dung-carts, 2 school children, 1 baby, is put in Class E.  
Plead poverty, but should do well.

This last note shows an attempt to grapple with the uncertainty of all this hearsay evidence, but in the majority of cases such discrimination was impracticable. Indeed, the whole process reminds one of the children's game of Russian scandal. One visitor is credulous, and makes himself a conduit for any gossip that reaches him ; another discounts all pleas of poverty. This brings us to the important question how far the vague impressions of School Board visitors, noted down not for the purposes of Mr. Booth's enquiry but as memoranda to assist them in their own duties, can form a trustworthy foundation for the superstructure which has been based on them.

The principal business of the School Board visitor is to get the children to go to school. His measure of mankind, *mutatis mutandis*, is not different from that of Punch's dustman, who divided society according to its ability to fill dustbins. The School Board visitor judges his constituents according to their appreciation of the benefits provided by the School Board for their children. An argumentative shoemaker may very well be of opinion that his boy is better employed helping him at his work than earning a grant for his school by displaying proficiency in the higher standards, and there would be nothing very wonderful if (as in the case quoted above) the father was put down as lazy because he wanted his boy to help him, and cantankerous because he had freely expressed the opinion that the

the law and possibly its representative 'was a bass.' Further, both with regard to fee-paying and half-time arrangements, it was to the interest of the poor to make out a plea for poverty. Such a plea is detected and remorsefully pilloried if made by such an exalted personage as a foreman of dung-carts, but the same bias is present in the mind of every single person interrogated. Again, every one who knows anything of the more unskilled labouring class in London, is well aware of the extreme vagueness of the term 'labourer' and of the general looseness of statement with regard to occupation. The School Board visitor rarely crosses the threshold of the door, and his interviews are as a rule with the women of the family. The trade of the head of the family and the amount of his earnings are quite immaterial to the main purpose of the visitor's errand. In his classification Mr. Booth is obviously much guided by the trade assigned to the head of the family, yet we cannot avoid a suspicion that the information on this head is very liable to error. Again, no two men take exactly the same view of social phenomena, and there is no means of bringing their impression to any common standard. It is true that general enquiries were made of the local clergy, and that Mr. Booth or one of his assistants inspected the various localities; and if the division was merely between those who are manual labourers and those who are not, we might be willing to admit that a fairly accurate conclusion had been reached. In his second volume Mr. Booth wisely abandons the division between classes C and D, mainly on the ground that the trade of the head of the family has not been obtained, and it would have been wiser if this affectation of minute accuracy had been avoided altogether.

It is of course impossible to say what amount of inaccuracy has been introduced into the primary figures from these and other considerations; but, in one or two other similar enquiries, accident has made it possible to show how large a source of error they will prove in a subject of this controversial nature.

In March 1887 Mr. Ritchie directed an enquiry to be made as to the number of the unemployed in certain poor districts of the Metropolis. Of this return Dr. Ogle, the official responsible for the work, remarked, 'The tabulation is a tabulation of statements, not of facts. . . . I have come to the conclusion that these returns are of very small statistical value.' Yet want of employment, unlike poverty, is a definite condition, and the enquiry was made *ad rem*. Again, Mr. Booth and his assistants have tabulated what they imagine to be the causes of pauperism in one country and in two London unions. The estimates  
assign

assign drink as the cause of from 12·6 per cent. to 21·9 per cent. of the pauperism of these unions. Mr. Macdougall, a gentleman well known as an active guardian in Manchester, calculates that drink is the cause of pauperism in 52 per cent. of the pauperism of his union. It is not likely that this great difference is warranted by the greater prevalence of drunkenness in Manchester; it is much more likely that it is due to the extremely vague nature of the phrase 'cause of pauperism,' and to the varying attitude of different temperaments toward the vice of drunkenness.

Again, with regard to questions of poverty, it is notorious that many well-meaning men permit themselves great latitude of expression. An extreme case is that of a reverend witness before a recent Royal Commission, who asserted that many persons in his union had been 'done to death' owing to the neglect of the guardians in giving relief. Naturally members of the Commission pressed for chapter and verse. On enquiry it turned out that some of those who, it was alleged, had been 'done to death' were still alive and well, and apparently the term 'done to death' was a mere *façon de parler*. This is an extreme case, for only the most hysterical controversialist will fail to distinguish between the living and the dead. Still, if excellent persons can be found to confuse the living and the dead, much more will they fail to be accurate over a matter so difficult to define as the relative degrees of poverty. Again, if we proceed beyond the bare fact of death and attempt to tabulate causes of death, the temperament of those charged with the enumeration plays us sad tricks. In a paper read to the Economic Section of the British Association of 1892, Mr. Loch drew attention to the fact that in the central division of London there were 76 deaths in 1873 of which the cause was alleged to be starvation, while in each of the years 1874 and 1875 there were only 7. A new coroner seems to have been appointed in 1874, and Mr. Loch is probably correct in suggesting that the difference is caused by a different interpretation of the term 'starvation.' Yet starvation is a more definite conception than poverty, and, though 'Crown's Quest Law' is not impeccable, the verdicts are arrived at with all the solemnity of judicial procedure. Indeed, the longer we look into the matter, the more certain does it become that the primary figures on which the whole enquiry turns are unverified and unverifiable. Occasionally attempts have been made to verify by an independent investigation, and, as might have been expected, no two enumerators have produced the same results. Each fresh enquiry brings  
out



out an answer not only absolutely different, but showing great relative differences between the various subdivisions. Mr. Loch tells us that, being struck with what appeared to him unduly high percentages of poverty in certain districts as given by Mr. Booth, he caused an independent enquiry to be made. In three areas in Marylebone Mr. Booth's figures were 60·2, 39·9, and 52·5. Mr. Loch's informants, who included the relieving officers, were unanimous that the poverty of the middle district was markedly greater than that of the first district, and that both were poorer than the third district. Similar results attended similar enquiries made in Clerkenwell, and in Haggerston and Hoxton.

We have no wish to press the accuracy of Mr. Loch's informants as against Mr. Booth's; though possibly it might be argued that a relieving officer is a better judge of the poverty of a neighbourhood than a School Board visitor. All we desire to urge is that no two persons, however impartial, are likely to agree in their manner of arranging the minute subdivisions attempted by Mr. Booth.

The untrustworthy nature of the whole enquiry becomes more apparent when we turn to one of the postulates which Mr. Booth asks us to concede. The classification according to poverty, based on the notes of School Board visitors, covers only the portion of the population who have children of school age; that is, about half the population. Mr. Booth asks us to concede that the remainder, *i.e.* the portion who have no children of school age, may be distributed among the several classes of poverty in the same proportions as those who have children of school age. Surely this is a most inconsistent demand. The moderateness or immoderateness of a man's family has, as we have seen, been a governing consideration in Mr. Booth's classification according to poverty. Let us suppose that a naturalist wished to classify animals according to their possession of a certain quality *x*. His observation extends over half the animals in a given area. He makes a discovery, which when once pointed out is indubitable; namely, that the possession of quality *x* is largely dependent on the size and power of the tail; and in absence of definite observation of the presence of quality *x*, he has been guided largely by the size of the tail while classifying animals according to their possession of quality *x*. He then wishes to classify the other unobserved half of the animals. These, however, possess no tails, and one of his principal guides to their classification is therefore absent. Now, if the statistical argument of Mr. Booth is to be admitted, it would be safe to argue

argue that the unknown and tailless half may be classified relatively to  $x$  in the same proportions as the known and tail-bearing section of the animals under consideration. Nowhere, we imagine, except in the exact science of statistics, would such a method be allowed to pass.

In his first work Mr. Booth made no practical suggestions. There was a vague reference to the advisability of 'harrying' the poor into a more satisfactory way of life. It was not possible to suppose that Mr. Booth was in favour of penal legislation against poverty, and this ambiguous phrase was interpreted, by some at all events, to mean that the poor should be allowed to retain the privilege of confronting and overcoming their own responsibilities. At the end of the second volume of 'Life and Labour,' he leaves us with the assurance: 'To the proposals for a revision of the Poor Law I shall return, but not until I am better equipped for its practical discussion.' This not altogether precise announcement seemed to imply that Mr. Booth was going to give up his statistics for a season, in order to gain some practical experience of Poor-law administration. Both these interpretations proved to be erroneous, for, within a year, Mr. Booth's second work, on the 'Endowment of Old Age,' made its appearance. This contains proposals for amending the law for the relief of the poor in the most revolutionary manner. The responsibility of the poor for their old age is to be removed by a universal pension scheme. Under the guise of a benefit, this may prove, as some assert, a great injustice to the poor, but it is an abuse of language to describe it as 'harrying.' Either Mr. Booth under some new influence had changed his opinion, or his earlier language was singularly inappropriate.

In his second work Mr. Booth lays aside the office of statistician and becomes the advocate of limited and experimental socialism. Before leaving the statistical portion of Mr. Booth's labour, we may record our conviction that he has made a very gallant attempt to solve the insoluble. He has, in our opinion rightly, declined to consider poverty as a mere question of income. He has rightly treated it as a question of character and habit, but in so doing he has amplified the limits of his subject and carried it into regions altogether beyond the ken of the statistical method. Further, even if we could believe that some accuracy had been attained in spite of the difficulties of the enquiry, it is obvious that the results obtained are of no practical value whatsoever. If poverty were purely a question of income, we might say that by doubling every one's income, poverty would be made to cease out of the land, but the poverty chronicled

chronicled by Mr. Booth is not economic poverty, but a much more complex thing, and we must consider it as affected by the standard of life current in different classes and even in different families, and by the multiform and often incomprehensible motives which govern the conduct of men. These problems remain, when our tabulation is accurate and complete, just as difficult and insoluble as they were at the outset.

Over the special method employed in this second work we may pass somewhat lightly. The descent of ladies with notebooks and pencils into various rural villages has produced much varied and interesting information; but when reduced to percentages and decimal points, we hardly suppose that any serious person will attach much value to it. Here and in his last volume, 'The Aged Poor: Condition,' Mr. Booth relies mainly on the official returns. In this he is followed by Mr. Hunter and the author of 'Plain Words.'

Admitting for the sake of argument the substantial accuracy of the half-yearly returns and of Mr. Burt's Board of Trade Return, No. 36, we still have the difficulty of rightly interpreting these documents. For this purpose it is necessary to have a very full knowledge of the facts for which these figures stand, and here not unfrequently our statistical friends will be found to fail. To take the most important example. In common sense, and presumably in statistical enquiry, a totally different value must be given to outdoor and indoor pauperism. In many unions outdoor relief is to be got by the aged for the asking; there is no strong feeling against claiming it among the poor themselves; it is a pension paid to the poor persons at their own homes, an addition to their all too limited incomes which it requires some strength of mind to decline. Indoor pauperism, on the other hand, represents in most unions (with the exception of London, to be presently explained) the irreducible minimum of helpless and friendless old people. Throughout this enquiry, however, statisticians have been apt to treat all pauperism, whether outdoor or indoor, as if it were of the same material. Yet in the view put forward by the most experienced Poor-law administrators the solution of this whole difficulty turns on the distinction between these two forms of pauperism. Thus, according to Mr. Burt's return, there were on August 1, 1890, 286,867 paupers over sixty years of age; of these 218,743 were outdoor and 68,124 indoor. In reply to those who say that this total is excessive and that heroic remedies are necessary, the experts point to the administration of the Union of Bradfield, Berks. A very potent cause of pauperism, they argue, is the

the offer of outdoor relief. If this is removed, both indoor and outdoor relief will be reduced. In 1871 there were in Bradfield 1258 paupers, 999 outdoor and 259 indoor. In 1871 the policy of restriction began, and in 1893 the pauperism had fallen to 121, —of these 99 were indoor and 22 outdoor, the latter being all old people whose vested interest in the allowances given them under the old system has not been disturbed. Very similar results have been obtained elsewhere, wherever this policy has been applied. It is argued, then, that if the country really wishes to reduce its old-age pauperism, the numbers can be brought down by an application of the Bradfield system from 280,000 to 60,000. On the merits of this controversy statistics, except so far as they are involved in the elementary facts here stated, can throw no manner of light, and yet it is obviously most important. As already remarked, it is self-evident that if a union ceases to give outdoor relief, it will have fewer paupers, and there remains only one question of interest: Is this a humane and justifiable course to follow? Mr. Hunter and the author of 'Plain Words' have ignored the obvious strategical advantages which a joining of this issue offers to the advocates of out-relief, and attempt to show that increased facilities for obtaining relief do not increase the number of those who accept it. Space does not permit us to follow them into all the arguments by which they support this paradox. One or two instances will suffice to show that the desired answer can only be obtained by an utter neglect of the facts for which the figures purport to stand.

Mr. Hunter divides the London unions into what he calls outdoor and indoor unions. More than the average amount of outdoor relief is given by thirteen unions, while seventeen give less and are classed as indoor. Now, every one who has the most superficial knowledge of the administration of the Poor Law in London is aware that the guardians of Bethnal Green rarely refuse outdoor relief. It is matter of surprise therefore to find Bethnal Green among the indoor unions. The explanation is simple and instructive, and obvious to any honest enquirer who is not a perfervid statistician. The policy of Bethnal Green is neither indoor nor outdoor, but simply a policy of allowing every man to choose for himself. During nineteen consecutive weeks (Jan.—May 1894), 1767 admissions to the Bethnal Green Workhouse were recorded: of these only 162 went in on an order of a relief committee of the Board. The rest, 1605, applied direct to the relieving officer, and became indoor paupers because presumably they preferred indoor to outdoor relief, though the last can be obtained for the asking by the settled

settled poor. This is the more remarkable, because the guardians of Bethnal Green have lived for many years in a perpetual state of controversy with the Local Government Board, by reason of the very inadequate equipment of their indoor establishments. If therefore the poor, of their own free will, enter the Bethnal Green Workhouse,—which, though popular because of the general laxity of discipline, is still much below the average of comfort to be found in the London workhouses,—it would follow that the same is done in unions where there are good infirmaries and clean accommodation. From enquiries made, we have no doubt that this is the case.

Mr. Hunter's contention that in London it is the refusal of outdoor relief which drives the poor into the workhouse is obviously erroneous. As a matter of fact the comparatively high percentage of indoor to outdoor relief in London is due, not to the restrictive policy of the guardians, but to other causes. With the exception of one or two unions, the policy of the London guardians is not one in favour of the restriction of outdoor relief. The high rate of indoor pauperism is due to two causes: (1) the great improvement in the infirmaries and workhouse accommodation generally, in virtue of the provisions of the Metropolitan Poor Law Act of 1867; (2) the large number of homeless poor who avail themselves of shelters and casual wards while they are well, and who crowd into the infirmaries when they are ill. Mr. Loch discusses the first cause at considerable length: he shows that the change in the law and its administration followed on the revelations of an enquiry known as the Lancet Commission, which had exposed serious shortcomings in our Poor-law establishments. He proves conclusively that the greatly increased expenditure which followed the Act of 1867 was due, not to a desire to restrict relief, but to a wish to make relief, more particularly relief to the sick and infirm, more adequate and more humane. As we have seen in the case of Bethnal Green, the poor are not unwilling to avail themselves of the relief offered in a workhouse. Secondly, the great numbers of the vagrant class are often overlooked by our statistical enthusiasts. It is assumed that a man who enters a workhouse or infirmary is torn from his home and family. In the great majority of cases nothing can be further from the truth. The facts revealed by the following extract from a return prepared for the Stepney Board, showing the number of persons admitted into the workhouse of the union, is an interesting comment on this assumption.

ADMISSION

ADMISSION CLASSIFICATION.  
Return for Half-years.

Resident Poor.	Admissions from Shelters or Homeless.	Percentage of recent Arrivals in London on Total Admissions from Shelters.
<i>Ending Michaelmas, 1891.</i>		
Per cent. 67·9	Per cent. 32·1	Per cent. 42·9
<i>Ending Lady Day, 1892.</i>		
59·3	40·7	46·5
<i>Ending Michaelmas, 1892.</i>		
59·3	40·7	42·2

The strict London unions,—Whitechapel, Stepney, and St. George-in-the-East,—in order to put aside the reproach of inflicting hardship, have expended much money and care on their infirmaries and workhouses; and on this very account, as well as owing to the character of the neighbourhood, these East-end unions collect more than their share of this vagrant population. In unions where outdoor relief is freely given, workhouse accommodation is still, to a section of paupers, more attractive than outdoor relief. Naturally in such places the rate of pauperism does not rapidly diminish. The author of 'Plain Words' devotes a section of his pamphlet to showing: 'Why 1852-1853 should be taken for purposes of comparison with 1892-1893.' We need not trouble the reader with his reasons. The insuperable objection to this procedure is that previous to 1867 there was no attractive indoor accommodation. Now, the workhouse, the infirmary, and the schools have their attractions; and, except in one or two instances, the guardians are almost as lavish of out-relief as ever they were.

To proceed with our indictment of Mr. Hunter's method. Having grouped together Bethnal Green and Whitechapel, which represent the opposite extremes of Poor-law policy, he uses the figures obtained from this incongruous classification to point a moral against the administration pursued in Whitechapel. Let us next consider the tests which he and the author of 'Plain Words' use in judging between different methods of administration. They have relied chiefly for the purpose of these comparisons on (1) the number of paupers per head of population; (2) the cost per head of pauper. Now, if it can be shown that these tests are clearly fallacious in one instance, it is obvious that they

they are not trustworthy in any, unless supplemented by information which is not statistical. Mr. Loch has pointed out that in 1871 the population of West Ham Union was 99,143, and its pauperism was high, 59·5 per 1,000. In 1891 its population was 365,130, and its pauperism seemed to be low, 21·8 per 1,000. The policy of the union has not been changed in the interval. It is and always has been an out-relief union. The actual number of paupers was 5,904 in 1871. In 1891 it was 7,964. The addition to the population was mainly due to the immigration of superior artisans altogether above the pauper class. Yet by the test proposed, the decreased rate of pauperism per head of population would be used as an argument in defence of the method of administration followed at West Ham. The administration may be good or may be bad, but this is not the way to prove it. In poor and central parts of London the fluctuation of population is all in the other direction. In St. George-in-the-East the population is decreasing, owing largely to the emigration of the more prosperous and adventurous labourers. These considerations demonstrate the fallacy of this method of direct comparison.

The cost per head of pauper is put forward as the next test. Again, we take our disproof of its efficacy from Mr. Loch. An inspection of the following table will be enough.

	Population.	Total Relief.	No. of Paupers.	Cost per Head of Paupers.		
		£		£	s.	d.
Bishop's Stortford (Herts) ..	21,513	12,798	1,275	10	0	9
St. Neot's (Hunts) .. .. .	15,238	3,803	253	15	0	7

Mr. Hunter argues that unions where the cost per pauper is low, have an advantage over unions where it is higher. The above instance clearly shows the worthlessness of the test. A large number of paupers inadequately relieved would by this method of judgment be preferred to a small number adequately relieved. The author of 'Plain Words' ingeniously goes out of his way to complain that the official statement of the cost of indoor and outdoor maintenance takes no account of sums spent on 'Workhouse and other loans repaid and interest thereon, on salaries, rations, and of officers, assistants, and servants,' and on 'other expenses of or immediately connected with relief.' This, he thinks, should be added to the cost of indoor maintenance as officially stated. But we have seen that the policy of improved and more costly indoor management has no necessary connexion with

with the policy of restricting outdoor relief, and in many instances it has been adopted without any departure from the old plan of giving outdoor relief to all who press for it.

We now return to Mr. Booth's latest volume, 'The Aged Poor: Condition.' In the first pages he explains that the demand for 'trustworthy official statistics' has been satisfied by the production of Mr. Ritchie's return, No. 265. This shows, classified according to age, *the number of paupers relieved on January 1, 1892, and the total number relieved during the year ended at Lady-day, 1892.* This return, Mr. Booth contends, confirms his own calculations; and Canon Blackley, who also deals largely in estimates, wrote to 'The Times' of May 22, 1894, to claim a like confirmation of his own figures. He specially bases his reputation for correctness on the return furnished by St. Saviour's, Southwark, where the rate of pauperism among the population of those over sixty-five years of age is alleged to be 84 per cent.

Now, it is not often that an answer in figures bears its own refutation on the face of it. This return of Mr. Ritchie's, however, seems to be one of these few exceptions. In the preliminary memorandum we are informed of some of the difficulties that stood in the way of getting a correct yearly census of pauperism. In one London union the calculation took six weeks of continuous work. First, there were the duplicates for the two half-years to be eliminated, then the duplicate entries in each separate establishment, then the duplicates arising from paupers who have been in more than one part of the workhouse. It has been frankly admitted by not a few clerks to the unions, that the yearly census portion of the return is altogether untrustworthy. Among others, the clerk to St. Saviour's Board has admitted in a letter, quoted publicly by Mr. Loch, that the duplicates were not rigorously excluded in his union. One difficulty, it may be pointed out, is quite insuperable. We have it on the authority of one union clerk that a certain pauper, who at the time of the return was in the infirmary of a London union, declared that he had left Darlington fourteen weeks earlier in the year, and during the interval he had been in the following workhouses (not casual wards): Northallerton, Knaresborough, Birmingham, Burton-on-Trent, Market Harborough, Leicester, Bedford, Luton, Barnet, Holborn, Strand, and several others on the road which he had forgotten; say, roughly, fourteen different workhouses in as many weeks, or fifty in a year. Such a man is in himself a perfect stage army of paupers. The absurdity of the affair reaches a climax when we take the figures recorded of St. George-in-the-East. Here the number of paupers over



sixty-five years of age during the year is alleged to be 2,863; but as the estimated population of that age is only 1600, these figures proved too much even for the most omnivorous statistician. On p. 96, Mr. Booth puts down the percentage of old-age pauperism in this union at 66 per cent. of the population of that age. He has evidently used a different set of figures, which we understand have been supplied privately to the Royal Commission on the Aged Poor by the authorities of St. George-in-the-East. One glaring error has thus been detected and admitted, but there is no evidence that the remainder of the figures are more accurate, and we have positive evidence with regard to Southwark that they are quite untrustworthy. Surely in this affair the statisticians are hoist with their own petard.

On p. 100, Mr. Booth remarks that 'the results attained are chiefly negative.' Yet, on the next page, certainly in very obscure language, he suggests a solution of a controversy which, as we have already shown, is probably the most important in all this matter. He sums it up again on p. 423, in these words: 'Remarkable instances of successful administration are to be found with any proportion of out-relief from over 80 to under 7 per cent.' The statement and the argument are full of ambiguities and of unwarranted assumptions, such as could only be made by one who is stubbornly blind to the heterogeneous nature of the figures which he manipulates. 'Successful administration' is assumed to mean an administration which yields a low rate of pauperism irrespective of the population with which it deals. He therefore compares without flinching Wharfedale with Bradfield, Oxford with Bridlington, Manchester with Dunmow. It would be instructive to analyse the different character of the pauperism and of the population in all these unions, but space obliges us to confine ourselves briefly to one instance. Let us take at random Fylde and Bradfield, the first and last names of the list on p. 101. Fylde, according to Mr. Booth, gives 65 per cent. of its relief out of doors, and has 2·2 per cent. of pauperism. Bradfield gives 18 per cent. out of doors, and has 1·7 per cent. of pauperism. Here Mr. Booth has struck out a new line of error for himself. Contrary to the usual custom, he has, in reckoning the percentage of outdoor to total pauperism, taken the cost and not the numbers of outdoor pauperism,—a method which, as already shown, must in the case of inadequate outdoor relief prove quite untrustworthy as a true test of policy. Thus Bradfield gives 18 per cent. of its relief to 22 old persons, or an average of 3s. 1d. per person per week. Fylde gives 65 per cent. of its relief to 374 persons of whom 170 were children, *i.e.*  
about

about 1s. 7d. per week each. The method used in this comparison obscures the different nature of the pauperism in the two unions.

Next, as to the population. Fylde is a union where there has never been a high rate of pauperism. It contains a rapidly growing and flourishing watering-place, Blackpool. An immigrant population is not one in which much pauperism is to be found. The rural parts of the union have been described in some detail by Mr. Wilson Fox for the Royal Commission on Agriculture. 'There are few labourers' cottages, . . . because many of the farmers employ no labour, and those who do usually have hired men who live and board in the farmhouses. . . . These are unmarried men.' Bradfield, on the other hand, up to 1871, was administered on the policy which now prevails in Fylde, and had, as already stated, a high rate of pauperism. This has been reduced to a low percentage by a change of administration. Bradfield is a rural district, with a stationary population; wages are low; there is a large number of labourers' cottages, the small farmer cultivating his land with assistance from his family being almost unknown. There is no inducement to the labourer to defer marriage in the hope of acquiring a farm, as in Fylde. The conditions of tenure and labour are thus totally different. Mr. Booth's procedure entirely evades the point of the experts' argument. If in a union where pauperism is naturally high it can by administration be reduced to the low percentage shown at Bradfield, much more, they argue, could the naturally low pauperism of Fylde be reduced to vanishing point by an adoption of the Bradfield system. The argument may be answerable, but Mr. Booth neither answers nor attempts to answer it.

No candid student of the subject can fail to see the fallacy of these promiscuous comparisons.

On p. 103 (and here we are glad to agree with him), Mr. Booth refers to the desirability of having some test by which the general poverty of one district can be compared with another. He suggests density of population, but this gives no sort of indication of prosperity or adversity except in the few places which are clearly overcrowded, and it assists us not at all with the rural districts. What we really want is to get some measure of the relative proneness to pauperism in various districts. We very much question if this is possible. Mr. Loch has suggested a method of correcting the recorded rates of pauperism in such a way as to make it possible to compare union with union; but his device, though ingenious, only professes to remove the uncertainty arising from a fluctuating population. This, we have seen, is only a small part of the

problem. Differences of race, of land tenure, of industry, depressions of local trade either permanent or temporary, are matters with which the most highly trained arithmetical fancy must fail to deal. We cannot devise any substitute for experience, common sense, and detailed analysis.

To one other of Mr. Booth's conclusions drawn from his 'negative results,' we think it necessary to draw attention. On p. 422 he writes:—

'The improvement shown in the decade 1881–1891 is greatest in Wales and the West. Wales on the whole represents an outdoor, and the border counties an indoor, policy. In both divisions the rate of improvement is the same, thus suggesting that it is the result of causes other than policy of administration.'

No one, so far as we are aware, has ever argued that administration is the sole cause of the rise and fall of pauperism; but it is idle to maintain that the varying degrees of facility with which relief is administered can fail to have an effect on the numbers who receive it.

On p. 505 we get some indication of the way in which the above conclusion is reached. 'In Wales itself out-relief is given very freely, but among the border counties the original example of Sir Baldwin Leighton's administration of Atcham has had a great effect.' This, as far as we can judge, is the only argument used to show that the border counties pursue an indoor policy. The union with which Sir Baldwin Leighton was officially connected was the Atcham Union. Here, on January 1, 1893, the proportion of outdoor paupers to indoor was as 1 to 6·7. The unions of the border counties selected by Mr. Booth as illustrations of the policy of the late Sir Baldwin Leighton show, according to his own statement, a proportion of outdoor to indoor paupers of nearly 4 to 1. They are, in fact, illustrations of the result of a policy exactly the opposite of that advocated by the late chairman of the Atcham Union. Of course, if we permit ourselves to classify according to our view of what might be, but evidently is not, the sphere of influence of a gentleman who has been dead for twenty-three years, whose estate lay partly in Wales and partly on the Welsh border of Shropshire, who was therefore no more responsible for the unions of the border counties (other than Atcham) than for those of the Welsh counties which were nearer his home, there need be no limit to the conclusions to be drawn even from negative results. This may be statistics, but it is not common sense.

The history of the union of Atcham contains a singular episode.

episode. In 1871 the urban union of Shrewsbury, with a population of 25,753, was thrown into the rural union of Atcham, with a population of 18,313. Up to this date Shrewsbury had been an out-relief union, with a comparatively high rate of pauperism. After the amalgamation the stricter policy of Atcham prevailed, and in 1893—within, that is, twenty-two years—the pauperism of Shrewsbury fell to the level of that of Atcham. The following figures are exclusive of lunatics and vagrants :—

	Outdoor.	Indoor.	Total.	Percentage of Outdoor to Total Paupers.	Percentage of Paupers to Population.
Jan. 1, 1871.					
Atcham .. .. .	129	138	267	48·8	1·4
Shrewsbury .. .. . (Still separate unions.)	638	188	826	77·2	3·0
Combined Totals ..	767	326	1093	70·1	2·3
Jan. 1, 1893.					
Atcham (now including Shrewsbury) .. .. }	52	352	404	12·0	0·83

It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that under the old system Shrewsbury had a maximum of pauperism, which under the policy followed after the amalgamation was speedily reduced to a minimum.

This last classification of unions by Mr. Booth can only be explained on the hypothesis that, no doubt quite unconsciously, he holds a brief for the party which in its advocacy of State Pensions argues that a reduction of pauperism is impossible by a careful administration of the Poor Law. Of Mr. Booth's desire to be fair we have already spoken. But this last argument, bearing proof of its irrelevancy on the face of it, fairly takes our breath away. Is such reasoning due to the keenness of the advocate or to the fact that Mr. Booth does not know, from concrete and practical experience, for what facts his figures stand? It is impossible not to admire the industry, public spirit, and good faith of Mr. Booth. At the same time the subject at issue has assumed national importance: and Mr. Booth is the last man to complain if those who distrust his figures and dispute his conclusions decline to swell the uncritical chorus of adulation which has accompanied all his efforts.

ART.

- ART. IX.—1. *Obras completas de Lope de Vega publicadas por la Real Academia Española*. Tomo I. Nueva Biografía por D. C. A. de la Barrera. Madrid, 1890. Tomo II. Autos y Coloquios. Madrid, 1892. Tomo III. Coloquios. Comedias de asuntos de la Sagrada Escritura. Madrid, 1893.
2. *Últimos Amores de Lope de Vega revelados por el mismo*. Por Jose Ibero Ribas y Canfranc. Madrid, 1876.

LOPE DE VEGA'S contemporaries would have been indignant, no doubt, if they could have foreseen that their 'Phoenix' was to be kept waiting two centuries and a half for canonization in the shape of a complete and duly authorized edition of his extant works; but the reasonableness of any such indignation is, to say the least of it, open to question.

It has been Lope's fate to be more talked about than read, notwithstanding his persevering efforts to gain an audience. The list of his works shows that he tempted readers with nearly every lure within the range of literature; but, like a prudent salmon-fisher on a strange water, he generally preferred, to the productions of his own invention and fancy, those baits that had been already tried with success by other hands. He wrote epics in twenty cantos in continuation of Ariosto and Tasso, and 'Triumphs' in the manner of Petrarch: but the Spanish reading public, it seems, was not captivated by 'The Beauty of Angelica'; 'Jerusalem Conquered' fell flat, and the 'Triumphs' were failures. The popularity of Heliodorus led to a 'Theagenes and Chariclea' on new lines in the 'Peregrino en su Patria'; the success, such as it was, of Montalvo and Cervantes in pastoral romance prompted the 'Arcadia' and the 'Shepherds of Bethlehem'; he all but confesses rivalry with Cervantes in his novels, and we need no confession to convince us that there would have been no 'Laurel of Apollo' if there had not been a previous 'Trip to Parnassus.' The only beaten path he left untrodden was the picaresque novel, and for this he had good reasons of his own. As a young man he flew at higher game, and in his later years it would have been *infra dignitatem* to deal with rogues and vagabonds; but a more cogent reason perhaps was that humour and a knowledge of life and mankind were not among his many gifts and qualifications. There is no sign in his writings that his study of man ever extended much beyond that brilliant specimen of humanity Lope Felix de Vega Carpio.

Of the twenty works or more that he sent to the press between 1597 and 1633, the 'Arcadia' was the only one that could be called a successful book, not, of course, in the sense in which

which 'Don Quixote' or 'Guzman de Alfarache' was successful, but as compared with other popular books of the time, like its prototype Montemayor's 'Diana,' Hita's 'Wars of Granada,' and Quevedo's 'Buscon' and 'Visions.' Two or three, the 'Peregrino' and the 'Shepherds of Bethlehem,' for instance, enjoyed a short spell of favour, but the rest, including those that were, in Spanish phrase, *de su cosecha*—his own harvest—those that owed nothing to any other man's invention, seem to have been as a rule severely let alone. And yet they were for the most part express appeals to popular sentiment. The 'Dragontea' was a thanksgiving epic on the death of Sir Francis Drake; the 'Isidro' was the story of the sainted ploughman of Madrid; and the 'Corona Tragica' glorified the martyrdom of Mary Stuart. If, therefore, posterity has not seen its way to giving Lope de Vega a place among the poets of the first order, it only shows itself to be of much the same mind as his contemporaries. They, it is true, protested that no such poet had ever been born, and there they were right. When they wanted to describe a thing as superexcellent, they called it a Lope; they crowded the balconies to see him pass; they ran after him in the streets, but it is pretty clear they did not run after his books. The Lope of their idolatry was quite another Lope, and one that we now must take very much on trust. Those of us who are endowed with the necessary stamina may no doubt read four hundred and odd plays of his which, being survivals, are probably the fittest, or at least fair representatives of his drama; but that will help nineteenth-century readers very little to comprehend what Lope was to seventeenth-century Madrid playgoers.

Ferdinand Wolf's comparison of a play by Lope to a chess problem is an apt one. The *dramatis personæ*—the *galan*, *dama*, *viejo*, and *gracioso*—have no more pretension to character or individuality than king, queen, knight, and bishop; and any difference there may be between those of one play and those of another is in reality of no more account than the difference the turner's lathe has made between two sets of chessmen. They move on the stage, like the pieces on the board, along prescribed lines, and always in obedience to certain stock impulses—love, honour, jealousy, or revenge; and they give vent to property feelings with the help of stereotyped expressions of emotion. 'The purpose of playing,' as these playwrights saw it, was not to hold the mirror up to nature or show virtue her own feature, but simply to set a piquant puzzle for the audience. For plot they had a cunningly devised entanglement—*enredo* or *maraña*—brought about by misunderstandings, misconceptions, mistakes,

mistakes, and accidents of one kind or another; and the best dramatist, so Lope says in so many words, was he who made his entanglement look most hopeless, led his audience most astray as to his way of getting out of it, and kept them longest in suspense. Lope's dramatic art, in point of fact, was, if distantly yet distinctly, akin to that of the street acrobat whose *pièce de résistance* is being tied up for the rope-trick. Other attractions there were, no doubt. If anything could make it a pleasure to listen to diffuse declamation, it would be Lope's easy flowing verse, and his fertility of invention in incidents and situations would give life even to a stage peopled with puppets. But the attraction that was relied upon was the dramatic riddle that kept the audience on tenter-hooks from first to last, and so ministered to the craving for excitement that has been at all times strong in the Spanish people. The adoration which Lope received from his contemporaries was only their very natural expression of gratitude to the man who had proved himself the unfailing provider of a stimulant which was to them almost one of the necessities of life; but it would be against all reason to look for a like enthusiasm in those to whom his drama offers no such *quid pro quo*.

This is what lies at the root of the more moderate estimate of Lope de Vega adopted by posterity. The unmanageable bulk of his dramatic works must be held accountable for the want of a formal recognition of his place in Spanish literature and as founder of a national Spanish theatre. Hartzenbusch, apologizing for a selection (about a fourth) in the *Biblioteca de Autores Españoles*, points out that to print all the accessible plays he would have required 14 (more likely 15 or 16) volumes, and that, if all Lope wrote could be recovered, 50 would be insufficient. The volumes, it may be observed, are royal 8vo, with an average of 600 pages, and for the drama are closely printed in triple columns and in type rather too small for comfort. Lope's biographer Montalvo credits him with having written 1800 plays and 400 *autos*, but he wrote comparatively few after 1632, and in that year both he himself and also Montalvo give the number of his plays as 1500. Prodigious as even this estimate may seem, there is no reason to believe that it is materially exaggerated.

It was this enormous productivity that invested him with something like superhuman powers in the eyes of the populace; but the wonder with which the faculty fills us should not blind us as to the value of its results. Numbers in this case are no proof of wealth. They are like the vast sums set down in old Spanish histories which stagger the reader until  
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he perceives that they mean *maravedis*. Plays there were of Lope's that were repeated as many as seventy times, but a play that depended upon a surprise for its interest could not, as a rule, in the nature of things enjoy a long run. No audiences would go on day after day winking at a secret everybody knew, or waiting to be startled by a stale revelation. There are limits to the docility of the habitual playgoer. The very principle on which Lope's plays were constructed involved a constant succession of fresh plays to replace such as had lost their savour, and these necessarily remained in manuscript, for neither author nor proprietor had any interest in publishing them, and they offered no temptation to the enterprising booksellers who printed unauthorized copies for the use of the playgoers. Hence the discrepancy between the estimated number of Lope's plays and the number identified; about three-fifths seem to have disappeared without leaving even their titles on record. Lope himself said three years before his death that, though too many had been printed, they were few compared with the others. His extant dramatic works, including *autos*, interludes, and eclogues, cannot very much exceed 500, of which the full-length plays make about 440. Of these 290 are printed in the volumes of 'Comedias de Lope de Vega,' thirteen of which, out of twenty-five, had the benefit of his own supervision. Not that he had anything to do with the selection or publication; the plays, we learn, were printed without his consent, and he was merely allowed as a favour to correct and restore them as far as possible to the shape in which he wrote them. The others are scattered through collections of plays by different authors, or in manuscript, or printed separately 'on grey paper with blunt type' in the shabby sheets dear to the collector.

These are the main materials available, but we may be sure that the Spanish Royal Academy and its editor, Don Marcelino Menendez y Pelayo, will not rest satisfied with the work of their predecessors, and will leave unturned no stone under which a piece of Lope's work may lie buried. Most likely we have already the full tale of his miscellaneous works, but there may be gleanings of overlooked dramas even after Chorley and Barrera. Of the 900 or more unnamed and unknown, many a one is probably hidden away among family archives far less promising than the Ossuna MSS., and even a printed play or two, unrecorded as yet, might possibly be found, as plays have been before now, lurking on some back shelf in theological company. The plays that have been printed are in all probability his best; print in this case is a proof of natural selection; but it by no means follows that a play that was not  
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among the prime favourites of Lope's generation might not have as great an interest for modern scholars as the 'Estrella de Sevilla' or the 'Perro del Hortelano.'

The Life of Lope de Vega in the first volume was written, it appears, in 1864 by Don Cayetano Alberto de la Barrera, the author of the 'Catalogo bibliografico y biografico del Antiguo Teatro Español,' a work which has now taken a place beside the late Count Schack's great 'History of the Spanish Drama.' The editors call it a *nueva biografía*; but the adjective might as well have been left out, for it cannot be said that any Life of Lope de Vega has been hitherto written. Lord Holland's scholarly book, it is true, bears the title, and there are memoirs in abundance: Montalvan's *in memoriam* tribute, Baena's in 'Hijos de Madrid,' Schack's, Ticknor's, Quintana's, Sismondi's, Lafond's, but none that pretends to be much more than a passing notice, or short summary of facts mainly from Montalvan. The trail of Montalvan, it would seem, is over them all; and unfortunately his account is, if a man should speak truly, little better than a tissue of absurdities. He certainly had opportunities for being Lope's Boswell. His father, Alonso Perez, bookseller to the king, was an old friend of Lope's, and Montalvan (the name, Quevedo intimates, was an aristocratic assumption of the son's) was a kind of Mercury in the Lope solar system, the smallest of the chief satellites, but much greater than any of the asteroids, and the closest of all to the Sun and the most sensitive to his influence. That Lope had a very great regard for him and a high opinion of his abilities is clear, but an elderly ascetic would hardly have been very communicative about his early life to a young man forty years his junior. Nor, indeed, is there anything in Montalvan's narrative that he might not have had just as well from any old friend of Lope's as from Lope himself, and such a source is the more likely as what he undertook to write was not a deliberate biography, but merely a few introductory pages to the 'Fama Posthuma,' a collection of eulogies by different hands on the occasion of the poet's death.

It is not so much the matter as the treatment that is defective. If Montalvan had shaken up his facts in a bag and drawn them for use at haphazard, he could scarcely have made a greater jumble of the story; but what it wants in consistency it makes up in ornament, for he was fond of garnishing his prose with *culto* flowers. Eulogy, not biography, was his business, and this may serve as his excuse for silence on all matters affecting the reputation of his old friend. His intimacy with Lope, however, seems to have been generally accepted as a guarantee for the

the accuracy of all his statements, though Lord Holland, Schack, and Ticknor, it is true, found them perplexing at times. Lope himself, in the 'Arcadia' and in his poetical epistles, sometimes helps to correct Montalvan's random chronology. But he just as often mystifies his readers by his way of calling spades 'iron wakeners of the sleepy soil,' or of using some equally elegant circumlocution: for though Lope could ridicule the affectations of the *culto* poets almost as bitterly as their arch-enemy Quevedo, he often sinned against common sense as outrageously as any of them. Among the best of his light sonnets—and they are among the best things he wrote—is one in the *culto* jargon, in which he asks Fabio if he understands what he is saying, and when Fabio says he does, tells him he lies, for he does not understand it himself; and another in which Boscan and Garcilaso, returning to Spain from the other world and seeking admission at an inn, are answered in a language so strange that they conclude that they have lost their way, or at best have only got as far as the Basque Provinces. But these burlesques might be matched out of his own serious writings, even out of familiar letters to friends, when, as Dogberry would say, there is no need of such vanity. His devices, for instance, when he has to speak of years, are remarkable; he turns them into lustres, or the times that Sol has travelled the space between Aries and Pisces—anything to escape the vulgarity of *años*, a low word used by boors haggling over a donkey or a bullock at a fair. The first stumbling-point in the story of his life is in fact partly due to this weakness. In some verses to a friend he speaks of having, in the three first lustres of his life, drawn his sword against the brave Portuguese at Terceira. As he was born in November 1562, this would have been, at the latest, in 1577, and therefore an impossibility, unless he landed at Terceira on a filibustering expedition. Schack attempts an answer to the riddle, but Ticknor gives it up; neither of them seems to have thought of Scott's way of accounting for the old lady's ghost-story. 'Aiblins,' suggested Scott, 'your grandmither might have been a leear.' It would be harsh to say that Lope was a liar, but it is not too much to say that he had no great regard for truth. Very likely a long apprenticeship to the popular drama, and catering for people who did not care a *maravedi* for the veracities so long as they were amused and excited, made it a second nature to him to aim at effect first of all in all things.

In the foregoing case truth demanded four lustres, for there was no possible opportunity for fighting the Portuguese at Terceira before 1582. Of course it is to the expeditions under

under the Marquis of Santa Cruz, whom he so often glorified, that he refers: there is no reason for doubting that he served in the campaign, and that it was then he met Cervantes, and made the impression which led to the prediction of his greatness a few months afterwards in the 'Galatea.' But unfortunately *cuatro lustros* would not scan, and for poetry to descend to the style of a parish register was not to be thought of, so Lope struck five years off his age, and thus settled the matter. Probably, however, he would have done the same in any case; for, whether it is a mere vanity, or a dramatic fancy for posing as an interesting youth, he almost invariably makes himself out younger than he really was. For instance, he describes himself in four or five places as a mere boy, a stripling with the first down on his lip, when he joined the Armada in his twenty-sixth year; he calls the 'Dragontea' a work of his tender age, though he was in his thirty-fifth when he wrote it; he was in his twenty-seventh when he entered the Duke of Alba's service, and he calls that the green spring-time of his blooming years. In short, when he spoke of himself, he had no more scruple about striking off from five to ten years than one of the old pre-conscientious landscape-painters had about putting in a non-existent tree or geologically impossible rock where Nature's sense of the picturesque had left him without a properly balanced foreground.

This propensity of Lope's should always be remembered when any autobiographical work, the 'Dorotea' for example, is under consideration. That the 'Dorotea' is *pro tanto* an autobiography does not, of course, admit of a doubt; the only real question is, how far the minor incidents had counterparts in his life: in almost all essentials the story agrees with known facts. It was written, he says, before he sailed in the Armada, and lost during his absence; but he afterwards recovered it, corrected it, pruned away its youthful exuberance and printed it with additions in 1632. He evidently bestowed great care upon it. Of all his works, he says, it was the one he loved best, and it certainly is in some respects the most remarkable of all. Probably in its first shape it was modelled on the 'Celestina,' which it resembles somewhat in its prose, the best that Lope ever wrote, but in revising it in his old age he could hardly help infusing into it something of his manner as a writer for the stage.

By a strange misnomer the 'Dorotea' is sometimes spoken of as a pastoral, a species of fiction to which it bears about as much affinity as 'Humphrey Clinker' to 'The Pilgrim's Progress.' Lope himself called it an *accion en prosa*, a dramatic story in prose, as if to disclaim any stage intention,  
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and this describes it sufficiently well. Fernando, the hero, is in love with two ladies, Marfisa and Dorotea,—so far, that is to say, as a youth so deeply in love with himself can be; and the five acts of the story are taken up with his flittings to and fro, from one to the other, and his maunderings over the miseries of love and the sorrows of susceptibility. To us, now, the chief interest lies in the fact that a man of seventy, a priest, an austere ascetic who for the welfare of his soul had solemnly renounced the world, should have been at pains to put himself before it in such a shape with hardly even the pretence of a veil. Fernando is an incarnation of egotism and vanity, vain of his personal charms, of his irresistible success in love, of his skill as a poet and musician; but this is not all: he allows Dorotea to sell her trinkets and dresses to furnish him with money, and shares with her the presents of her wealthy lover, and, when he makes up his mind to break with her and go to Seville, he bethinks himself of applying to his previously discarded mistress, Marfisa, for the needful funds. ‘I’ll tell her some lie,’ he coolly says, when his servant asks what his pretext will be, and he does so by trumping up a story of having killed a man and being obliged to fly for his life, which so frightens poor Marfisa that she hands him over all her money and jewels. Yet the paltry scoundrel is proud of these feats as proofs of conquest, and almost as profuse with his appeals to honour as with his tears, which flow from him at call as readily and copiously as Sterne’s.

Our present concern, however, is not the morality but the chronology of the ‘Dorotea.’ At the time of the story Fernando is in his twenty-second year, which would represent 1584 in the life of Lope, but allusions show that the action must be laid at a date between three and four years later. In the fifth act Fernando persuades a friend who is an astrologer to tell him what the stars have in store for him, and the answer is that he is to suffer imprisonment, and much persecution from Dorotea and her mother; that he is to be banished from the kingdom, and about the same time to marry; that seven years later his wife is to die; that his subsequent love sorrows and troubles will be many, but that he will at last find a refuge from all; and that to the end of his life, which promises to be a long one, he will enjoy the favour of a certain illustrious friend. This prediction, which from its references to holy orders, long life, and the Duke of Sessa, must have been added shortly before 1632, puts it beyond dispute that Lope meant to identify himself with Fernando, foreshowing as it does the chief events of his life: his imprisonment at Madrid, and banishment to Valencia; his first marriage, and  
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his troubles in his second marriage and in his amours; even Dorotea's vindictiveness has its counterpart in the implacability of Filis, so often referred to in Lope's poems. Fernando, on hearing his fate, says he perceives that his only hope of peace lies in expatriation, and that he has therefore resolved to join the expedition which the king is fitting out against England. This makes it clear that the time of the prediction was at the earliest in 1587, when the sailing of the Armada in the autumn was looked upon as a certainty, and that none of the predicted events can have occurred until after Fernando's return to Spain. The imprisonment at Madrid was perhaps short, but the banishment lasted seven or eight years; the exile at Valencia covered at least two and the married life seven, for all which it is impossible to find room until after 1588.

M. Fauriel, who has made Lope the subject of two articles in the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*' (1839-43), written with the critical acumen that distinguished his pen, has strangely overlooked this point. He rightly assumes that, as Fernando was Lope, his twenty-second year means 1584, but he does not seem to have been aware of Lope's habit of dropping a few years in his reminiscences, or to have perceived the inconsistency of Fernando speaking as he does of the Armada in 1584, or the impossibility of compressing into four years the events of at least eight, for, deferring to Montalvan, he adopts his absurd chronology. It may have been pure ignorance in Montalvan, but we ought to give him the benefit of the doubt and treat it as a pious fraud, when he makes Lope's grief on the death of his wife the cause of his enlistment in the Armada. A priest himself, he was all the more sensitive to the indecorum of an allusion to the true cause, a love entanglement of the sort described in the '*Dorotea*,' and again in the '*Eclogue to Claudio*,' where Lope says expressly that he was driven to sea by a difference with Filis, whose letters, by the way, he used as wadding when in action.\* Montalvan always takes a reverent care of Lope's reputation. Rather than admit that Marcela was his illegitimate child, he calls her 'a relative to whom he was much attached,' and spoils the one touch of nature in Lope's pompous obsequies, when the procession turned out of its way that the daughter might from her convent grating look upon her father for the last time. For all Montalvan's readers know, she might have been his aunt. The effect of his falsifica-

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\* The letter printed by Schack ('*Nachträge zur Gesch. der dramat. Literatur in Spanien*') proves clearly that Lope was no heart-broken widower when he was at Lisbon waiting for the sailing of the Armada, and it seems to have convinced Schack that Montalvan was in error.

tion in the Armada case is to turn Lope's early life topsy-turvy, for, as the marriage belongs to the same period as the production of the '*Arcadia*' and the exile at Valencia, these also must be antedated at least seven years, to the utter dislocation and confusion of the whole story.

One of the absurd results of this arrangement is that the grim old Duke of Alva is made in his seventy-fifth year to figure as a philandering shepherd of pastoral romance. Lope was in the Duke of Alva's service when he wrote the '*Arcadia*,' putting in his patron as the shepherd Anfriso; and this, according to Montalvan's reckoning, which the majority of the biographers accept with all its consequences and without a question, would have been in the lifetime of the great Duke.\* Ticknor, almost the only one who perceived the blunder, points out that a little study of the '*Arcadia*' would have made it impossible, as the book itself more than once refers distinctly to the old Duke as dead, and to his grandson Antonio as the holder of the title and the author's patron; besides which Lope elsewhere mentions the '*Arcadia*' in connection with Duke Antonio. Ticknor himself, however, makes a mistake when he speaks of the '*Arcadia*' as 'written almost immediately after the "*Galatea*" of Cervantes,' i.e. in 1585, for the Duke of that date was not Antonio, but his uncle Fadrique. But the '*Arcadia*' was certainly written between 1588 and 1590, for it contains tributes to the memory of the Marquis of Santa Cruz, whose death was the first of the disasters that befell the Armada; and as Antonio, or Anfriso, is still unmarried when it ends, it must have preceded his marriage in July 1590.

Lope himself declared that his pastoral was a true story, and his friend Quintana, when he described it as presenting in disguise 'souls that are noble and events that really happened,' no doubt expressed the common belief about it. But though well-informed people of the day must have had the key to it, nothing more seems to have been generally known regarding it than that the Duke of Alva was its hero, and, presumably, some love affair of his its foundation. Anfriso, his representative, is the pink and pearl of the young shepherds of Arcadia, and loves and is beloved by Belisarda, a shepherdess of corresponding perfections. Her father, however, has someone else in his eye for her, and Anfriso, yielding to a suspicion of inconstancy in Belisarda, plunges into a flirtation with another shepherdess, partly as a distraction, partly to see what jealousy may do for him.

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\* Among those who adopted this view must be included Southey, in the '*Quarterly Review*,' vol. xviii.; and Ford, in the first edition of the '*Handbook for Spain*,' 1845, p. 555.

His motives being unfortunately misunderstood by Belisarda, she retaliates with a counter-flirtation, and then lets herself be married without any more ado. Anfriso on this has the usual attack of insanity, but his friends call in the local sorceress, who by a course of lectures on the virtues of astrology, rhetoric, poetry, music, logic, arithmetic, and grammar, restores his peace of mind, and conducts him to the Temple of Disillusion, under the influence of which he determines to forswear love and to devote himself for the future to the pursuit of glory, a manly resolution with which the pastoral comes to an end.

Inserted in the pastoral is a poem on the glories of the House of Alva, which ends with a hope that Duke Antonio, in following the footsteps of his ancestors, will not altogether forget the matrimonial traditions of the family. The writer is the shepherd-poet Belardo, a name under which Lope had already written ballads, and wrote many more afterwards, who intimates that his own experiences as a lover match Anfriso's so well that he has interwoven some of them into the narrative, an admission which has led Ticknor to suspect that the 'true story' is Lope's own, and that he merely put in the Duke as hero out of complaisance with his desire to figure in a pastoral. The conjecture is plausible, for there is certainly a family likeness as to story between the 'Dorotea' and the 'Arcadia'; at any rate it was not an unreasonable one when Ticknor wrote, for the second part of Cabrera's 'Filipe Segundo' (1583-98), which puts a different complexion on the matter, still remained unprinted at the date of his last edition. Quintana's words are, it seems, to be taken literally, not in a merely complimentary sense, when he speaks of souls that are noble hidden under a rude covering. The shepherds and shepherdesses of the 'Arcadia' belonged, it would appear, to the nobility, and the basis of the story was in fact a scandal in high life.

From what Cabrera says, we gather that when Antonio succeeded to the title and estates he became an object of competition to a good many noble families with marriageable daughters. He was young—according to Lope, Anfriso was twenty-two, which corresponds with what Cabrera says of Antonio—but he had wary counsellors round him, who impressed it upon him that it was not every day that the head of the Toledos came into the market, that in disposing of himself he was bound to consider the rarity of the article, and that money was very desirable in his case. Philip II., as we know, was not a liberal or a punctual paymaster, and very likely the old Duke's expenditure in Flanders, and the vagaries of

of his scampish son Fadrique, had dipped the Alva estates somewhat. The young Duke saw the force of their arguments, or perhaps had not much will of his own; at all events there was no Arcadian simplicity about his real wooings. Cabrera does not claim to give the details in full; indeed he apologizes for the space he has given to them, pleading the great noise—*ruido*—made by the Duke's matrimonial adventures as his excuse for including them among the events of the time. Of the earlier negotiations he tells us nothing, save that a sister of the Duke of Berganza and a daughter of the Conde de Oropesa were among the candidates; but at the beginning of 1589 a selection was made in favour of Doña Catalina Enriquez de Ribera, daughter of the Duke of Alcalá, and she and the Duke were betrothed, he by proxy. But just then it was ascertained that the Duke of Infantado was open to treaty in respect of his daughter, Doña Mencía de Mendoza, and a split in the Alva council was the consequence. The validity of the betrothal seems to have been doubtful, and on one side it was pointed out that the Mendoza was beyond all comparison the more eligible alliance. The Mendozas could not, indeed, claim a Roman origin, like the Toledos, but they went back to the Iberians, and that was pretty well; there was no more illustrious or wealthy *grande* than the Duke of Infantado, and his bid in the way of a marriage portion was better than the other Duke's. On the other hand it was contended that repudiation would cause a scandal, and, to say nothing of offending many noble families, would be offensive to the King and to the Church. No great stress seems to have been laid on the possibility of the young Duke being in honour bound; perhaps it was felt that the argument was weak and that business was business.

The dispute apparently became a wrangle, into which the highest personages in the realm, Quiroga the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, even the King himself, were sooner or later drawn, and, as the wranglers multiplied, the end grew more remote. The demeanour of the young Duke under this shuttlecock treatment of his future was praiseworthy; his attitude of judicial calm would have done credit to the oldest judge in the kingdom. Once only he was betrayed into onesidedness. When the advantages on the side of Doña Mencía were laid before him, he ventured to take exception to her on the ground that he had seen her, and, to put it plainly, thought her ugly. But the Mendoza advocates, it would appear, showed him that the objection was trivial, and with equal good sense and taste he withdrew it. The balance of equity and fact may have been on the other side, but they, it is clear, were the more



active and energetic party, and they were moreover supported out of doors by the influence of the powerful Mendoza family. At any rate they succeeded in spiring up the young Duke into cutting the knot himself without waiting any longer for a decision that perhaps might never come; for in July 1590 he took horse, saying to his faithful attendants, 'This will be a terrible business,'—words which may remind the student of history of those which Cæsar did not utter on crossing the Rubicon—and rode straight to Guadalajara, where he was received by the Duke of Infantado and the chaplain, and married to Doña Mencía 'right away,' as an American reporter would have truthfully phrased it.

The King, when he heard of it, was furious; his authority had been treated with a contempt that even a constitutional sovereign might resent. It was a case for prompt treatment. The bridegroom was sent to the castle of La Mota, the Duke of Infantado was made a prisoner in his own palace of Guadalajara, the minor conspirators were consigned to quarters more or less uncomfortable according to their rank and complicity, and Spain learned once more that Philip el Prudente was not a safe man to trifle with. At what stage of the proceedings the happy thought of treating them as material for a pastoral romance occurred to Lope, we cannot tell, but it must have been some time before the desperate resolve of the Guadalajara ride was arrived at. The tenor of the fifth book of the 'Arcadia' encourages a suspicion that at one period the Duke may have shown symptoms of revolt, and, egged on perhaps by some of the livelier spirits in his household, may have registered a rash vow to be a bachelor rather than a bone of contention any longer for the Ribera and Mendoza factions. Indeed it is hard to see on what other hypothesis the utterly unpastoral sentiments with regard to love in the last part can be accounted for. If so, he was before long recalled to a sense of his duty, and Lope saw the expedience of trimming his sails, as he did in the hope expressed in the poem already mentioned.

Primarily Lope's aim no doubt was to produce a romance of a kind that was almost as much in vogue as the chivalry romances, and to do what had been done by Montemayor, Perez, Gil Polo, Montalvo, and Cervantes; but his secondary object was, of course, to gratify his patron. Antonio may not have been sensitive, but he must have felt that there was something ridiculous in his position, and he could not but be grateful when he saw it put before him in a romantic light, and himself portrayed as a captivating shepherd in a dilemma between two attractive shepherdesses. If there had been anything of

of the humorist in Lope, or if it were possible to connect the idea of humour with such a work as the 'Arcadia,' we might suspect a substratum of joke underlying the transformation of so frankly businesslike an affair into an episode of pastoral life and love. But Lope had none of the divine sense of the incongruous (unless, as in the 'Gatomaquia,' an aptitude for the mock-heroic be a rudimentary form of it), and he treated the subject in perfect seriousness and good faith, all the more that the Duke's position between Doña Mencía and Doña Catalina allowed him to bring in his own experiences and emotions at the time when he himself was between the two fires of the so-called Marfisa and Dorotea. If all had gone smoothly, the romance would no doubt have been at once presented to the public,—by Lope, as a rival to the 'Dianas,' 'Filidas,' and 'Galateas'; by the Duke, as a kind of elegant apology for any little irregularities in his courtship. But the *ruido*, the row, in fact, made by the explosion of the King's wrath, and the imprisonment and disgrace of so many persons of quality, put that out of the question; and we can well believe that the Duke was more anxious to let the King and the public forget all about his escapade than to remind them of it. At any rate the book did not see the light until after the King's death.\*

All authorities agree in saying that Lope married his first wife, Isabel, daughter of Diego de Urbina, master-at-arms to the King, at the time he was with the Duke of Alva, and the dedication to the Duke of the eclogue on her death and some expressions in it tend to confirm what they say; but there is nothing definite on the point in the 'Arcadia.' It is true that, in a *cancion* inserted in the second book, he laments his impending separation from his sweet lady; but even if this lady was Isabel, which is very doubtful, it by no means follows that she was then his wife, and apparently at the end of the pastoral Belardo is still unmarried, like his friend Anfriso. There is some mystery about the cause of his banishment, and Montalvan *more suo* adds to it in his solicitude for Lope's good name. He speaks of a satire on a would-be hidalgo, who had spoken ill of him behind his back, which led to a duel, but he also vaguely alludes to youthful indiscretions and a secret enemy. Nor is Lope himself much more explicit; in half-a-dozen passages he hints at the treachery of a friend or friends, and in a dozen more at the jealousy and revenge of a woman

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\* Salvá, Barrera, Brunet, Cerdá y Rico, and others, call the edition of 1599 the first, but there is one of 1598 in the Ticknor Library at Boston.

whom he calls Filis, the same person clearly as the Dorotea against whom the astrologer warned Fernando; and in the 'Filomena,' where he calls her Elisa, he speaks of 'love-vengeance disguised as justice.'

It is not difficult to comprehend any degree of revengeful feeling against a man who treated women as Fernando did in the 'Dorotea,' especially when he had capped his offences by committing matrimony. But it is not so easy to see how an ill-used woman could have brought about a sentence of banishment for ten years. Ticknor in his third edition prints a document which, if it does not explain this difficulty, makes other points clear. It is a petition from Lope to the King, dated 1598, setting forth that because of certain satires against one Geronimo Velazquez, *autor de comedias* (i.e. a manager), and others of his house, he, Lope, had been sentenced to ten years' banishment, two of which he suffered in full, and that of the remaining eight (during which he was debarred from approaching within five leagues of Madrid) his Majesty had been graciously pleased to remit the unexpired portion; but that pressing circumstances had forced him to violate the above terms by coming to Madrid, whereby he had incurred penalties from which he now entreated his Majesty to relieve him. The wording of the petition does not leave it quite clear whether the sentence was ten years' banishment from the kingdom, i.e. Castile, which at the end of two was reduced to mere banishment from Madrid and five leagues round it, or ten years made up of two from the kingdom and eight from Madrid; but even in its milder shape it would be Draconian for such an offence as Lope specifies; nor would a duel of the kind Montalvan describes be a material aggravation. There was evidently something more than either of them chooses to disclose.

The whole affair is one of the dark places in Lope's life, and the latest researches, it appears, have failed to throw light upon it. The difference with a manager seems to suggest that already before his banishment Lope had relations of some kind with the Madrid stage; and probably the pressing circumstances were connected with the illness and death of his wife and infant daughter a year or two before this was written. If the endorsed date be correct, and there is no reason whatever for doubting it, the petition by itself disposes of Montalvan's chronology, for of course Lope would not wait till 1598 to ask for relief from penalties incurred before he enlisted in the Armada; but in truth it is not needed to demolish a structure which, no matter where it is touched, falls to pieces at once

once like a house of cards. It tallies, moreover, exactly with what may be deduced from other data, that Lope's marriage and the quarrel, imprisonment, and banishment took place in 1589 or early the next year; and it also explains how it was that Lope, a banished man, could be living undisturbed at Alba de Tormes in 1593-94, as is proved by the original MSS. of four of his plays.

The original sentence of course left him free to settle where he pleased outside Castile, and he made choice of Valencia, a city of many attractions for him. It was then the foremost of the cities of the Peninsula in culture, taking the lead in art, in the drama, and in poetry. Its poets were so many and so redoubtable in wit and mettle that Mercury in the 'Viage del Parnaso' was afraid to take them on board, lest they should revolutionize Parnassus and found an empire of their own. There were men there whom he knew, by name at least—Virués, Gaspar de Aguilár, Tarrega, Artieda, and perhaps the rising star Guillén de Castro, all striving to supply the want of the day, a popular drama. It would have been better for Valencia if Lope had gone elsewhere; for when he had risen to be, as Cervantes says, monarch of the stage, these friends of his exile migrated to his court at Madrid, and the chance of a Valencian school of dramatic art went with them. At the time of his visit Valencia had also taken a lead in printing the little ballad-books which, afterwards put together, made up the famous 'Romancero General.' These differed materially from the older ballad-books printed at Antwerp and Saragossa, in the middle of the century, which were almost exclusively collections of the old popular ballads that had been preserved by oral tradition. Necessarily towards the end of the century the gleanings in this field grew scantier every year, but on the other hand forty years' study of the old ballads had given birth to a new ballad poetry, imitating more or less faithfully the characteristic features of the old one. The imitation was rarely, if ever, prompted by any thought of deception; it no more pretended to be the work of the old wandering minstrel poets than our modern Gothic churches and townhalls pretend to be thirteenth-century buildings; all that it laid claim to was the *estilo de romances*, the form and spirit of the old national popular poetry, and, with these limitations, it rather plumed itself on its modernity. Very soon the new ballad poetry became quite as popular as the old, which it surpassed in variety of subject and enormously exceeded in bulk; to it, in fact, Spain owes the colossal proportions of her ballad literature, where the genuine, traditional, and, in the strict sense of the word,

word, popular ballads are not more than a tenth of the whole.

This new ballad poetry formed the staple of the 'Flores de Romances,' as the books were called, the first of which came out, it seems, at Valencia in 1589; and into this four or five ballads by Lope, written apparently two or three years back, had already found their way. To the second and third parts, which appeared in 1591, after he had taken up his abode there, he contributed others, and from this time until near the close of the century, when plays were more in his line than ballads, he was a regular and, as we learn, a highly valued contributor to the successive parts of the series, wherever they were printed. It was as a writer of ballads, in fact, that he won his spurs; in one of the later parts we are told that all the world praises Belardo's pieces, and the only rival mentioned is 'the Cordoves,' i.e. Gongora, though there are ballads by nearly every poet of the time, Cervantes included; but his, which, with one exception, he candidly admits he thinks execrable, do not, perhaps, count for much. Among Gongora's contributions are to be found the best things he ever wrote, the ballads and *letrillas* in the simple, graceful, playful style that belonged to him before he became a hanger-on at court and a fashionable poet; and between them and Lope's there is very much the same difference that there is between the work of a Lucknow goldsmith and the jewellery in the window of a Palais Royal *or* *severe*. The brilliancy, glitter, and neatness of workmanship in Lope's poetry catch the eye at once, but a sort of machine-made sameness of execution and ornamentation becomes apparent as soon as the details are examined.

The new ballad poetry was strongest in the pastoral and the Moorish branches,—a distinction without a difference, perhaps, for a stroke or two of the pen turns the one into the other: as Wolf says, we have only to change Lisardo into Audalla and Celia into Xarifa to make a Moorish ballad out of a pastoral; which last was the form chiefly affected by Lope. These ballads throw but little light on his life, but that little falls on the obscurest part of it. Four or five apparently belong to the period of the 'Dorotea,' before he had broken with Filis, and before Belisa—Isabel de Urbina, that is—came on the scene, and two or three are addressed to Belisa, to assure her that Filis has no longer a place in his heart. One of these is misinterpreted by Ticknor, who supposes it to be addressed to Filis, whereas it is a distinct declaration to 'his beloved shepherdess' that he retains no lingering affection for Filis. But the others, bearing on his banishment, marriage, and life at Valencia, must have

have been written within a short time of their appearance in print, and, as Ticknor suspected, expressly for the ballad-books. The first reference to his banishment is in the form of a dialogue, in which Lisardo—evidently his lifelong friend Claudio Conde, who was his comrade in the Armada, and accompanied him to Valencia—strives to console Belardo, 'Filis's shepherd that was,' with 'the kind of comfort the healthy always give the sick.' This, which was obviously written at Valencia very soon after he came there, was printed in 1591; and in that year, in a ballad by another hand, Rosanio says he is quitting Madrid of his own accord, 'lest they should banish him as they have banished Belardo.' In the 'Flor de Romances,' Part 6, 1593, there is a fanciful description of his garden at Valencia, and of the scarecrow he dressed up out of the finery of his dandy soldier days, which reminds him of how he passed along the street one day in all the bravery of this apparel, and how he was quizzed by 'a black-browed damsel' on a balcony, and how he married her, and how the dark lady who had been his queen 'in Troy,' as soon as she heard of his delinquency, made a bonfire of his letters in revenge. The dark lady was of course Filis, *alias* Dorotea, and she and her revenge, which it appears went farther than burning letters, are referred to in the ballads much oftener than Belisa and his marriage. Of that we learn more from a sonnet (one of the 200 in the 'Rimas' of 1602) on the death of his infant daughter Theodora, 'the consolation of his exile and the heavenly image of his Belisa'; which, by the way, misleads Ticknor still more strangely than the ballad above mentioned, for he takes Theodora to have been Belisa's mother. A disconsolate sonnet on the loss of a mother-in-law might be a curiosity, but that is hardly the word for a mother-in-law who died before completing her first year, which is the age given in the appended Latin epitaph. But, as a matter of fact, the name of Lope's mother-in-law was Magdalena, and she died ten years after this sonnet was printed.

There may be some significance in Lope's comparative silence as regards his wife. Possibly the love he bore her was too real to be tricked out with conceits and euphuisms, and he could not bring himself to apply to her the language that came natural to him when gallivanting with Filis. There is, it is true, a good deal that is artificial in the eclogue upon her death, but artificiality was a condition of the sixteenth century eclogue, and in this case he could not well avoid it, being only joint author with his friend Pedro de Medinilla. A better measure of his feelings is to be found in his ballad on visiting her

her grave a year after her death. Tears are abundant in Lope's verse, so much so that the reader after a while troubles himself as little about their reality as about the rosy wine quaffed from gilt pasteboard goblets at a stage banquet. But here, for once at least, they are real. It is one of those bright spring days when all nature seems to be exulting in the renewal of life and youth, and adds to sorrow the sense of being a thing excommunicated and out of place. The old theme is dealt with in a few simple touches,—the cheery songs of the birds overhead, the bees at work among the flowers, the fresh green of the trees bursting into leaf, and the lonely man weeping by the grave-side with the lambs frisking round him. For once Lope's hand forgets its cunning and avoids ornamental trickery.

In what year he lost his wife is uncertain, nor is there any clue to the exact date of this ballad. According to the 'Dorotea,' he was left a widower seven years after marriage, and the 'Eclogue to Claudio' mentions the same period, which would give 1596, or thereabouts. Nor is it easier to fix the date of his subsequent marriage with Doña Juana de Guardo. Ticknor gives 1597, but no authority; Barrera far more consistently places it about 1603, and from what he says it seems probable that money considerations had something to do with it. There is good reason for suspecting that Lope's second marriage was not as harmonious as his first. It is true that he applies tender epithets to his wife in two or three places, but there is a somewhat perfunctory, matter-of-course air about them, and the tone of his letters to the Duke of Sessa, quoted by Schack, is certainly not that of a loving husband, though possibly they do not bear the construction he and Ticknor put upon them, and may refer merely to an invalid's fretfulness, and not to family dissensions. But nothing can be clearer than that the poor lady had ample cause for unhappiness. At the very beginning of their married life he was carrying on—and without the grace to conceal it—an intrigue with one Maria de Luxan, by whom he had two children, the Marcela already mentioned, and a son, Lope. Among the 200 printed in 1602 there is a curious sonnet which has never been noticed by any biographer. In it he contrasts his lot with that of Jacob, who had only to endure Leah for seven years to secure his union with Rachel, while he was bound to a Leah that cut him off from Rachel for ever. Lope was not, like Browning, given to throwing imaginary sentiments into a dramatic form, and is here, apparently, speaking in his own person, and as a man married to a woman he was tired of and in hot pursuit of another. If the sonnet had been written after his second marriage, we could understand it:

it: as it is, it suggests that he was inconstant even to his beloved Belisa. Some amatory pursuit seems to have been almost a necessity to him. In 1596 we find him involved with a certain Doña Antonia Trillo, and for some years afterwards in the society of one 'Lucinda.' With each glimpse that we get of him the likeness to Fernando of the 'Dorotea' grows stronger and stronger.

It will be seen that the inconsistencies and confusion in the story of Lope's life as told by his biographers disappear under the light of his own writings, which, with a few necessary adjustments, serve to correct the well-meant falsifications of Montalvan. The common account of his parentage, boyhood, and education is probably true in the main. It is a mistake, no doubt, to speak of his family as noble, as some biographers do, nor indeed does he himself make any such claim for it. It was apparently a family *de solar conocido*, as a Spanish genealogist would have said, with a *casa solar* that had stood for several generations on the Vega de Carriedo near Santander, but it was nothing more. The escutcheon with the nineteen castles, engraved under his early portraits, which drew upon him the banter of Gongora, Cervantes and others, was the Carpio shield, as he himself admits in the 'Arcadia,' and his right to it is more than doubtful; and surely, if he had had the necessary qualification of *hidalguia*, he would have received the order of Santiago, an honour conferred on his successor Calderon almost at the very outset of his career. His own statements are, no doubt, sometimes a little contradictory. In one of his epistles he speaks of having been on the point of taking holy orders while he was at the University of Alcalá, but in the 'Dorotea' Fernando says he was sent to Alcalá at the age of ten and left it at seventeen, rather too young to have been on the verge of the priesthood. But then it should be borne in mind that, in order to fit Fernando for the rôle of the interesting lover, it was necessary to make him some years younger than the original of the portrait. The probability is that Lope was in reality sent to Alcalá when he was between fourteen and fifteen, and left it at about nineteen or twenty to join the expedition to the Azores. Fernando says several times that his *liaison* with Dorotea has lasted five years, that he has been for five years learning in the University of Love, and that he had been her lover from seventeen to twenty-two. There cannot be a doubt that these five years are the years between Lope's return from Terceira and his departure to join the Armada, 17 and 22 of Fernando's counting as 21 and 26 of Lope's. There is, in fact, no other explanation possible; and with this the other incidents in his life, the Alva  
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and Arcadia episode, his marriage, mysterious banishment, life at Valencia, connection with the ballad books, apparent nomad existence for a season, down to his second marriage, all fall into their places and fit together like the parts of a dissected map.

With Lope's second marriage his *Wanderjahre* come to a close, and his reign as king of the stage and 'Phoenix of Spain' begins. During his exile he had been an industrious playwright, as the list of plays in the 'Peregrino' shows, and, by carefully studying the tastes of the playgoing public, he had solved the problem of a popular drama. How complete and rapid his success had been is best shown by the address delivered in 1602, 'The new Art of writing Comedies,'—virtually the manifesto of a triumphant dictator, a dramatic Napoleon who, while professing the profoundest respect for the sovereign will of the public, scarcely cared to hide his contempt for its intelligence or its taste, which foreign critics, he says, justly called barbarous; or to disguise the fact that he owed his power to his knowledge and adroit manipulation of its weaknesses. From this time onward his life was merely a succession of triumphs, won by his marvellous gifts and, as Cervantes adds, his unceasing industry,—his life abroad, that is,—for at home it was a succession of sorrows. His little son Carlos, whom he idolized, was taken from him at the age of seven; he lost his wife; his daughter Marcela against his wish persisted in taking the veil and became dead to him; and her brother Lope, who young as he was had given proof of having inherited something of his father's poetic faculty, became a soldier and was drowned at sea.

If we can believe Montalvan, his wife's death changed the whole course of his life. In a passage which is a choice specimen of *culto* fustian, he dilates upon Lope's meditations on the evanescence of beauty and the vanity of all things, which led to a resolution not to risk marriage again, but to renounce the world and all its allurements and devote himself for the future to the welfare of his soul, free from all mundane impediments. Lope's desolation is hardly in keeping with the tone of his letters written only a few months before, but Montalvan is so far borne out that very soon after this he took orders. The letters referred to are among the vast number he wrote to the Duke of Sessa, who was his staunch friend while he lived and gave him the funeral of a prince when he died. A not unnatural fear that the publication of confidential letters like these might be prejudicial to Lope's reputation kept them from the press, with the inevitable consequence of exaggerated reports of the revelations they contained. It was said, for instance, that Lope habitually acted as pimp in the amours  
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of his noble friend. In 1876, however, 48 letters, transcribed some time before, were printed with the somewhat suggestive title of 'Últimos Amores de Lope de Vega revelados por el mismo,' and these showed that the story rested simply upon the fact that the Duke in inditing his love-letters used to avail himself of the practised hand and fascinating style of his poetical friend, and that even this assistance was withdrawn. In an almost pathetic letter Lope entreats the Duke to excuse him from rendering this friendly service for the future, as his confessor has assured him it is a mortal sin. The Duke seems to have laughed at the confessor as over-nice, for Lope's next is firmer. With all his affection and respect for his friend, he cannot oblige him; his confessor tells him he is imperilling his soul, and refuses him absolution. The confessor, however, was a larger-minded man than the Duke took him to be, for at this time Lope, priest as he was, was living in adultery with another man's wife. It is almost amusing, in the light of these revelations, to read the reflections of his biographers. Ticknor, speaking of him a few years earlier, says, 'He was no longer at an age to be deluded by his passions'; and, according to M. Ernest Lafond, 'Son âge mûr et sa vieillesse ont racheté ce passé tumultueux.'

His withdrawal from the world did not secure him from the attractions, personal and mental, of a woman, the wife of a man from whom she was separated, into whose society Lope was thrown about three years after taking orders. He seems to have struggled; and indeed all through the letters, little as he deserves pity, it is impossible to withhold it from the exhibition of his sufferings under the stings of conscience; but the Fernando temperament proved too strong in the end. In 1617 a daughter was born to him, and the description of the solemn farce of the christening that followed is a veritable *bonnebouche* for readers of a cynical turn. In compliment to Lope, the Duke of Sessa was godfather, though shyness, excusable perhaps under the circumstances, made him send his son and heir to represent him; and with a gravity that strikes one as positively stupendous, the infant was formally baptized as the legitimate daughter of its mother's husband,—a decorous reception into the Church which to Lope as a devout churchman was very gratifying. This daughter had, it is believed, no slight influence on her father's closing years. She grew up with the graces of mind and body of both her parents, and he was proud of her beauty and talents and loved her as the child of his old age. But it seems to have been a fatality with Lope's offspring to run counter to his wishes, and against his will she

she took to the stage, and was lured away from him by a titled hanger-on of the theatre. Montalvan, with his usual air of mystery when he approaches Lope's inner life, speaks of two sorrows a year or two before his death that intensified the hypochondria under which he laboured and drove him into practices of asceticism that cannot but have shortened his days,—an allusion of exactly the sort that might have been expected in a case like this. The other sorrow Barrera suspects to have been the sudden death of his son Lope.

These letters, extracts from which make up more than two-thirds of Barrera's work, are not without touches of a more agreeable kind, and interesting references to men of the time. Those who know the Velazquez portrait in the Museo at Madrid or the engraved one in Churton's 'Gongora' will best take in Lope's meaning when he says, *à-propos* of a visit from the poet, 'Gongora fué mas humano conmigo.' Lope himself, too, shows here and there in a pleasanter light than usual. Jealousy of all rivals in literature or in the good graces of a patron is commonly said to have been a prominent ingredient in his character, but in more than one letter he is found warmly and generously pleading the cause of Espinel, then on his way to Madrid—probably, from the date, to try his luck with 'Marcos de Obregon,'—and urging his own special patron, the Duke, to befriend a man whose genius made him worthy of any favour that might be extended to him.

Lope's inveterate jealousy has been often put forward as the cause of his quarrel, if it may be so called, with Cervantes, though a Lopeist might very well retort upon a Cervantist that jealousy was not a judicious word to import into a case where the parties were a dramatist who had conspicuously failed and a dramatist who had brilliantly succeeded. Rather too much has been made of Lope's words about Cervantes and 'Don Quixote' in a letter to the old Duke of Sessa. If all *obiter dicta* on new books in the confidential letters of authors to their intimate friends were to be made public, we suspect there would be a good deal of high-toned moralizing in the land of the Philistines on the chemical action of culture and literature on the milk of human kindness. Looking at the matter fairly without taking either side, Cervantist or Lopeist, we must allow that Lope had cause enough for irritation, even if he was unaware of the gibes in the preface and preliminary verses. He had given no provocation, and Cervantes had gone out of his way to make an attack upon him, for chap. xlviii. is dragged in by the head and shoulders. The language was in admirable taste, courteous, and even complimentary, but for all that

that he found himself pilloried in company with the purveyors of nonsense and pelted with accusations of absurdity, silliness, and lewdness, and indeed pointed at as the chief of sinners, inasmuch as he sinned against light. It is no great wonder if bitter words escaped him in private about the man and the book that showed him up in this way, and these are the only ones that can be brought up against him. The only other charge is that he never praised 'Don Quixote' in print. Why should he? Even if he had no personal ground for dislike, the whole aim of the book was to ridicule things he loved and believed in. It may be conceded that a magnanimous insincerity would have been better than silence. But this will not satisfy the Cervantists, who, with the want of logic that seems to be inseparable from partisanship, insist upon it that the absence of magnanimity is the same thing as the presence of malignity. This is the only foundation that Don Ramon Leon Mainez has for his wild theory that Lope wrote the continuation to 'Don Quixote,' printed under the name of Avellaneda,—a theory without a shred of evidence to support it, as he himself shows, and inconsistent with the character of the book, to say nothing of the fact that it involves the impossibility of a brave soldier, which Lope was, whatever else he may have been, taunting another with having lost his hand at the battle of Lepanto.

If the Cervantists wanted a charge against Lope, they might have taxed him with ingratitude, for in truth no man owed so much to 'Don Quixote' as he did. It came just in the nick of time to clear the stage for him. Chivalric romance was long past its prime, but it had years enough of life in it to be a formidable competitor to a young drama, which, however brilliant and successful its *début* had been, had still to win its way to complete popularity. So long as there were Moors and a Moorish frontier in the land, there was no lack of excitement for the Spanish people; but after that supply had been cut off by the capture of Granada, the want began to be felt, and a substitute was sought in the romances of chivalry, which consequently increased and multiplied prodigiously, and, as Cervantes shows, extended their influence to all classes. When he swept them away, the readers whom he had deprived of their accustomed stimulant had no choice but to turn to Lope and the new drama, which they found in time to be no bad substitute. Lope's drama was in fact the successor of chivalric romance; it met the same want in the same way, appealed to the same tastes and instincts, and relied for success upon the same means.

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The only man, perhaps, who can be fairly said to resemble Lope de Vega is Feliciano de Silva, the most typical, the most prolific, and certainly the most popular of all the Spanish chivalric romance writers. His invention rose to any demand upon it, whether it was to extricate his hero from a hopeless adventure or plunge him into a fresh one; his facility of production was extraordinary; he faced improbabilities, absurdities and extravagances, unrestrained by any half-hearted timidity; he knew the public he wrote for, and how to adapt himself to its leanings and likings; and beyond a doubt, had he been called upon to declare his creed as a craftsman, a 'New Art of Chivalry Romance' under his hand would have agreed in all its principles and precepts with Lope's 'New Art of Comedy.' Lope brought to his task as founder of a national popular drama the same gifts,—that is, in kind, for never probably, since the world began, has there been a man gifted in the same degree as Lope de Vega. His marvellous powers of production are no doubt the endowment that appeals most strongly to the imagination. It has been often compared to the faculty of improvisation, but the comparison does scant justice to its range. The improvisator's faculty is far more a matter of language and practice than an individual gift; Lope's is more akin to the class of exceptional, abnormal gifts, like that of Mezzofanti, for example. But it is only one among others, and not the most important among them. A three-act play written in a shorter time than it afterwards took a transcriber to copy it is sufficiently wonderful; but the wonder of it is beyond measure increased when it is found to be written throughout in easy, flowing, graceful, musical verse which, if it never rises into poetry, never by any chance descends into doggerel, and written, moreover, with a fertility of invention that never fails, and with a consummate neatness of workmanship and an ingenuity of construction that would be admirable in a composition that was the result of long labour and careful study. It was this union of abnormal gifts in Lope that led Cervantes to call him *el monstruo de naturaleza*—an epithet which aptly expresses the wonder with which he evidently filled the minds of his contemporaries, and the feeling of something like awe with which they regarded the possession of powers so nearly approaching the preternatural.

To us, perhaps, Lope remains as great a wonder as he was to his contemporaries and fellow-countrymen; but we can hardly be expected to share in their profound veneration for gifts that in our eyes belong more properly to the mechanic than to the artist. To them Lope was the greatest of all poets;

to

to us it is a question whether he was a poet at all. He wrote a prodigious quantity of unexceptionable verse ; but if we look for something that is more than excellent verse we find nothing, unless it be perhaps two or three little lyrics in the 'Shepherds of Bethlehem,' and one or two short pieces like the ballad on his wife's grave, and most certainly nothing but accurate verse in those longer and more ambitious works that he and his school regarded as poetry of the highest order. It is the same if we look for evidence of imagination. A boundless, masterful invention makes itself manifest almost everywhere in his dramatic works, and sometimes an invention that seems to hold out a promise of imagination ; but it is a promise that is never kept.

It almost savours of profanity to question Lope's claim to the supreme gift of all, or of paradox to suggest that achievements like his could have been possible without the aid of genius. And yet the only test that we can safely trust fails to detect it. In Lope's writings we never find ourselves face to face with that indefinable thing which, wherever we meet it, in whatever shape or personality it may present itself, always forces us to do reverence to it. Often as we stop to admire his brilliancy and wonder at the fertility of his invention, we never feel moved to uncover to Lope de Vega. But the Spanish play-going public did not want genius. The *vulgo* that hissed Alarcon would have served Shakespeare or Molière the same way. It knew perfectly well what it wanted, and would take nothing else, whatever the advocates of art and propriety might say. In its pursuit of amusement or excitement the Spanish public has never yet allowed itself to be browbeaten by taunts of barbarism from critics, native or foreign. How to satisfy a public of this temper was the problem that Lope had to face, and in his solution of it is to be found the best measure of his gifts and powers. His genius declared itself not in his works but in his work. He put no creations on the stage, but he created a drama, national, popular, unique, representative of its own land and unindebted to any other. This is what justifies—if any justification be required—the spirited and patriotic undertaking of the Spanish Royal Academy, and entitles it to the gratitude of the students of dramatic art and literature of all nationalities.

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- ART. X.—1. *The Tragedy of the Cæsars. A Study of the Characters of the Cæsars of the Julian and Claudian Houses.* By Sabine Baring-Gould. 2 vols. London, 1892.
2. *Tacite et son Siècle : ou la Société Romaine Impériale d'Auguste aux Antonins dans ses rapports avec la Société Moderne.* Par E. P. Dubois-Guchan. 2 vols. Paris, 1861.
3. *The Annals of Tacitus.* Edited by Henry Furneaux. 2 vols. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1884 and 1891.
4. *Catiline, Clodius, and Tiberius.* By E. S. Beesly. London, 1878.

‘THE Tragedy of the Cæsars’ is the taking title which Mr. Baring-Gould, with an eye to effect, has chosen for his elaborate study of character among the earlier Roman Emperors. Nor can he be accused of parading in this a mere catch-penny phrase. To every lover of his country, whether a Cæsarian or a partisan of the Senate, the story of the principate must have seemed, as early as the later days of Nero, to have possessed all the elements of genuine tragedy, only that the one would have regarded it as a sad example of dramatic irony, the other of unrelenting Nemesis. Mr. Baring-Gould is not merely a fervent but—if we may be allowed the word—a perservid Cæsarian. To him the fall from the opening millennium under Julius to the unchaining of the devil under Nero resolves itself into the doom of the Imperial family, the curse of hereditary insanity. Let this be assumed as the key to the enigma, and we unquestionably have the materials for a gigantic tragedy, working itself out on a vaster and more conspicuous stage than was ever conceived by the brain of a dramatist.

Now this theory of insanity is an attempt to account for much that seems absolutely to bewilder any reader when he tries to realize the extraordinary world depicted by Tacitus or Suetonius. It is neither a new nor an entirely baseless one; in fact, in the case of Gaius, it has very strong probability. Like much else, too, that has since been written about the earlier Emperors, it may be found in substance in De Quincey’s celebrated series of essays on ‘The Cæsars.’ In the Preface to his tenth volume (printed as a Postscript in Professor Masson’s edition) he says downright, ‘A taint of insanity certainly prevailed in the blood of the earlier Cæsars,’ though he somewhat weakens the ground of his own diagnosis by admitting that ‘the largest licence might have been properly allowed to a bold spirit of incredulity’—about the very facts on the enormity of which the charge of insanity mainly depends. Mr. Baring-Gould is somewhat more consistent in one part of his work, but less

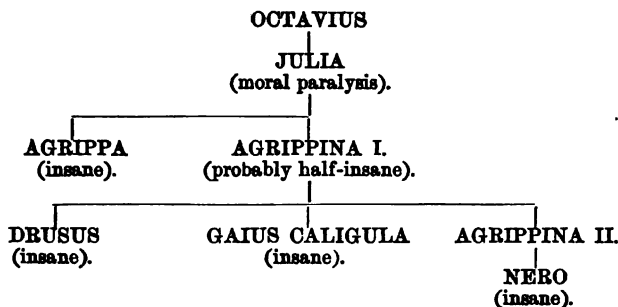
less so in the other. Having a natural bias rather towards dramatic imagination than sternly critical history, he puts all the lights in the first half of his picture in order to deepen the shadows of the other half.

‘Crimina rasis

Librat in antithetis.’

Julius, Augustus, and Tiberius appear very white, in order that Gaius, Claudius, and Nero may be by contrast even more than traditionally black.

How far Mr. Baring-Gould is prepared to go in his theory is best shown by a curious little table (ii. 9), which, as he says, ‘surely speaks for itself,’ provided, that is (as he does not say), that the facts stated therein are sufficiently attested. Here it is:—



The omissions as well as the inclusions of this table should be noticed. If ‘moral paralysis’ be a proof of hereditary insanity in Julia, which of the ladies of the Imperial house—unless it be Octavia—would not have to be added to the list? And, again, the ‘probable half-insanity’ of Agrippina the elder and the insanity of Agrippa and Drusus require much more careful examination of the evidence than they receive in order to bear the weight that is thus put upon them. On the other hand, Mr. Baring-Gould must be ‘astonished at his own moderation’ for not including Agrippina the younger among the insane, or at least the morally paralysed. The explanation, perhaps, is that the victims of Nero must be so treated as to heighten the tragic effect of his madness in the story of their deaths.

It is scarcely surprising, therefore, if Mr. Baring-Gould, himself a novelist of powerful and somewhat gloomy imagination, has marshalled his facts, with this end in view, more for their impressiveness than their critical value. He makes, however, a remarkable exception in the case of Tiberius. Instead of letting himself be led away, as might perhaps have been expected, by the unquestionably dramatic though



morally impossible portrait drawn by Tacitus, he has not only resisted the temptation, but devoted himself to clearing away the slanders with unusual thoroughness; and his Appendix to the second volume in vindication of Tiberius is the most painstaking piece of writing in the whole work. So the Emperors come out neatly arranged on a sort of Ebal and Gerizim: the first three, virtuous, merciful, and wise; the last three, debauched, murderous, and either idiotic or insane.

But the originality of this very interesting—if somewhat provoking—work consists not in its acceptance, or even its large development, of the theory of insanity among the Cæsars, but in its use of portraiture as a sufficient source or test of history. The work, as its sub-title indicates, is biographical rather than historical; a study of the character of the first six Emperors rather than of the early Empire. Mr. Baring-Gould believes that where available historians are untrustworthy, a character can be accurately deciphered from coins or busts. He says:—

‘When I have come to know intimately one whose face I have thus explored, it has been instructive to compare the man as I have found him with the man I imagined him, to correct errors in interpretation and supplement deficiencies in observation.’

Accordingly the principal feature of the work is the fine *series* of illustrations, 117 in all, from busts, coins, or cameos, for the most part excellently reproduced, which—even without any letter-press—would give the book a permanent interest and value. The illustrations are thus not a mere embellishment, but an essential part of the work, the lantern-slides to which Mr. Baring-Gould proposes to act as interpreter. As the line of dignified figures, from Sulla to Seneca, from Julius to Nero, passes before his eye, the scholar may perhaps think of the ‘*Hebdomades, sive de imaginibus*,’\* of Varro, the earliest portrait-album known in the world; the most fascinating, probably, if we could but recover it, of all the lost works of antiquity.

Now, on this use of classical portraits, invaluable as it unquestionably is within certain limits, two fairly obvious cautions will occur to most of those who have had to deal with ancient busts or coins. The first is that busts are but rarely attested by a certain contemporary inscription, and therefore need rigorous verification and general acceptance before they can possibly be admitted not merely to supplement but to modify or upset definite written evidence. Like other witnesses, they need full cross-examination. The other, which applies rather to the coins, is how far can these heads of the Cæsars or other great person-

\* Pliny, *Hist. Nat.*, xxxv. 2, 11; Cicero, *ad Att.*, xvi. 11, 3.

ages be admitted as portraits at all? Realistic portraiture was neither understood nor attempted in the earlier heads of this series, some of which were not even struck in the lifetime of the person depicted, and, in the cases of ladies especially, was probably thought a vulgarization until a later date than Nero.

Of these cautions Mr. Baring-Gould is of course aware, but to neither of them does he seem to have given sufficient heed. Thus, 'the Ciceros in the Museums' are said to 'stand or fall according as they agree with the inscribed bust at Madrid.' But the inscription on the Madrid bust is now found not to belong to the head, so that with it goes all certainty as to any existing likeness of Cicero. The bust of a Pontifex Maximus, apparently seventy years old at least, in the Museo Chiaramontino, has no ground for being regarded as of the great Dictator—who was murdered at fifty-five—beyond a certain Roman type of face; yet Mr. Baring-Gould merely says that 'hard warfare and many cares had aged Cæsar beyond his years,' a fact of which no evidence is even alleged. The Farnese *Agrippina Seduta*, at Naples, seems to be a woman of sixty, who has lost several of her teeth, and Bernouilli rejects the idea of its being the portrait of a woman who was murdered at forty-four; but Mr. Baring-Gould, who is certainly not lacking in confidence in his own intuition, says, 'For my part, *I have no hesitation in saying that it is the younger Agrippina.*' So, too, about the coins. Mr. Baring-Gould (i. p. 2) is aware of their grave defects as portraits, yet in nearly all cases they are taken as if they were safe starting-points for the attribution of busts. In the case of the Cæsars, where the coins are very numerous, a certain amount of fixed agreement can be extracted by care, after all variations have been eliminated; but in the coins of lesser men, and of ladies throughout, their use for determining a bust is very slight, and needs the greatest caution. Still, when all drawbacks are admitted, this portion of Mr. Baring-Gould's work is the one which gives the most satisfaction, though his imagination as an interpreter is sometimes allowed to outrun his critical discretion. The great advantage of this power of deciding character by intuition is that it enables the interpreter to confirm or dismiss evidence without further trouble. Thus Mr. Baring-Gould not only transcribes Mommsen's summing up of the character of Julius at full length, but confirms it in a way at which that great historian would probably stand aghast. For example, the general magnanimity of Cæsar may be taken as thoroughly established, with some marked exceptions in the case of revolted towns or tribes, where he probably held that prompt severity would mean least cruelty in the end. More than this,

however, might have been ascertained at once, and without any trouble about evidence, since (i. p. 115)

‘Cæsar’s face had, when in repose, the sweet, sad, patient smile, the reserve of power in the lips, and that far-off look into the heavens as of one searching the unseen, and trusting in the Providence that reigned there. . . . *One has but to look at the delicately formed lower portion of the face to see that in Cæsar there was not only the highest refinement of culture, but also a patience, a forbearance, a charity that would be sublime even in a Christian.*’

So, too, with Cicero (i. 34), it is unnecessary to read his voluminous works in order to find him out as the champion trimmer. We have only to look at the Madrid bust (now, unfortunately, as we have shown, discredited), and see a head

‘much that of an English parson intellectually able, who is on the look-out for a deanery and is careful to avoid pronounced opinions—can tell a good story, preach a good sermon, likes to associate with titled persons, loves his glass of port, but will preside at a temperance meeting.’

The vindication of Tiberius would have occurred much earlier if any one with this intuitional gift had merely noticed (i. p. 382), ‘in the galleries of Rome, of Naples, Florence, Paris, the beautiful face of Tiberius, with that intellectual brow and sensitive mouth, looking pleadingly at the passer-by, as though seeking for some [one] who would unlock the secret of his story, and vindicate his much-aspersed memory.’

And it is needless to say that the ‘crazy ambition’ of Gaius, the ‘puzzle-headed bewilderment’ of Claudius, and the ‘acute mania’ of Nero, are all triumphantly pointed out by Mr. Baring-Gould on their busts. So ‘the tragedy of the Cæsars’ ends in almost universal mania.

‘The last drops of the united blood of Octavius, of Agrippa, and of Livia, were sopped up (*sic*) by the old ragged coverlet in Phaon’s villa. Intermarriage had led to the natural consequences. The germs of disease that might have been dissipated by the admixture of fresh and vigorous blood were accumulated in the Cæsarean stock by consanguineous marriages, till all the members to the last perished, either as madmen, or as victims to the mad fears of their blood relatives and natural protectors. What three men of genius or ability had built up by their labour and self-control, three men in their madness or incapacity had cast down. . . . Herod had accepted the homage that was due to God alone, and was smitten with corruption. So also did Augustus accept divine honours; so, but with regret, once did Tiberius; so frankly, defiantly did Caius and Nero, and so languidly did Claudius. And the house that exalted itself to heaven was smitten down and extirpated to the last member.’ (ii. p. 255.)

Here

Here we have indeed a theme that must have been fascinating to the imagination of the author of 'Mehalah.' But it requires an easy acceptance or an easier rejection of our only authorities, not according to their tested soundness, but simply according as they coincide with or contradict our preconceived tragedy.

We, on the contrary, maintain that the one thing necessary for a sane understanding of this apparently mad world, the early Roman Empire, is such an appreciation of the warping influences on the mind of Tacitus as to enable us to see, what the facts he relates would appear like when not refracted through this distorting medium. For Shakespeare has not more firmly fixed the popular idea of Richard Crookback than Tacitus that of Tiberius and Nero. Without his overpowering force the stories of Suetonius and Dio would have been rightly regarded as for the most part worthless *chroniques scandaleuses*, and the Emperors would have been allowed to be human beings, of varying degrees of goodness or badness, and not the impossible monsters whom the great writer makes to pass across his gloomy stage. There is an interesting passage, as of a keen observer, in Mme. de Staël's works, quoted by M. Dubois-Guchan in the elaborate essay which we have included among the books named at the head of this article:—

'Il est remarquable qu'aucun historien, que Tacite lui-même, ne nous dise pas par quels moyens, par quelle opinion, par quel ressort social les plus atroces et les plus stupides empereurs gouvernaient Rome sans rencontrer aucun obstacle même pendant leur absence. . . . Que de questions philosophiques l'on pourrait faire aux meilleurs historiens de l'antiquité, dont ils n'ont pas résolu une seule!'

If the people of Rome were really under a reign of terror during the early Empire, their conduct seems more than Oriental in its passivity. The provinces, at any rate, regarded themselves as having, on the contrary, just escaped from one, the grip of the avaricious and unstatesmanlike Senate. We propose to devote the remainder of this article to tracing some of the causes, both in the case of Tacitus and others, which have combined to load with infamy the memory of the earlier Cæsars, especially from Tiberius to Nero.

There are two legitimate methods of writing history, the *naïf*, or straightforward method of the chronicler, and the reflective method of the philosophical historian; both are alike sus-

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\* 'De la Littérature dans ses rapports avec les Institutions Sociales,' ch. vi.  
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ceptible of critical and of artistic treatment, and neither is entitled entirely to supersede the other.

In the former the main object from first to last is to give a narrative of events as they actually occurred. Criticism thus at once steps in to determine the probability, the sequence, and the details of the events to be narrated; and it is often forgotten that it is just as necessary for contemporary or recent events as for the most legendary period of antiquity. For artistic treatment, as in painting, the one thing necessary is a right judgment of selection. The author must have a true eye for epoch-making persons and events. Of this class of history the best examples in the classics are the whole of Herodotus and the better parts of Livy, such as the narrative of the Second Punic War. At the other end of the scale comes the Byzantine Chronicler, who gives a chronicle of events without any sense of proportion whatever, and for whom the loss of a province and the consecration of a church are of equal importance. In this class, both at its best and its worst, the centre around which the narrative tends to group itself is a personal one—the sequence is mainly a sequence of biographies.

In the second of the types, on the other hand, the central object is an idea. The author takes some portion of history—by preference a detachable episode,—and so relates it as to show that the sequence of events illustrates some leading principle. Of the second type Thucydides and Tacitus are the greatest examples, and both, unhappily, have come down to us in incomplete form, the one truncated, the other mutilated, and in neither have we the conclusion which presumably gathered the scattered threads together. In both cases, however, the plan is clearly traceable, though both authors, whether by instinct or by education, had far too great artistic sense to make the central idea a mere peg on which to hang the narrative. The gradual evolution of events is made to tell its own tale. Each has its place in the development of the drama; each adds some touch to its completeness. Every chapter of the ‘Annals’ is a scene from ‘The Tragedy of the Cæsars.’

We are not, perhaps, entitled to say that this *motif* was consciously present in so definite a shape to the mind of Tacitus; still less that it would have been written for all to read. Even under Trajan or Hadrian it might have been dangerous openly to teach the doctrine that the principate carried a curse with it. Had the presentment of this teaching that he found in history been his object instead of his clue, the fact that *decora ingenia* had already told of the reign of Augustus would hardly have deterred him from beginning at the beginning, with the overthrow

overthrow of the *res publica* by Cæsar. To him, exactly as to Lucan, the *πρώταρχος ἄτη*, the irretrievable step of mad self-will, would have been the passage of the Rubicon, after which the attendant troop of Furies never left the house. The fate of Julius with his schemes unfinished, the secret misery of Augustus in his success, the agonizing self-torment of Tiberius, the blood-thirst of Gaius, and the contemptible helplessness of Claudius, form a climax of disaster which to a Roman must have seemed to culminate at last in the wanton outrages of Nero. But, like Gibbon, he is writing a history of the decline and fall of a Roman empire; and as Gibbon begins with the accession of Commodus, so Tacitus begins with that of Tiberius.

Now it is obvious that in this second type of history the danger is extreme of the perspective becoming warped by the continual adaptation of facts to their dramatic presentation. When the author has a personal interest in the facts, this becomes almost inevitable. Even in the case of an author with the impressive 'aloofness'—to use a favourite word with George Eliot—of Thucydides, would it be possible, if we knew nothing of his history, to believe his sketch of Cleon as impersonal as that of Brasidas or Gylippus? And Tacitus was under a strong bias against the Imperial family, as such, which has hardly been sufficiently regarded by any of his editors. The admission of this bias does not necessarily imply unscrupulous hostility, still less a deliberate falsification of facts. Editors of an author generally lean too much towards defence of their author as a personal possession, and scarcely distinguish as they should do between intentional unfairness and warped judgment. We may well admit that Tacitus meant to be, and probably thought that he was, a sternly just historian. He claims to tell the truth 'without vindictiveness and without favour,'\* the grounds for which he persuaded himself that he was keeping far removed from his mind. Mr. Furneaux justly says,† that

'the very excellences of his book are also noted as its defects. It is not in the bare facts, which are rarely known to be erroneous and not often suspected of being so; but in the artistic treatment of the facts, the brilliant colouring, the effective contrasts'—[we might add, the dark hints of what he cannot quite bring himself to state]—'above all, in the subtle interpretation of motives, that the injustice is mostly conceived to lurk.'

This special danger to an artistic historian—and Tacitus is

\* Ann. i. 1.

† Vol. i., p. 25.

undoubtedly

undoubtedly an artist of the very first rank—is well brought out in a criticism of Gibbon by the late Mr. Cotter Morison. He says:—

‘The historian who is also an artist is exposed to a particular drawback from which his brethren in other fields are exempt. The mere lapse of time destroys the value and even the fidelity of his pictures. In other arts correct colouring and outline remain correct, and, if they are combined with imaginative power, age rather enhances than diminishes their worth. But the historian lives under another law. His reproduction of a past age, however full and true it may appear to his contemporaries, appears less and less true to his successors. The way in which he saw things ceases to be satisfactory; we may admit his accuracy, but we add a qualification referring to the time when he wrote, the point of view that he occupied. And we feel that what was accurate for him is no longer accurate for us. . . . The renovation and transformation constantly needed in historic work depend on the ever-moving standpoint from which the past is regarded, so that society in looking back on its previous history never sees it for long together at quite the same angle,—never sees, we may say, quite the same thing.’ \*

Now the actual feeling of Tacitus, Lucan, and those whom they faithfully represent is difficult for a modern fully to realize, but the main lines of the sentiment which made it impossible for either to judge the actions of a Julius Cæsar with any approach to impartiality may be indicated. An Italian would be the last person in the world to give an impartial survey wherever his sympathies were strongly enlisted on one side; and the sympathies of Tacitus and Lucan were bound up with the old aristocracy from causes which in all modern warfare have either been modified or have altogether ceased to operate. These are summed up with much clearness by M. Dubois-Guchan (i. p. 425):—

‘Les Césars ne sont parvenus jusqu’à nous que chargés de beaucoup de haines. Ils ont éprouvé la haine généreuse puisée dans les beaux souvenirs de l’antique Rome dont ils semblent avoir étouffé la liberté toute vive; la haine des patriciens dont ils furent les ennemis comme ceux-ci l’étaient des Césars et de la vraie liberté; la haine des philosophes et des rhéteurs dont l’orgueil et l’indépendance individuelle résistent à toute discipline et trouvent qu’on ne leur permet pas tout; la haine des chrétiens, nos pères, qu’ils persécutèrent et qui n’ont pu voir en eux que des ennemis; la haine de l’univers réagissant contre la domination romaine dont les empereurs furent la plus haute et la dernière expression; enfin cette haine, vague mais profonde, qui éclôt de l’antipathie de deux civilisations. C’est

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\* ‘English Men of Letters: Gibbon,’ p. 95.

cette coalition d'inimitiés qui a sévi contre les Césars et les a calomniés auprès de la postérité.'

To put it more shortly, the devotion to a vanishing ideal was partly political, partly religious.

In the first place, Patriotism, as it was understood by a Roman, is dead. A truer and a nobler feeling has indeed occupied part of its place, but it cannot burn with the same narrow intensity. The large size of our countries, and the actual vastness of our modern empires, would by themselves tend to produce this. But a still more powerful dissolvent has been the spread of a religion in which there is neither Greek nor Jew, Barbarian nor Scythian. The cosmopolitanism of Christianity has overthrown the ancient idea of patriotism. To Tacitus and those who thought—or rather felt—with him, Rome was not a geographical expression, but a constitutional idea. It was the old *Res publica* which had conquered the world, and this could not be embodied in any single line, but in the equal Senate.

Again, this enthusiasm took not merely a political, but a genuinely religious aspect. The cosmopolitan nature of Caesarism was an impious abomination, as that of Christianity was only explicable by a hatred of all mankind. It is not for mere melodramatic reasons that Lucan makes Cæsar confronted at night on the bank of the Rubicon by a mighty form in agony:—

'Ingens visa duci patriæ trepidantis imago,  
Clara per obscuram vultu mæstissima noctem,  
Turrigero canos effundens vertice crines,  
Cæsarie lacera, nudisque adstare lacertis.' \*

The invasion, whatever else could be said about it, was in the strictest sense a *parricidium*, and its merited punishment was the terrible sack that held for companions the cock and the serpent and the ape.

Such being the mental attitude of Tacitus, and of all who under the Cæsars sighed for the lost 'Republic,' it is clear that all their actions would be viewed through an exceptionally strong distorting medium, and that, if any accusations against them are to carry much weight, they need to be capable of distinct proof and to be supported by adequate evidence. But the contrary is the case. The terrible portraits drawn of Tiberius and Nero, and, as far as we can judge, that of Gaius also—even the darker shades on that of Claudius, when he is not made a mere stage buffoon—depend almost wholly for their horrors on either hints or charges

\* 'Pharsalia,' i. 186-9.



of monstrous licentiousness and inhuman cruelty. But it so happens that these two are precisely of the class of acts that need most proof, and are least susceptible of it. This fact in itself would make any cautious historian very slow to accept the terrible indictment of the Cæsars wherever the bounds of probability were outstepped. Let us grant that possibly it is not outstepped in the case of lads like Gaius and Nero, suddenly raised from a perilous life of repression to the enjoyment of practically absolute power. But the case of Tiberius is wholly different. Here we have to divide a life into distinct periods, as is done in the celebrated summary of Tacitus,—*egregium vita famaue*, &c.,—and each of them we shall find to be not merely different from, but contradictory to, some other. Till he was thirty-six he lived a life against which no vice whatever is even hinted, and this while every movement of his was conspicuous. The one marked difference from most Romans of his age is that he was deeply attached to his young wife, Vipsania. From thirty-six to forty-three on the contrary he lived in absolute seclusion, upon which his life at once became a study in the successful concealment of immorality, there not being the slightest occasion for this concealment.\* From forty-four to sixty-nine he again emerged into the full blaze of daylight, first as the probable or recognised heir to the principate, and afterwards as Emperor, upon which his life again became and remained as spotless—in this respect at least—as before. When nearly seventy, he again went into the strictest retirement, upon which the remarkable phenomenon of Rhodes is at once renewed in larger form at Capræ. A man of nearly seventy, of naturally delicate health, which had been strengthened by strict dieting and regularity of life, suddenly breaks out into unheard-of forms of debauchery, at which the most corrupt society that ever existed since Sodom and Gomorrah stood in stupefied amazement, and then continues this career for nine years, with health probably and mental vigour certainly unimpaired! Really Professor Beesly seems justified in his reference to the family doctor† for the extravagance of such a theory, even if it were supported by strong evidence. What are we to say then to the same theory when it is admittedly given only as the current rumour of a society in a state of transition, in which the ancient foundations of social and domestic life seemed to have been

\* It is instructive to notice how the gossip of i. 4, '*differebant nihil aliud quam secretas lubidines meditatum*,' becomes the definite statement of iv. 57, '*Rhodi recondere voluptates insuarat*.'

† 'Tiberius,' p. 146.

broken up? Tacitus brings not a tittle of evidence forward. He does indeed allege that certain words of infamy, such as *sellarii* and *spintriæ*, then came into currency. On this Mr. Furneaux, with less than his usual judgment, remarks that 'it is to be borne in mind, in estimating the force of this charge against Tiberius, that these vile words not only originate at this time, but appear to be confined to it.' Surely it does not need a very able counsel for the defence to point out that this may be perfectly true, and yet have nothing whatever to do with Tiberius. What the current jests were likely to be, even without intentional ill-nature, we may best realize from the way that Catullus before and Martial afterwards treated both their friends and their enemies. The extraordinary license of such charges—of which what Tacitus said of the charge of *majestas* is true, '*tum omnium accusationum complementum erat*'—is good evidence for proving a far lower moral standard than has ever existed in any Teutonic race, but almost nullifies them as against any individual. The principle openly avowed by Cicero, and probably followed by most Roman orators or writers of invective, was that if plenty of mud were thrown some was sure to stick. Scruples about the veracity of such charges would not be so much ridiculed as unintelligible. On this point we may quote the words of Professor Froude\* :—

'Charges of this kind have the particular advantage that, even when disproved or shown to be manifestly absurd, they leave a stain behind them. Careless equally of probability and of decency, the leaders of the Senate sacrificed without scruple the reputation of their own relatives if only they could make Cæsar odious. . . . It would be idle to affect a belief that Cæsar was particularly virtuous. He was a man of the world, living in an age as corrupt as has ever been known. It would be equally idle to assume that all the ink-blots thrown upon him were certainly deserved, because we find them in books which we call classical. Proof deserving to be called proof there is none, and the only real evidence is the town-talk of a society which feared and hated Cæsar, and was glad of every pretext to injure him when alive or to discredit him after his death.'

We may conclude therefore that the charges of extraordinary and monstrous licentiousness against all the emperors are entirely wanting in any sort of proof, and that, as against Tiberius in particular, they involve such a revolution of character as has never been even remotely paralleled. Mr. Baring-Gould sees plainly that only one explanation is possible, if the stories of Tacitus and Suetonius be accepted, and that is, that Tiberius was deranged. The explanation he would seem to be

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\* 'Cæsar,' ch. xii.

under every temptation to accept, as completing his theory of the 'tragedy,' is that of madness, but in the case of Tiberius alone he has devoted himself to traversing the evidence, which he thereupon finds to be almost wholly worthless. Surely the conclusion is obvious, that if the evidence against the other emperors were similarly examined, it would likewise tend to melt away. But then with it the theory of hereditary mania would melt away also. The case of Gaius is an exception, because here the violent attack of epilepsy, and the consequent mental derangement, are directly attested by Tacitus, Seneca, and Suetonius, who are not herein victims of a preconceived theory. In his case therefore alone, the monstrous acts with which he, like the other emperors, is charged, have an antecedent probability instead of the reverse. The complete change in his character after the violent illness in the first year of his reign, and especially the sudden craze for insisting on his own divinity, seem to mark the actual turning-point at which the latent mania was developed. It is further confirmed by the fact that the cruelties with which he is charged are not secret acts of devilish malice, such as were alleged in the case of Tiberius, but a literal thirst for blood. The story of his fondling Cæsonia's neck, and telling her he was thinking how it would be hacked if he gave the word, points strongly in this direction, and so too does the delight of Gaius at the actual effusion of blood in the gladiatorial shows. The exhibition of the day before his assassination was a triumph of realism; Mnester, in the 'Laureolus,' having to pour real blood from his mouth instead of the coloured water of the stage.

The charge of abnormal cruelty, against Tiberius at any rate, rests on the same suspect evidence as that of licentiousness, and also needs similar antecedent cautions. The standard of cruelty in the Imperial age was not that of modern times, and the standard of an Italian is not that of a Teutonic race. The possibility of even a legend of a Northern *Torre della fame* may be doubted. This consideration should perhaps be borne in mind in the case of Nero or Claudius, but in the case of Tiberius it does not apply. The picture of his reign drawn by Tacitus is that of an unending procession of victims on the way to the dungeon, to meet the ordinary form of execution by strangling, or, if they pleased, anticipating it by any form of death at their own choice. Now a good many executions undoubtedly took place in the reign of Tiberius as in every other reign. Every Government must maintain its own existence or perish. In any stage of transition, whether the Government be mild or cruel, plots are certain to be formed, and if not  
strongly

strongly suppressed they will succeed. In the reign of Elizabeth plots were incessant. Every great Roman Catholic house was a possible, and frequently an actual centre for plots to place Philip on the throne of England. This is admitted by Canon Bellesheim in his *Life of Cardinal Allen*, and yet he inveighs against the cruelty of Elizabeth in searching out and punishing these plots. He is but taking a leaf out of the book of Tacitus. The government of the Cæsars was the government *de jure* as well as *de facto*, and every plot against it was high treason. The system of delation, which Tacitus skilfully tries to represent as an invention and peculiarity of Tiberius, is a necessary accompaniment, in some form, of all government whatever, and existed under Elizabeth—to recur to the parallel—as much as under Tiberius. Under a settled government the system reaches its minimum; in a stage of transition, where revolution is probable, its maximum. The extension of the system of delation is a proof of uneasiness, not of vindictiveness. The peculiarity at Rome was the encouragement given, not by Tiberius, but by long existing law, to accusation, in awarding a large proportion of the goods of any person condemned.

But in the case of Tiberius no such modifications of judgment on apparent over-severity need to be pleaded at all. His interference is wholly on the side of lenity. The summary of cases of State trials and executions under Tiberius given by Mr. Baring-Gould in his Appendix is instructive and somewhat startling reading. He gives the number of cases in the twenty-three years as 117, some of these being of the same person twice accused. Of these only seven or eight were in the Emperor's court, the rest being before the Senate. In every one of these cases where Tacitus shows any interference of the Emperor, it was on the side of mercy. In many it was to modify an immoderate sentence; in some to object to the fact of prosecution at all; in one, that of Clutorius Priscus, to establish the wholesome rule of ten days' interval between condemnation and sentence, in order to prevent a similar miscarriage of justice for the future. The record of few sovereigns would stand the test of examination as well as this.

But besides this direct evidence for the character of the Emperor, such incidental facts about the retirement at Capræ as appear from the indirect statements always tend to refute, or at least to make improbable, the occurrence of such horrors as Suetonius gloats over and Tacitus grimly hints at. The companions that Tiberius took with him are precisely such as an old man withdrawing from the cares of State would naturally surround himself with. Besides his prime minister, Sejanus, whose

whose presence was official, they were his young relations : his grandson Gemellus, then nine years old, his nephew Gaius, his niece Livilla, and her daughter Julia. Is it conceivable that he would have surrounded himself with his young relations had Capreæ been what it was fabled to be? Mr. Furneaux rather strangely remarks that the characters of two of his companions, the future emperors Gaius and Vitellius, are beyond rehabilitation. But he forgets to add that they were both mere lads when the Emperor took them with him. Suetonius says that Gaius used to slip out for his debaucheries, but had to wear a wig and long cloak for fear of his uncle. Philo, on the contrary, attributes the illness of Gaius in the first year of his reign to the reaction of immoderate indulgence *after the simple and wholesome life he had been forced to lead at Capreæ*. Poor Tiberius Gemellus, when he was ordered to commit suicide, did not know how to set about it, 'never having seen any one put to death.' How, as Mr. Baring-Gould asks, is this to be reconciled with the fables of Capreæ? One of the stories is rather ingeniously shown to be a sort of folk-myth. Dio tells a curious anecdote of a glass-blower who let a glass vessel be broken to pieces, and then made it whole again by squeezing the edges, whereupon he was ordered off to execution with appropriate torments. But the origin of the story is traced to the suppression of a new manufacture of ductile glass, which was done on a petition from the manufacturers in bronze pleading that it would ruin their trade. There is no part of the monstrous legend that will bear the least cross-examination.

Lastly,—and this is a most important point,—we are able not merely to show the contradictions or impossibilities of the accepted fables, but also to trace the probable cause of their origin, beyond the general hatred of the Emperors already touched on, especially in the two cases where the legend has reached its wildest developments, those of Tiberius and Nero.

In the case of Tiberius it is certain that the supply is largely drawn from a poisoned well—the memoirs of Agrippina. Though Tacitus only acknowledges the obligation in one place, her hand is plainly visible in many others. Ample material for the attacks of scandal was given by the trial of libellous offences against the Emperor before the Senate. It is obvious that Tiberius would have been far happier if he had been less thin-skinned, but a Southern or Celtic differs from a Northern or Teutonic race in nothing more than in this; and even in Germany we have seen in recent years that the law of *majestas* is by no means a dead letter. It is curious, however, that it does not seem to have struck historians, ancient or modern,  
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that if the Emperor had been the irresponsible autocrat that he is generally represented, both trials and executions for personal offences would almost necessarily have been *in camera*.

Such fragments as we possess of Tacitus's judgment about Gaius do not suggest any special injustice done to him, since there can be little doubt that, at least after the illness of his first year, he was as mad as Mr. Baring-Gould believes all of the Julian and Claudian lines to have been. Nor does he display any violent malignity against Claudius beyond a somewhat carping and contemptuous method of handling, in which treatment—strange to say—Tacitus is rather outdone by Mr. Baring-Gould, who piles up incongruously his spiteful epithets. But the subject of the presentation is much wider and more obscure, and presents points of analogy to that of Tiberius, which would seem to suggest that a thorough revision of the facts might in his case also produce a reversal of a long-standing verdict. For here, too, we can distinguish after close scrutiny both a reason for Tacitus's exceptional bitterness, and also a reason for suspicion of the evidence.

The exciting cause in Nero, it seems plain, was not the enormous catalogue of monstrous crimes charged against him, if he ever committed most of them, but his violation of the deepest-rooted Roman sentiment. Sentiment, after all, is the strongest motive power in the world, and an unjustifiable use of the Tullianum and the Gemonian stairs did not revolt Rome half so much as the sight of the representative of Roman power publicly fiddling or singing Greek music. '*Non possum ferre, Quirites, Græcam urbem,*' exclaimed Juvenal, and the words are exactly chosen; it was more than a Roman could stand. Some curious side-lights might be thrown on this. Cicero in his defence of Murena, after carelessly repelling such charges as one would now expect, turns with emotion to the alleged atrocious crime of dancing, which would need overwhelming proof before it could be believed. 'For it may be laid down as a rule,' he says, 'that nobody dances when he is sober, unless, of course, he happens to be mad,'—a piece of evidence of which we make Mr. Baring-Gould a present for his next edition. The passage where this really passionate feeling is most plainly evinced is the reply of the tribune, Subrius Flavus, when asked by the Emperor how he came to violate his oath. 'None of your soldiers was more faithful to you,' he answered, 'so long as you deserved to be loved. I began to hate you when I found you to be a murderer, a chariot-driver, an actor, and an incendiary.\*' Even the two crimes that thus curiously divide the

\* Ann. xv. 67.

two outrages appear to be an insertion by Tacitus, for the speech in Dio\* puts it much more simply and naturally: 'I cannot be the slave of a chariot-driver or a harp-player.' To the Roman nobles and their party who hated the Empire the reign of Nero probably appeared to be the last step in the climax, not for the reasons we should naturally have concluded, but because in it Rome first appeared to be publicly dragged in the dust. The passion for 'Grecizing,' which Juvenal resents in the line quoted above, received its chief impulse under Nero, and the Roman spirit has avenged itself upon him. There is no need, however, to 'whitewash' the character of Nero himself. He appears to have been a youth of some ability, carefully trained into a prig by Seneca and Burrus and a mother of very domineering character. Now a prig suddenly invested with vague and enormous powers, in the midst of a thoroughly demoralised society, is not likely to turn out either a noble or an amiable character. He will be sure to do a good deal that is ridiculous, a good deal that is startling. But that is no reason why he should be credited with impossible enormities, such as Nero is. It is amazing that the absurd belief in his having set fire to the city, for instance, could have survived a knowledge of the simple fact that he was at Antium when it occurred.

Another distorting medium through which Nero was seen in later times arose from his conflict with Christianity. M. Hochert, indeed, in his studies on the Neronian persecution, goes further, and believes this to be the source instead of the medium of distortion; treating the whole passage in the 'Annals,' the correspondence of Pliny and Trajan, the passage about the Christians in Suetonius, and the puzzling words '*impulsore Chresto*' in his Life of Claudius, as Christian interpolations. This is mere extravagance, and even overshoots its own mark. But it has just this much of basis, that the Christian view of Nero was the contrary of the popular one, while it naturally fell in with the malignant attacks of the senatorial party. In the early days of Christianity the Empire and the Church were regarded as natural antagonisms. Tertullian thought it would be an impossibility for an Emperor to be a Christian. By what we may, perhaps, call an application of the law of polarity, the evolution of the conceptions which are centred in the person of our Lord tended to produce their antithesis in an Antichrist; and these being identified with the Roman Empire, were soon personified in that Emperor with whom the Church first came into conflict. Napoleon thought that the goodness of the institution

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\* lxi. 24.

outweighed with the people the crimes of the actual Emperor.\* This is true, but it is not the whole truth. A monarch whose grave the people long continued to decorate with flowers, and respect to whose memory was the best passport for years to popular favour, may well have been weak and vicious, but cannot possibly have been the incarnation of all atrocity. The whole history of the Cæsars down to Constantine, and that of Nero above all, has been largely coloured by the extent to which it has been seen through the fiery medium of the Apocalypse.

Here then we must take our leave of Mr. Baring-Gould, to whose work, with all its defects, we are indebted for much that is both interesting and suggestive reading. We fully admit that the ordinary view of the early Empire is a sort of *Walpurgisnacht*, in which the reader is inclined to doubt whether he is mad or those of whom he reads. But the explanation of insanity, carelessly thrown out by De Quincey, and taken up more elaborately by Mr. Baring-Gould, is one of those easy explanations which really explain nothing. We have suggested that the truer course to take would have been to traverse the whole of the evidence carefully, from first to last, as has been done in the case of Tiberius, and we have roughly indicated the lines on which such a sifting of the evidence might proceed. The result in each case, we are confident, would be to display, under the thick coats of paint with which they are overlaid, the lineaments not of a spotless paragon of virtue, but of a human being with impulses both of good and evil, placed in a position of extreme temptation, instead of a monster of incongruous crimes. For, in spite of all the infamy that has been heaped upon the names of the early emperors, the fact stands firm that the revolution of Cæsar was a blessing to the world in general; and the idea of Melito, recorded by Eusebius, that the Church and the Empire were born together, proved to be epoch-making, since it again brought into harmony with visible facts the belief in God's continual providence for mankind.

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\* Lettre à M. de Narbonne; Villemain, 'Souvenirs Contemporains,' i. 252.



ART. XI.—1. *The English Novel*. By Walter Raleigh. Being a short Sketch of its History from the Earliest Times to the Appearance of 'Waverley.' London, 1894.

2. *Aventures de Guerre au temps de la République et du Consulat*. Par A. Moreau de Jonnés. Préface de M. Léon Say. Paris, Guillaumin et Cie., 1893.

IN a former article\* we endeavoured to trace rapidly the development of the Romance out of the earlier myths and fables, and of the Historic Novel out of the true Romance; and we undertook to suggest some of the causes which have brought about the decay in modern times of imaginative fiction founded upon history. Since that article appeared, Mr. Raleigh has published, under the title of 'The English Novel,' what he rightly terms a little book on a great subject, reviewing critically and historically the works of the chief English novelists before Scott, and sketching out 'certain general lines of reasoning and speculation on the nature and development of the novel.' His survey covers, of course, far wider ground than could be touched upon in our article; yet whenever special points of views can be compared, they do not seem dissimilar; while Mr. Raleigh's breadth of treatment, the grouping and co-ordination of his materials, and the literary skill with which he states his conclusions, are in our judgment highly meritorious.

Mr. Raleigh very rightly goes back to mediæval romance for the origins of English fiction. In all countries the metrical tale is many generations older than the prose story; for prose writing is a refinement of the literary art which flourishes only when reading has become popular; while verse, being at first a kind of *memoria technica* used for the correct transmission of sacred texts and the heroic tradition, strikes the ear and fixes the recollection of an audience. The exploits of mighty warriors and the miracles of saints—love, fighting, and theology—form the subject matter of these stories in verse. They are, as Mr. Raleigh says, epical in spirit though not in form: 'they carry their hero through the actions and adventures of his life . . . they display a marked preference for deeds done, and attempt no character-drawing. . . . A sense of the instability of human life, very present to the minds of men familiar with battle and plague, is everywhere mirrored in these romances.' Then came Chaucer, who not only wrote prose tales, but also carried far toward perfection the art of narration in verse; and 'in the fifteenth century both of the ancestors of the modern

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\* January, 1894.

novel—that is, the novella or short pithy story after the manner of the Italians, and the romance of chivalry—appear in an English prose dress.’ But the genius of English fiction was still loaded with the chains of allegory and pedantic moralization ; and in the ‘*Gesta Romanorum*,’ the most popular collection of English prose stories which had been translated from the Latin at the end of the fifteenth century, ‘human beings are mere puppets, inhabiting the great fabric of mediæval thought and mediæval institution. . . . It was the work of the Renaissance to recover the literal and obvious sense of human life, as it was the work of the closely-allied Reformation to recover the literal sense of the Bible.’

We are prevented, by want of space, from following Mr. Raleigh through his very interesting dissertation upon the changes of style and structure which the English romance underwent from the fifteenth century, when Caxton edited the Arthurian legends, through the Euphuistic vagaries and the grand Elizabethan period, down to the seventeenth century, when he detects the first certain indications of the rise of that new school of fiction which has expanded, after many vicissitudes, into the modern novel.

The playwright has always been a formidable rival to the novelist, insomuch that in a period of dramatic activity the novel, as our author remarks, can hardly maintain itself. But from the middle of the seventeenth century the stage had fallen low, while the formal and fantastic romance, the long-winded involved story, was losing its vogue. So the heroic romances, we are told, ‘availed themselves skilfully of the opportunity to foster a new taste in the reading public,—a delight, namely, born of the fashionable leisure of a self-conscious society, in minute introspection, and the analysis and portraiture of emotional states.’ We are inclined to suspect that these words, which would serve well enough to describe the taste for the analytic novel of our own day, must be taken with considerable reserve in their application to the writings and the readers of two centuries ago. But we may agree that certain tendencies of style and developments of feeling which are now predominant may be traced back to this time. And when, toward the end of the seventeenth century, Mrs. Aphra Behn began to enlist incidents of real life into the service of her fiction, she was making a distinct attempt, as Mr. Raleigh points out, to bring romance into closer relation with contemporary life, although a conventional treatment of facts and character still overlay all her work. Mr. Raleigh holds, however, that this attempt was abortive ; that it failed at the time ; and that the great eighteenth-century

school of English novelists, with Richardson and Fielding at their head, took its rise, quite independently of predecessors in the seventeenth century, out of the general stock of miscellaneous literature—plays, books of travel, adventures, satires, journals, and broadsides—which had been drawn at first hand from observation and experience of the various forms of surrounding life.

We are quite ready to agree that the eighteenth-century Novel of Manners belongs to a family distinct from that of the Romantic story, or is at any rate very distantly connected with it. But when Mr. Raleigh goes on to say that the heroic romance died in the seventeenth century and left no issue, although it was revived again in the latter half of the eighteenth century, to this view we are much inclined to demur. Such complete interruptions in the transmission of species are as rare in the intellectual as in the physical world; and we prefer to maintain that the romance, although it was for a time eclipsed by the brilliancy of the writers who described the manners and sentiments of contemporary society, was never extinguished, but became transformed gradually by successive modifications of environment, into the modern novel of adventure. It is true that Defoe entirely rejected the marvellous, while Horace Walpole, fifty years later, dealt immoderately in the elements of mystery and wonder; yet, notwithstanding these violent oscillations of style and method, we believe that the great historical novels of the early nineteenth century, and the tales of stirring incident which flourish at the present day, descend by an unbroken filiation from the fabulous romance of elder times.

Mr. Raleigh does not carry his brief yet instructive history of the English novel beyond the time of Walter Scott, with whom, he says, 'the wheel has come full circle,' the Romantic revival was victorious, prose finally superseded verse as the vehicle of adventurous story, and realism was wedded to romance. We trust that in some future work he will carry on up to a later date his survey of the course and currents of imaginative fiction. In the meantime, it may not be irrelevant to follow up further and a little more closely the ruling characteristics and the formative influences that have contributed toward the production of English light literature as it exists at the present day.

The novels with which our fortunate generation is so abundantly supplied may be divided broadly into two classes, overlapping and interlaced with each other, yet on the whole distinguishable as separate species—the Novel of Adventure and the Novel of Manners. The former class has, as we endeavoured

endeavoured to show in a previous article, a very long pedigree. The early romance writer drew his incidents from the field of heroic action and marvellous enterprise; he revelled in noble sentiments, astonishing feats, and the exhibition of all the cardinal virtues in tragic situations; his mission was to preserve and hand down to us magnified figures of mighty men, or the pictures of great events, as they had impressed themselves upon the popular imagination. For such material he was obliged to travel abroad into remote countries, or backward to bygone ages; but if his images of gallant knights and fair damsels were well modelled, if the language was superb, and the deeds or sufferings sufficiently astonishing, no one cared about anachronisms, incongruities, or improbabilities.

But as the heroic romance dwindled and withered under the dry light of precise knowledge and extending erudition, the purveyors of fiction, accommodating themselves to a more exacting taste, applied themselves seriously to the reproduction of famous scenes and portraits by the aid and guidance of historic documents and antiquarian research. The modern romantic school, of whom the master, if not the founder, is Scott, represented a clear step forward to what is now called Realism, and a proportionate abandonment of the classic convention, or the method of drawing from traditional or imaginary models. To Scott may be ascribed the authoritative introduction of descriptions of landscape, of storms, sunsets, and picturesque effects; not the artificial scene-painting of Mrs. Radcliffe, but artistic delineations of the aspects of earth, sea, and sky which gave depth and atmosphere to his dramatic situations. From this period, also, may be dated the practice, so entirely contrary to the spirit of true romance, of verifying by documentary evidence the details of a story. It was Scott who, in the first years of this century, set prominently the example of appending copious notes to his stories in verse or prose, wherein he displayed his archæologic lore and produced his authorities for any striking illustration of manners or characteristic incident. This practice, which was largely adopted by others, was at least an improvement upon the old unregenerate system of seasoning the conversation of warriors and peasants with uncouth phrases picked up at random, or trusting to mere fancy or accepted formula for the description of battles or of the ways of folk in mediæval castles and cottages. But the process savoured too much of the workshop. A novel or poem that required an appendix of notes and glossaries must be of high excellence to avoid suspicious resemblance to an elaborate literary counterfeit, since open and avowed borrowing from dictionaries of antiquities

quities or volumes of travel must damage the illusion which is the indispensable element of romance. In Moore's fantastic metrical romance of 'Lalla Rookh' the system was carried to an extent that now seems ridiculous, for certain passages are loaded with outlandish phrases or metaphors that are unintelligible except by reference to the notes. Nevertheless the English public, being then quite ignorant of the true East, tolerated Moore's sham Orientalism, even though Byron's fine poems were just then exposing the difference between working up the subject in a library and wandering in Asiatic countries. Byron's language seems in the present day turgid, and his Greeks and Turks may have a theatrical air, but his splendid descriptive passages were drawn by a master hand straight from nature, while his colouring, landscape, and costume are usually excellent ; so that his work also is a distinct movement in the direction of realism. Yet it is to be observed that after Byron and Scott the metrical romance, that most ancient form of tale-telling, fell rapidly into disuse. The fact that Byron's latest poem, 'Don Juan,' belonged essentially to the coming realistic school, is a significant indication of transition ; and Scott's abandonment of poetry for prose, which was a necessary consequence of his advance toward realism, gave its deathblow to the earlier fashion.

By this time, indeed, the conventional writer of adventures, though he held his ground up to or even beyond the middle of the century, was in a state of incurable decadence. He was losing the confidence of the general reader, who had picked up some precise notions regarding appropriate scenery, language, and costume in sundry periods and divers places, from China to Peru ; and he was persecuted by that mortal foe of the old romancer, the well-informed critic, who trampled even upon a commonplace book well filled with references to standard authorities, insisting upon careful study of the whole environment, the dexterous incorporation of details, and delicate blending of local colours. Severe pedagogic handling of a historic novel, as if it were a paper done at some competitive examination, was too much for the old school, which finally subsided into cheap popular editions, making way for a new class of writers that adapted the Novel of Adventure to the requirements of latter-day taste, to the widening of knowledge and the diversified expansion of our national life. The prevailing tendency was now to confine the range of scene and action more and more approximately to the contemporary period, to insist on genuine materials, and to observe a stricter canon of probabilities, wherein the discriminating reader fancied

fancied himself to be a judge. The use of notes was discarded as contrary to the high artistic principle that in fiction everything must resemble reality while nothing must be demonstrably matter of fact. The appearance of famous personages must be occasional, after the manner of gods in an epic poem; they must not be, as formerly, the leading characters and chief actors in the drama. And great battles, instead of marking the grand climacteric of a story's development, were now merely traversed, so to speak, on their outskirts, or were only approached near enough to throw a glowing sidelight on certain groups and situations. The gradual adoption of these limitations may be traced back to the naval and military novels that reflect the traditions of the great French war. No one even then thought of writing a romance with Nelson or Bonaparte as the hero, or of finishing off in the full blaze of Trafalgar or in the rout of Waterloo; although with Marryat and Lever the English reader revelled in the dashing exploits or bacchanalian revels of sailors and soldiers. Lever did indeed give glimpses of Wellington or Napoleon; but his business was with Connaught rangers and French guardsmen; while Marryat and Michael Scott gave us daring sea-captains and reckless sailors with inimitable vigour and animation.

But as the echo of thunderous battles by sea and land died away, this particular offshoot of modern romance ceased to flourish, and has never had any considerable revival. The tale-teller of adventure, like his ancestor the epic poet, requires a certain haziness of atmosphere; he must have elbow room for his inventive faculty; and he is liable to be stifled in the flood of lucid narrative and inflexible facts let loose upon recent events in our day by complete histories, personal memoirs, public documents, war correspondence, and all-pervading journalism. This is probably the main reason why the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny, which broke for brief intervals the long peace of England, have furnished no fresh material contribution of importance to the romance of war, either in prose or poetry, to stamp the memory of a long weary siege, or of a short and bloody struggle, upon the popular imagination. Another reason must be, of course, the non-appearance in England of the *vates sacer*; for Tolstoi, has shown us that within and without Sebastopol there might be found material for work of the highest order. However this may be, it is a remarkable fact that just about that time the novel of adventure turned back for a moment, in Kingsley's hands, to the spacious times of great Elizabeth, to the Armada and the legends of filibustering on the Spanish main; and at the

the present time we may observe that the leading writer of this school goes back at least a hundred years for the field of his best stories. The eighteenth century, whose politics, philosophy, and literature seemed to Carlyle's somewhat bookish conception to be flat, prosaic, and comparatively uninteresting, was in truth for Englishmen pre-eminently the age of energetic activity, which touched the high level of romantic enterprise at two points, the Scottish rebellions and the exploits of famous buccaneers. Mr. Stevenson has re-opened, with great skill and success, these mines of literary ore that had been discovered but only partially worked by Walter Scott. His rare artistic instinct divined the rich veins which they still contained; while in other stories his intimate acquaintance with actual life and circumstance on the coasts and islands of the Pacific Ocean has provided him with those elements of distance and unfamiliarity which are essential, as we have suggested, to the composition of the novel of adventure. Other less original writers have travelled in search of these elements to the Australian bush or the outlying half-explored regions of South Africa.

This very cursory survey of the main influences and circumstances that have shaped the course and set the fashion of our modern novel of adventure, may be useful in explaining its actual position at the present moment. Scepticism and research have effectually retrenched the very liberal credit formerly assigned to romance writing; the art now consists in spinning a long narrative out of authentic materials which must be disguised or kept hidden; while its leading features are a delight in elaborate accessories and that very modern sentiment, a horror of anachronism. A few living artists, like Mr. Short-house and Mr. Stevenson, can still excel under these difficult conditions, which have driven a crowd of second-rate novelists into the extreme of minute realism. Into this retreat, however, they have been followed by a host of readers; for in these days of universal instruction and flat uneventful existence nothing satisfies the average mind like photographic detail, which is a commodity to be had of every industrious or studious composer. As the range of accurate information extends, as the dust heap of old records, private as well as public, is sifted more narrowly, as the antique habit of taking things readily for granted disappears, the novel becomes more and more an arrangement of genuine facts and circumstances, interleaved by such fiction as the skill and imagination of the author can produce. It may be worth observing that this demand for exact verification has affected the use of the early chronicles in two contrary ways; they are relied upon implicitly or they are arbitrarily

arbitrarily discredited, in proportion as the facts stated appear credible or not credible to critics or professors who are working upon them. All the particulars of a great battle or of some famous event that can be gleaned out of some ancient monkish annalist, who must always have collected his information by hearsay and often after many years, are treated as authentic so long as they do not sound improbable; but if they offend against the canon of probability set up by a library-hunting student, they are liable to be summarily rejected. We may venture upon the conjecture that the true result of this process is to assimilate the work of the critical historian much more nearly than he would for a moment allow to that of a skilful historic novelist. A romancer of insight and imaginative power, who studied his period, would be quite as likely to make a lucky selection of real incidents, motives, and characters, in a story of the Roman Empire or of England under the Plantagenets, as an erudite writer of history. Perhaps the best measure available to us of what we may believe in regard to far-off times is afforded by observation of what now happens in rough societies or remote places; and this test the novelist is rather more apt, on the whole, to employ than the historian.

In the novels, as upon the stage, this demand for minute accuracy of scenic or historical details has necessarily elicited an abundant supply; though whether the entire picture is rendered much more natural and real by an accumulation of correct particulars, may be questioned. '*La recherche exagérée du vrai peut conduire au faux.*' It is most doubtful whether laborious research can reconstruct a lifelike presentation of a vanished society, its modes of life, its ways of thinking and acting. In vain the novelist or the painter studies archæology, takes a journey to the Holy Land for his local colouring, reads up the records of the time, or works in museums. The result may be ingenious and even instructive; but there are sure to be great errors and anachronisms, although they may now be undiscoverable; while the general tone, point of view, and balance of motives are nearly certain to be obscured or distorted. For the modern novelist, like the ancient myth-maker, is necessarily the child of his time; his work takes the bent of his personal temperament, and is moulded by the environment of ideas and circumstances within which he lives. The Myth, the Romance, the Historic Novel, each in its successive period, did at least this service to later generations; they preserved and handed down to us the popular impressions, the figures or pictures of great men and striking events, as they were reflected upon the imagination of subsequent ages. It can never be discovered, and  
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it does not very much matter, whether these images have any close resemblance to the lost originals; it may be that some artists in some periods saw far more clearly than in others. The true criterion for estimating the true value of romantic fiction, of tales of action and adventure, must be always its artistic and intellectual qualities, the question whether it succeeds in filling a broad canvas, in dealing with masculine sentiment and stirring action, in striking the deeper chords of human emotion and energy.

But the historic novel of our day strives principally after exact reproduction, as may be seen even in a book of such incontestable talent as 'Marius the Epicurean,' and very notably in Archdeacon Farrar's book, 'Darkness and Dawn, or Scenes in the days of Nero' (1891), which may stand as the type and complete specimen of Erudite Fiction. In his preface he tells us that

'those who are familiar with the literature of the first century will recognize that even for the minutest allusions and particulars I have contemporary authority. Expressions and incidents which to some might seem startlingly modern, are in reality suggested by passages in the satirists, epigrammatists, and romancers of the (Roman) Empire, or by anecdotes preserved in the grave pages of Seneca and the elder Pliny.'

Here we have reached, in this conscientious explanation of method, the extreme point of remoteness from the original spirit of historic romance. Archdeacon Farrar's figures and descriptions are worked out upon the pattern of a mosaic, by piecing together the loose fragmentary bits of our knowledge regarding life and society under Nero. A glance at these books shows that they belong to the latest school of nineteenth-century fiction, to a period when careful scholarly accumulation of accessories and adroit adaptation of history have taken the place, not only of convention and clumsy invention, but also of the free untrammelled handling of types and traditions which gave freshness and originality to the simpler forms of early romance.

We believe, then, that these attempts at exact reproduction, this method of the multiplication of particulars, involve a fallacy, and are detrimental to the more enduring forms of art. But the people is willing to be deceived; the general reader has acquired a taste that must be gratified; with the result that the elder romancers in prose and verse, including Scott and Byron, are falling out of fashion with the middle classes, though Scott holds his own in the sixpenny edition. The rule of Realism is becoming so despotic that the story of adventure is  
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reverting more and more to that shape which lends itself most completely to lifelike narrative, the shape of a Memoir. And it may be pointed out accordingly that in France the Editor of *Memoirs* has lately entered into substantial rivalry with the Novelist of Adventure.

It must have been noticed by those who attend to the course of French literature, that of late years the publication of *Memoirs* relating to the period of the Revolutionary war, and especially of the First Empire, has rather suddenly increased. The causes are undoubtedly to a considerable degree political, connected with the re-organization of the French army and navy, which has revived the military ardour of the nation, and has given an edge to the deep-seated spirit of rivalry with Germany on land and with England at sea. Whatever immediately interests a nation gives a sharp turn to its literature, and the immense success of General Marbot's book, containing the extraordinary personal experiences of one who passed through the most famous scenes of the heroic era, exactly hit off the public taste at a moment when various motives combined to revive the Napoleonic legend. The historians of that era had done their harvesting; the crop had been reaped, raked, and gleaned; the time was too near and too thoroughly known for fiction; and yet there never was a finer field for the production of romance. No one can doubt that if Napoleon Bonaparte had conquered half Europe, won his tremendous battles, and founded his empire in an illiterate pre-historic age, he would have taken everlasting rank with Alexander the Great and Charlemagne as the central figure of a third world-wide cycle of heroic myths; nor is it necessary to read Archbishop Whately's '*Historic Doubts*' to perceive how readily Napoleon's real story lends itself to extravagant myth-making. At a later period he might have been the leading character in some prolix and pedantic romance, and still more recently his life and deeds would have been built up into the scaffolding within which the historic novelist used to construct his love idylls, his tragic situations, or even his illustrations of some social theory. All these methods and devices have become obsolete; and though the spirit of hero-worship that animated those who listened to the ancient tales still possesses mankind at certain seasons, Romance must now submit to the hard conditions of modern Realism. In this predicament it finds a new and satisfactory embodiment in the form of *Memoirs* concerning the great Emperor and his companions, which dispense copious anecdotes of his court and camp, his sayings and doings, his domestic habits, his private manners and peccadilloes. If these particulars can be served  
up

up as sauce to the description of mighty events, the contrast renders them all the more savoury. But there is now a large class of readers who care less about Jena and Austerlitz than for such books as 'Napoléon Intime,' 'Napoléon et les Femmes,' which have all the attraction always possessed by the intermixture of love and war, and by the blending of arms with amours in the conventional style of historic fiction. The lowest depth is reached when the reminiscences of an Emperor's valet, to whom he is still a kind of hero, are served up with that succulent dressing of vivid particularity which is swallowed with relish because it brings down a great man to the level of the most trivial experience.

How far these Memoirs are genuine in the sense which makes them so attractive—that is to say, as literally authentic pictures of a great man's interior life, of his actual words and behaviour as witnessed by his intimates—must always remain doubtful to the sceptical mind. True reminiscences are naturally somewhat cloudy in outline, hanging loose together with gaps and interruptions; whereas these are all coherent, clear-cut, and written in a style that gives superior polish and setting to every scene and anecdote. That they are compiled upon a solid substratum of truth need not be questioned; nevertheless some of them seem to differ only in degree from the realistic novel of the very latest type, such as Zola's 'Débâcle,' which contains a very strong and pervading mixture of pure historical fact.

But whatever may be the exact proportion of authenticity which this class of Memoirs can justly claim, they completely fulfil the prime conditions of popularity prescribed for the modern novel, which must work out minute details with the greatest possible resemblance to actual life and circumstance. Upon this ground, indeed, the ablest professors of fiction might despair of competing with those who exhibit a mighty man of valour in undress, who leads us where we may hear him talk, watch him eat or shave, and study his conjugal relations. It is to be feared that if the multiplication of such Reminiscences continues, they will seriously trench upon the province of the novelist, who will be left no scope for the employment of his craft in a field that has been thoroughly ransacked, and who must inevitably retire before writers who have discovered the art of making truth quite as amusing as fiction, than which it must always be more interesting. The brilliant success of Marbot's Memoirs, which were undoubtedly written by himself, seems to have warmed into activity and circulation various other volumes of similar reminiscences that must have been hibernating for one or two generations in the family archives,

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or have otherwise fallen into temporary oblivion; for in many cases one is inclined to wonder why authentic documents of such value and interest were not sooner produced.

The latest example of this class of Memoirs, belonging to the Revolutionary or Napoleonic cycle, is to be found in the 'Aventures' of A. Moreau de Jonnés, who died in 1870 at the age of ninety-two, having been for fifty years a member of the Institut and a great authority on statistics. 'We should never have supposed,' says M. Léon Say in his preface to this book, 'that Moreau had been the hero of warlike adventures, or that he might possibly have been placed in a line with Marbot.' The men of M. Say's generation who knew Marbot were quite unaware, he adds, that here was a naval and colonial Marbot, whose fighting life was one of the strangest of stories. M. Say's preface seems to be intended as a guarantee of this story's authenticity, though he notices casually the remarkable fact that 'on every occasion when Moreau is on the brink of destruction, it is his luck to be saved by a pretty girl'; also that 'a charming portrait-gallery might be made of the women who, between 1793 and 1805, rescued this hardy rover, who was both sailor and soldier, from death by sword or sickness in divers parts of the world,' from the West India Islands to the banks of the Thames. His guarantee must be accepted; yet if this book had not been the genuine autobiography of a known personage, there would really be nothing to distinguish it from the historic novel, in which an imaginary person, such as Thackeray's Esmond, describes well-known scenes of history as an eye-witness and actor in them. Moreau was present at the great naval engagement of June 1st, 1794; at the hanging of Parker, the ringleader of the famous mutiny at the Nore, when he was saved by Parker's widow; he was in Bantry Bay with the ships of Hoche's unlucky expedition; he landed with Humbert in Donegal, and saw the Race of Castlebar; he had some marvellous experiences in the West Indies, and everywhere the devotion of women facilitated his hairbreadth escapes. There need be no irony in repeating that avowed fiction can have no chance at all in competition with literature of this class.

'Times are changed,' observes M. Léon Say in his preface. 'The taste of the public of our own day grows more and more keen for the romance of the cloak and rapier, when the heroes relate their own adventures. The authentic Memoirs of the d'Artagnans of our own century are now preferred even to the works of Alexandre Dumas, so dear to our youth.' Undoubtedly they must be preferred, for being more real than the most realistic novel, and just as full of fascinating adventures, the  
Memoir

Memoir is superior precisely at those points which have given the modern romance an advantage over its more conventional predecessors. There may be consolation for the novelist in the reflection that the fund from which these Memoirs are drawn must soon be running low, whereas the resources of fiction are comparatively inexhaustible. In the meantime one result, already perceptible, will be that the novel will tend more and more to imitate the personal memoir, by reverting to the autobiographical form which, since Defoe's day, has always been fiction's most effective disguise, permitting the author to efface himself completely, while it gives the whole composition an air of dramatic vigour. It will have been observed that the most vivid modern English romances, from 'Barry Lyndon' and 'Esmond' to 'John Inglesant,' 'Kidnapped,' and 'The Master of Ballantrae,' are all written as the direct narratives of men who have taken a comparatively secondary or even humble share in great transactions. On the other hand, the famous characters who stand in the foremost line of history, and who were the delight and ornament of the elder romances, must now be struck out of the repertory of the modern storyteller, since the public now will no longer tolerate ancient or mediæval heroes, while the great men of recent times have been too often photographed. The only novelist of our own day who has attempted with some success to draw thinly-veiled portraits of contemporary celebrities is Disraeli, and his whole style and treatment show him to be a true-bred descendant of the old romantic stock.

Our argument is, therefore, that various causes and tendencies, the change of environment, the limitation of the average reader's experiences, his taste for accuracy, his rejection of tradition, convention, anachronism, and improbabilities, the extension of exact knowledge and the critical spirit, have all combined to limit the sphere of the Novel of Adventure, and to check the free sweep of its inventive genius. To these conditions the first-class artist can accommodate himself; but for the average writer they serve fatally to expedite his descent into the regions of every-day life, among all the emotions known to middle-class folk, from murders, bankruptcies, and railway accidents down to their religious doubts and the psychology of their love-making.

Against all these adverse circumstances the Novel of Adventure strives gallantly, and, of late years, with such conspicuous success, that it may be disputed whether, for the moment, the tide of popular inclination still sets in favour of the Novel of Manners. This branch of the great story-telling family has, as we know, a  
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long descent and an illustrious pedigree, although for our present purpose we need not go back further than the eighteenth century, to 'Gil Blas' in France and 'Tom Jones' in England. It will be found that these masterpieces consist principally of a series of scenes and comical or semi-tragical situations, rather loosely strung together on the thread of the experiences undergone by the principal personages. The main object is not so much ingenuity of plot as the presentation with much humour, some strokes of caricature, and a touch of pathos, of morals and manners, of public abuses and private vices, the way of living and standard of thinking, the distinctive prejudices and ingrained beliefs, that characterised different classes at a time when their ideas and habits were often in sharp contrast. The sketches are admirably done, the conversation is full of wit, the whole work may be relied upon as a faithful though coarsely drawn picture of contemporary society. Fielding constantly makes a halt in his narrative to moralize and discourse ironically with the reader, in a vein that was re-opened a century later by Thackeray, and by him pretty nearly exhausted, for at any rate it has since been closed.

Mr. Raleigh's book contains a just and discriminating appreciation of Fielding's place in the line of great novelists, and of the strong formative influence that his work exercised over the early development of what is now called Naturalism. This note is struck, as he points out, in the invocation at the beginning of the thirteenth book of 'Tom Jones,' addressed to Experience, to the inspiration which is derived from what one has actually seen and known among all sorts and conditions of men :—

'Others before him had seen and known these things, but in Fielding's pages they are for the first time introduced, with no loss of reality, to subserve the ends of fiction; common life is the material of the story, but it is handled here for the first time with the freedom and imagination of a great artist.' \*

And here, we may add, is the fruitful and vigorous stock out of which has since radiated that immense growth of realistic novels which now tends to overshadow and supersede the earlier species of romance literature.

But Fielding's style is unblushingly masculine; his scenes are in the street, the tavern, the sponging-house, and other places unmentionable. By the end of his century, the Novel of Manners had fallen into very different hands, and to these it owes mainly the shaping, both as to tone and subject, that

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\* Page 179.

decisively laid down its course of future development. The electricity of that stormful period which comprises the last years of the eighteenth and the opening of the nineteenth century, seems to have generated an efflorescence of high original capacity in the department of imagination as well as of action. Nevertheless nothing is more remarkable, probably nothing was less expected, than the sudden accession of women to the first rank of popular novelists. Miss Burney, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen (not to mention Miss Ferrier), entered upon the same field from different points and divided it among them. They may be said to have virtually created the decent story of contemporary life, the light satirical pictures of familiar folk, the representation of ordinary society in the form of a delicate comedy, which rose to the pitch of racy humour when the scenes and characters were Irish. Under the touch of this feminine genius convention vanishes altogether; the painting is direct from nature; the plot and incidents are saturated with probability; the personages might be met at the corner of any street in town or village; the very voice, gesture, and language are almost ludicrously familiar. No heroics, not much use of the pathetic; very slight landscape-painting and background; no psychology; there is no systematic attempt to introduce, under the story's disguise, the serious discussion of social, political, or polemical questions.

For an artist who deals so largely with country life, the absence of landscape-painting in Miss Austen is very noticeable. The fine vein of satire that pervades all her work, the constant presence of the human element, leave her no room for expatiating on the aspects of nature; and indeed she was manifestly impatient with enthusiasts over the picturesque. She only touched upon such tastes in order to bring out character:—

“It is very true,” said Marianne, “that admiration of landscape scenery is become a mere jargon. Everybody pretends to feel and tries to describe with the taste and elegance of him who first defined what picturesque beauty was. I detest jargon of every kind; and sometimes I have kept my feelings to myself, because I could find no language to describe them in but what was worn and hackneyed out of all sense and meaning.”

“I am convinced,” said Edward, “that you really feel all the delight in a fair prospect which you profess to feel. But, in return, your sister must allow me to feel no more than I profess. I like a fine prospect, but not on picturesque principles; I do not like crooked, twisted, blasted trees. I admire them much more if they are tall, straight, and flourishing. I do not like ruined, tattered cottages. I am not fond of nettles or thistles or heath blossoms. I have more pleasure in a snug farm-house than a watch-tower, and a troop of tidy

tidy happy villagers please me better than the finest banditti in the world."\* \*

There can be no doubt, indeed, that in the novels of this period two main features of the modern story, the word-painting of scenery and the analysis of subjective emotions, are conspicuously absent. Yet among the manifold causes to which may be ascribed the wide recent expansion of the Novel of Manners, we may well reckon the decisive impulse that it received from these famous authoresses. They were, in fact, the founders of the dominion which women bid fair to establish over this class of fiction, where they are already extending it to a degree that threatens to evict the men. Various circumstances have co-operated toward this curious literary revolution. The conventional romance, though apparently flourishing, was in their time on the brink of a decline; and as women have never succeeded in the Novel of Adventure—for the obvious reason that their tastes and experiences are opposed to success—they had no difficulty in abandoning a decaying school, and in throwing all their freshness of mind and subtlety of observation into the department which precisely suited their idiosyncrasy. The spread of education among female readers and writers has undoubtedly aided them. And thus the rise of feminine novelists has operated as a formidable contingent of fresh troops that has joined the camp of Manners, to which alliance it may be noticed that, with very few exceptions, the women have faithfully adhered. For although in the last century Mrs. Radcliffe had revived, as Mr. Raleigh observes, the Romance proper, and Miss Jane Porter claimed in the first years of this century the honour of having invented the historical romance, women have been practically superseded in this class of literature, so far as it survives, by men, George Eliot's '*Romola*' being the only notable exception. The true representatives of female novelists are now the leaders of that school which confines itself to minute observation, whether of outward facts or inward feeling, and which is above all things devoted to the close delineation of contemporary society. The analysis of character within the range of ordinary experience, the play of civilized emotion, the vicissitudes of grief or joy in the parsonage, the ball-room, and the village, the troubled course of legitimate love-making, have all contributed the congenial material whereby the Novel of Manners treated realistically, as the phrase goes, has been moulded by the adroit hands of women.

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\* 'Sense and Sensibility.'



We do not forget that the most remarkable Mannerists that have appeared in this century were male authors—Thackeray and Dickens. But we are not now attempting to survey the whole field of modern English fiction, or to assign to every star its place in that wide firmament. Our aim is only to indicate the main lines of filiation that have produced the prevailing novel of the day. The permanent influence of the two great artists who have been mentioned has not been, we think, proportionate to the rare and original value of their work. Both of them had many imitators in their lifetime and for a little time afterward; but before they died they were both showing symptoms of loss of power; and one could see that the special fibre or faculty that distinguished them was becoming overstrained; it was betraying effort and exaggeration. In their latest productions their peculiar qualities became mannerisms, of which readers soon began to be weary; and this may partly account for the speedy subsequent diversion of the popular taste into other channels. At any rate they did not found an enduring school, like Jane Austen, of whom it may be said that a great proportion of those novels of ordinary society which fill annually the lists of circulating libraries may be referred to her work as their type and forerunner. The novels of Anthony Trollope, for example, follow very much the same range of subject, the same level of emotion and incident; they consist mainly of satirical yet good-humoured descriptions of middle-class life in the country, the suburbs, and occasionally in the higher walks of society—they are always decorous and never dull, but they never rise to the note of romance or adventure. It may even be added, in further proof of Trollope's literary ancestry, that the predominant quality of these very clever but eminently commonplace stories, with their interminable flirtations and their amusing dialogues which might have been reported by phonograph, is essentially feminine.

Our view is, therefore, that three famous women authors accomplished for the Novel of Manners very much what Scott at the same period did for the Novel of Adventure; they stamped its lasting form and shaped its subsequent development. And in both classes, in tales of adventure as of society, we may detect clearly the rising spirit of what has been since called Realism or Naturalism, the discarding of convention, the abandonment of mere attitudes for action studied from the life, the direct appropriation of material from surrounding facts and perceptible feelings, from the familiar humours and concerns of everyday existence. In 'Le Roman Naturaliste,' by M. Brunetière, one chapter is allotted to English Naturalism, and the  
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author declares that the standard of Naturalism was raised in 1859 by the author of 'Adam Bede,' quoting certain passages in which George Eliot, he says, has distinctly preached the fundamental doctrines of that school. Undoubtedly George Eliot declared her purpose to be the rendering of a faithful account of men and things as they mirrored themselves in her mind. 'I feel as much bound,' she says, 'to tell you as precisely as I can what that reflection is, as if I were in the witness-box narrating my evidence on oath'; and she set up as her ideal 'this rare precious quality of truthfulness, for which I delight in many Dutch paintings.' But the cardinal virtue of this fine and sombre genius lay in her power of raising Realism to a high artistic level, of diffusing a poetic light over humble scenes, of touching the deeper and vital relations of common things. In Charlotte Brontë, again, we have Naturalism throwing out a fresh shoot of great vigour and originality; the old-fashioned masculine hero is supplanted by a heroine who strives against adverse circumstance upon an ordinary, often an humble, plane of society, never travelling for a moment beyond the possibilities of everyday existence. This ominous dismissal of the male hero from his previous position in the centre of the story's movement may be taken as a sign that he is not of so much account in the sphere of domestic fiction as he was erst in the arena of perilous adventure. It is true that mankind is still glorified by Ouida, a lady who may yet be occasionally found sitting, almost alone, by the shores of old Romance; but with Mrs. Gaskell, Mrs. Oliphant, Miss Broughton, and even Miss Braddon, the majority of their leading characters may be said to be female. And the most deservedly popular of our latest novels by women is 'Marcella.'

We must not be understood to maintain that the Novel of Manners has been, or is being, completely monopolized, as a department of light literature, by women, for of course there are many men who are achieving success in that field, among whom Henry James holds a high place for distinction and delicacy of workmanship. And among certain special branches in which women have not as yet competed at all, we may mention the Sporting Novel, where provincial manners and the humour of the coverside have been portrayed by Surtees with wonderful exactitude and a kind of coarse yet irresistible comicality that remind one of Fielding. It is true that he never moralizes, as Fielding does; but then the interjection by the author of moral reflections went out, as we have said, with Thackeray. The description of landscape drawn from nature occupies large and extending space in the latter-day novel of manners, where it

is used very sparingly as subservient to character or situation, but commonly as an illustration or pictorial background. Let us compare the two following extracts. The first is from Jane Austen's 'Mansfield Park':—

'Now we shall have no more rough road, Miss Crawford; our difficulties are over. The rest of the way is such as it ought to be. Mr. Rushworth has made it since he succeeded to the estate.—Here begins the village. Those cottages are really a disgrace. The church spire is reckoned remarkably handsome. I am glad the church is not so close to the great House as often happens in old places. The annoyance of the bells must be terrible. There is the parsonage, a tidy-looking house, and I understand the clergyman and his wife are very decent people. Those are almshouses, built by some of the family. To the right is the steward's house; he is a very respectable man. Now we are coming to the lodge gates; but we have nearly a mile through the park still. It is not ugly, you see, at this end; there is some fine timber, but the situation of the house is dreadful. We go down hill to it for half-a-mile, and it is a pity, for it would not be an ill-looking place if it had a better approach.'

The second is from the opening pages of Mrs. Humphry Ward's 'Marcella':—

'She looked out upon a broad and level lawn, smoothed by the care of centuries, flanked on either side by groups of old trees—some Scotch firs, some beeches, a cedar or two—groups where the slow selective hand of Time had been at work for generations, developing here the delightful roundness of quiet mass and shade, and there the bold caprice of bare fir trunks and ragged branches, standing back against the sky. Beyond the lawn stretched a green descent indefinitely long, carrying the eye indeed almost to the limit of the view, and becoming from the lawn onwards a wide irregular avenue, bordered by beeches of a splendid maturity, ending at last in a far distant gap where a gate—and a gate of some importance—clearly should have been, yet was not. The size of the trees, the wide uplands of the falling valley to the left of the avenue, now rich in the tints of harvest, the autumn sun pouring steadily through the vanishing mists, the green breadth of the vast lawn, the unbroken peace of wood and cultivated ground, all carried with them a confused general impression of well-being and of dignity. Marcella drew it in—this impression—with avidity. Yet at the same moment she noticed involuntarily the gateless gap at the end of the avenue, the choked condition of the garden paths on either side of the lawn, and the unsightly tufts of grass spotting the broad gravel terrace beneath her window.'

In the former passage, which is brimful of humorous suggestion, the writer is exclusively intent upon setting out points of human character in an effective light. The latter is a highly-finished piece of word-painting, taken direct, as an artist would take

take a picture, from a landscape that lay before the writer, and as such it is excellently done ; but, except for the slight indication of a neglected estate, it stands apart from the plot or the play of character, and might be bound up with the volume or omitted like a woodcut. Undoubtedly the art of descriptive writing, which demands poetic feeling and a delicate hand upon the organ of language, is practised finely by the best of our modern novelists, and is a valuable element of their popularity. Yet there are signs that it is already threatened by the inexorable demands of the lower realism, which takes slight account of the intimations that can be conveyed or the emotions that may be roused by using language as an instrument for the interpretation of nature, and requires to be shown the thing itself, as it is seen in a photograph. 'The tendency of the times,' we are told, 'seems to be to read less and less, and to depend more upon pictorial records of events.' And the author from whom we quote \* proceeds to show how a few lines of sketch at once elucidate and vivify whole pages of word-painting. He goes further, and relates how 'the fallacy of the accepted system of describing landscapes, buildings, and the like in words,' was proved experimentally by reading slowly a description of a castle, mountains, and a river winding to the sea, from one of the *Waverley* novels, before a number of students, three of whom proceeded to indicate on a black board the leading lines of the mental picture produced by the words. The drawings were all different and all wrong, as might indeed have been confidently foretold ; for the two sister arts of the pen and of the pencil cannot possibly interpret each other reciprocally after this fashion, or produce identical effects by their widely differing methods.

Yet it is not impossible that the lower ranks of writers, who exaggerate the prevailing fashion of exactly reproducing what any one can see and hear, may find themselves outbid and overpowered on this ground by illustration in line and colour. In this direction, indeed, lies the danger of extreme Realism. It wages war against Romance, which subsists upon idealistic conceptions of noble thought and action ; it pretends to hold up a true mirror to society, because it reflects faithfully and without discrimination, like a photograph, the street, the club, or the drawing-room, and arranges dramatically the commonplace talk of everyday people. All this is fatal to high art, in writing as in painting ; nor can very clever dialogue, ingenious situations, variety of style and subject, or even a

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\* 'The Art of Illustration.' By Henry Blackburn, 1894.

high average morality, preserve such literature from triviality and gradual degradation.

It is the saying of a French writer, that the novel of to-day has abjured both the past and the future, and lives wholly in the present. We are so far of his opinion in regard to the past, that we doubt, for reasons already given, whether the reading public can be induced to travel backward into distant periods and unfamiliar scenes, even though facts, anecdotes, costume, and other accessories be scrupulously and historically exact. The future is a domain upon which the novelist has rarely trespassed; but in close propinquity to it lies theologic speculation, and we have not long ago witnessed the fascination that can be exercised over a multitude of readers by a novel which described the unhappiness brought upon the peaceful home of an Anglican clergyman who was driven forth from his parsonage by imbibing some tincture of modern Biblical criticism. The sensation, for so it must be called, produced by 'Robert Elsmere,' illustrated the degree to which in these days popularity depends on hitting the intellectual level of the general reader, and on touching the fancy or the conscience of that very numerous class whose culture is of the medium sort, neither high nor low. For while it seems certain that to a great many people the views and arguments which overthrew Elsmere's orthodoxy and brought him to martyrdom must have seemed profound, daring, and novel, to others they are but too familiar and by no means fresh. To some of us, indeed, the overpowering effect produced on Elsmere's mind by his remarkable discoveries may be not unlike the awe and gratitude with which an African chief receives the present of an obsolete cannon. But the main reason why the future is no better field than the distant past for the modern novelist, is that in both cases there is a want of actuality, and that the positive temper of the age requires in either case something more definite and verifiable.

It may be affirmed, moreover, as a general observation, that the spirit of realism is hostile to the Novel with a Purpose, whether it be that species which undertakes to argue or instruct under the cloak of agreeable fiction, or that other species, much cultivated by Dickens in his later works, which attacks antiquated institutions and public abuses in a story so contrived as to expose their absurdity and injustice. There is an air of artificiality about such compositions which damages the artistic illusion, the photographic rendering of actual life, upon which the author relies, because it throws over the stage a shadow of his own personality. For one tendency of excessive realism

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is to encourage an approximation between literary and theatrical effects, since the whole interest becomes concentrated upon figures acting and moving under a strong light in the foreground of scenes carefully adjusted, so that anything which betrays the author's presence interrupts the performance.

Yet although our contemporary novelist is thus subjected, in respect of his period and his repertory, to limitations from which his predecessors were free, there has never been a time when English fiction has exhibited, in competent hands, greater fertility of invention and resource, or so high an average proficiency in the art of writing. The vastly increased demand for amusement in modern life has stimulated the production of light literature, which is now cultivated far more widely than heretofore, like tea, and the market is flooded with an article of sound moderate quality. At this moment we have in very truth a democracy of letters, for while no mighty masters overtop the rest, the number of writers who stand on an equality of merit, who can produce one or more excellent stories, is very large. Their field has widened with the expansion of British enterprise; they can draw their plots, descriptions, and characters from the colonies, from Africa, from the South Sea Islands, or from India; and it will be observed that not only the tale of adventure, but also the quiet story of domestic interiors and family troubles, is easily acclimatized, and gains something from a sparing use of variety of dialect and landscape. As for the Novel of Adventure, it is drawing copious sustenance from these outlying regions. For although it is only from first favourites that the home-keeping reader will tolerate an elaborate romance about Africa or the Pacific, he has taken a very strong liking to short stories of scenes and actions strictly contemporaneous, written in a rough, vigorous, and utterly unconventional style, which convey to his mind impressions as distinctly as a set of pictorial sketches.

We believe that this style, which retains a strong flavour of its American origin (it can hardly be dated earlier than Bret Harte), may be reckoned to be peculiar to the light literature of the English language. We are not aware that it prevails to any extent in other countries; for although the short story of love, intrigue, and manners in general has flourished from mediæval times, and at this moment is almost exclusively confined to these subjects in France, the class of works to which we are now referring differs entirely in subject and style. In England and America the roving life of the colonies, the backwoods, the Western States, and the Indian frontiers has created an unique school of realistic fiction in which Mr. Kipling is at  
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this moment the chief professor. There is moreover a manifest affinity between these short prose narratives and the strain of racy strenuous versification upon the quaint unvarnished notions and hardy exploits of the bush, the prairie, or the frontier, by which Bret Harte, Lindsay Gordon, and again Kipling have attained celebrity. As these poems echo the far-off ring of the ancient ballad, so we may venture to surmise that the short prose story of adventure, which appeals to modern taste by its vivid reality, its terseness of style, and its picturesque outline, represents the latest form reached by Romance in its long evolution. Such a tale will squeeze into fifty or a hundred pages what Fenimore Cooper or G. P. R. James would have distended into three volumes of slow-moving narrative, whereby infinite labour is saved to the hasty and indolent reader of these railroad days.

Here, in short, we perceive the influence of that very characteristic school of contemporary art, which we know to have always existed, but to which men have recently given the exceedingly modern title of Impressionist,—the school of authors who desire to strike the imagination vividly and with a few sharp strokes, grouping their figures in a strong light, rounding off their compact story upon a small canvas, and rejecting every detail that is not strictly accessory to the main purpose. Already it is beginning to be said in France that Zola with his laborious particularism has passed his climacteric of fashion, and that the swift impressionist is sailing in on a fair wind of spreading popularity. Now in France, though no longer in England, the critics still do their duty; they are not merely, to borrow a phrase from Coleridge, the eunuchs who guard the temple of the Muses; they are often prolific authors who exercise great influence upon public opinion, so that their forecast of the course and tendencies of fiction is worth bearing in mind. We ourselves are ever a restless, bustling, far-wandering folk, great lovers of fiction and travel, who not only carry forth the English language into the uttermost parts of the earth, to be moulded in strange dialects to queer uses, but also bring back fresh ideas and incidents, and various aspects of a many-sided world-ranging life. If, as has been often asserted, literature be the collective expression of the ideas and aspirations, the tastes, feelings, and habits of the generation which produces it, we may not be altogether wrong in treating the short highly finished story, whether of adventure or manners, as the impress and reflection of modern English society. But no operation is more delicate than the endeavour to trace the subtle connexion between constant modifications of literary form and the pressure of its ever-changing moral and material environment.

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ART.

ART. XII.—*The Parliamentary Debates.* (Authorized Edition.)  
4th Series. Sessions 1893-94. London, 1893-94.

THE soundness of Hosea Biglow's advice 'never to prophesy unless you know' seems at first sight to have received signal confirmation in the non-fulfilment of the forecasts which were made as to the immediate results of Mr. Gladstone's withdrawal from public life. The admirers and detractors of the late Premier, his political partisans equally with his political opponents,—Liberals, Radicals, and Nationalists on the one hand, Conservatives and Liberal Unionists on the other,—were of one mind as to the consequences which must ensue whenever the veteran leader of the Liberals ceased to exercise the authority he had wielded so long and so vigorously. Putting party sentiment altogether aside, it may be said with truth that, up to a few months ago, the Liberal party and Mr. Gladstone were convertible terms. Even in the ranks of his own followers, the then Prime Minister had either out-lived or out-stayed all his possible competitors. To paraphrase the well-known saying about Eclipse, Gladstone was first and the rest nowhere. Under these circumstances it seemed safe to foretell that the disappearance of the 'Grand Old Man,' however it might be brought about, must entail the disruption of his party and the consequent dissolution of Parliament. People might and did differ as to the ulterior results of Mr. Gladstone's removal, but nobody doubted that this eventuality, whenever it occurred, would bring about a complete reconstruction of the Government, if not an actual re-organization of the Liberal party.

These anticipations, we need hardly say, have so far been falsified by the event. The long-dreaded contingency has occurred: Mr. Gladstone has retired into private life; and yet the Parliament elected under his auspices and in his name goes on much as before; the Government remains pretty well the same; and the Liberal Party is not, at first sight, substantially different from what it was in the latter days of the Gladstonian era. When Louis XVIII. returned to France after the restoration, a courtier asked him whether he perceived much change in France. 'No,' was the Royal reply; 'there is only one Frenchman the more.' In like manner, if Mr. Gladstone were asked in the seclusion of Hawarden whether he saw much change in the aspect of politics, he might reply with far greater truth, 'No; there is only one Minister the less.' 'Lord Rosebery Premier, *vice* Mr. Gladstone resigned.' In this brief phrase is recorded the net upshot of the crisis, which it was believed



believed beforehand would at once revolutionize the whole face and aspect of British politics.

The fact that Mr. Gladstone's departure has not produced the result anticipated is certain. The explanation of the fact is by no means equally certain. Those amongst our readers who are old enough to recall the *Annus Mirabilis* of 1848, may perhaps remember a cartoon which appeared in 'Punch' at the time of the Paris Revolution of February, and which represented Louis Philippe with his pear-shaped head—so familiar to the caricaturists of the day—contorted into the likeness of a candle in the act of being snuffed out by a huge extinguisher. This somewhat brutal caricature cannot fail to suggest itself to the minds of men whose memory reaches back over some forty odd years. Since the Citizen King disappeared so rapidly and so completely from the scene in which, for so many years, he had played so prominent a part, there has been no disappearance so prompt and so absolute as that which has marked the exit of Mr. Gladstone from public life. It may be, and we think is, the case, that during the many long years throughout which the member for Midlothian filled the stage, his immense authority was due rather to his personal influence than to his political achievements. When a great actor has retired, it is always difficult to explain exactly to a succeeding generation why it was he exercised so great a fascination over the public of his day; and we may say, without disparagement of his more solid merits, that Lord Rosebery's predecessor was the greatest political actor who ever played a leading part in the drama of English politics. His fluent command of sonorous diction; his singular dignity of look and manner; his facile earnestness of conviction, as genuine as it was transient; his extraordinary though superficial erudition; his unequalled mastery as a political tactician; his immense experience of parliamentary life, were all qualities which of necessity impressed the audience of his time more than they can be expected to impress posterity. And when to all these qualities was added the prestige of advanced old age, accompanied by an apparently inexhaustible vitality, it is not matter for marvel that Mr. Gladstone should have held a position unique in the annals of our country. Nor is there cause to accuse his fellow-countrymen of ingratitude if, when the glamour of his presence was removed, they should have begun to doubt whether, after all, he was quite as great a statesman, minister, politician, and orator as they had imagined him to be, when he was always before their eyes. Probably, if Mr. Gladstone's life had been cut short at the same time as his tenure of office, the disillusionment which more or less follows

follows on all exaggerated estimates, would have operated less rapidly. But with the hero still alive, and yet giving no fresh manifestation of his heroism, the process of unconscious depreciation caused by the contrast between anticipation and retrospect has commenced before its time.

Moreover, it must fairly be admitted that the mode and manner of Mr. Gladstone's retirement were strangely lacking in the dramatic element. To use a French phrase, *il a manqué sa sortie*, when he elected to remain in office after the rejection of the Home Rule Bill by the House of Lords. To repeal the Union, to undo the work of Pitt, and to redress the wrongs of Ireland by the restoration of her parliamentary independence, was the achievement to which he had devoted the last seven years of his life. He had fought the battle of Home Rule with a vigour and fulness of resource which even those who disapproved most strongly of his policy could not refuse to admire. By the magic of his personal influence, by his own exuberance of vitality, even more than by the sacrifice of all the principles he had professed throughout his lifetime, and by the surrender of all other objects to the creation of a coalition majority, he had succeeded in inducing a British House of Commons to pass a measure for the dismemberment of the British Empire. For the aims he had pursued since 1885 there was only one justification possible, and that was, that in his own conviction the repeal of the Union was a necessity of such Imperial interest as to override all minor considerations. In the House of Commons his efforts had been crowned with success—success, if you like, dearly bought, and carried by unworthy means, but still success. The Bill, which was to prove the *magnum opus* of the late Premier's career, which was to place the relations of Great Britain and Ireland upon a basis of permanent goodwill and amity, had been fought stage by stage through the Lower House, the debates having occupied a length of time unparalleled in our legislative annals, and having only been brought to a close at last by a resort to measures utterly inconsistent with all the traditions of a free Legislature. Upon being submitted to the House of Lords, the Bill in question was contemptuously rejected after a couple of nights' discussion by a majority of some four hundred and fifty as against a couple of score of votes recorded in its favour. Under these circumstances, there was but one course open to the Government. Mr. Gladstone's obligations to Ireland, to his party, to the United Kingdom, and to his own honour, were one and the same. Every precedent of Parliament, every principle of politics, every consideration of self-respect, combined to point out the path of duty.

duty. The immediate dissolution of Parliament had become an imperative necessity. Under our Constitution the electorate forms the ultimate Court of Appeal in the case of any important conflict between the two Houses of Parliament. To use plain English, the House of Commons had declared that the Act of Union had to be repealed; the House of Lords had declared that the Act must be upheld in its integrity. It was for the constituencies, and the constituencies alone, to decide which House was right and which House was wrong. The question at issue was one which could be decided in no other way; while the only justification for raising such a question at all lay in the assumption that its decision, one way or the other, was a matter of immediate, urgent, and paramount necessity. If Mr. Gladstone had had the courage of his opinions, the rejection of the Home Rule Bill by the Lords would have been followed at once by the announcement that Parliament was to be dissolved as soon as the necessary business had been concluded.

If this course had been adopted, one of two consequences must have followed. The constituencies, if the issue of Repeal or no Repeal had thus been placed clearly before them, must have returned either a Separatist or a Unionist majority. In the former case, Mr. Gladstone would have re-introduced a Bill granting Ireland an independent executive; and the Bill, supported as it would have been by the deliberate and definite sanction of the country, would in all likelihood have passed the House of Commons by a far larger vote than it had been able to obtain in 1893. In such an event it seems to us more than doubtful whether the Upper House would have felt justified in rejecting the Bill a second time; while if the Lords had maintained their attitude of unflinching opposition, the Government would have been entitled, by the usages of our Constitution, to call for such a creation of Peers as would over-ride the antagonism of the hereditary Chamber. Upon this supposition, therefore, the Bill would long before this have become law. The Liberal party would then have been entitled to the credit of having carried, whether for good or evil, the greatest Parliamentary measure of the present century; while the veteran Premier might have claimed with perfect truth that of this measure he, and he alone, was the parent, author, and creator. If, on the other hand, the constituencies had returned a Unionist majority, the Premier might have retired with dignity from an untenable position. He, at any rate, had done all that man could do for the cause of Irish independence. Even though he could not have hoped to lead the attack again, he might have rested content with the belief that time would

would justify the wisdom of his rejected policy ; and that whenever this result came to pass his name would remain indissolubly connected with the achievement of Repeal.

Unfortunately for his repute as a statesman, party considerations were allowed to over-ride what we are convinced must have been Mr. Gladstone's first impulse on the almost contemptuous rejection of the measure which he regarded as the crowning triumph of a grand career. It soon became obvious, even to his flatterers and followers, that the action of the House of Lords was regarded with absolute indifference, if not with positive approval, by the country at large. The attempt to raise an outcry against the hereditary Chamber died still-born ; and all the Tapers and Tadpoles of the Liberal party besought the Premier not to appeal to the country upon an issue on which defeat was certain. Their advice was to try and divert public attention from the fiasco of Home Rule, and to endeavour to pick a quarrel with the Lords on measures not directly connected with Ireland,—measures which had at any rate a chance of exciting popular interest to such an extent as to make their rejection by the Peers a cry on which it was possible to go to the country with some prospect of success.

It has been ascribed as a merit to British pugilists that they do not know when they are beaten. But we never heard it claimed for them as a title of honour, that when they knew they were beaten they declined to surrender the belt of championship. Yet this is exactly the policy adopted by Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues. They knew that they were defeated, and yet declined either to appeal to the country or to resign office. We do not assert, we do not even believe, that Mr. Gladstone was influenced by an ignoble desire for office, though his personal love of power was unquestionably one of the considerations which induced him to defer to the wishes of his party, and to consent to remain at the head of the Government. The Home Rule Bill, on which he had staked the fortunes of his Ministry, whose enactment he had represented as a measure of vital interest to the welfare of the country, had been thrown out by the Lords, treated as a measure of no importance, and, in the language used about a play that has been damned, its reproduction had been adjourned till further notice. Forthwith the whole energies of the Ministry were devoted to composing a new and more attractive play-bill that might hit the taste of the British public, while the Nationalists were kept quiet by the assurance that the stage manager intended to give their favourite drama another chance, if only he could succeed in replenishing his political treasury by a piece that would fill the

the house. A Parish Councils Bill for England was the substitute which the Gladstonians brought out to replace Home Rule for Ireland.

There is no necessity to dwell here upon the months which intervened between the defeat of the Ministry in the Lords and the resignation of the late Premier. Christmas came and found the defeated Ministry still in office, with Mr. Gladstone as the leader—we might almost say the dictator—of the Liberal party. Indeed, amongst his own followers, and even with the public at large, his individuality during these last months of his public career was perhaps more potent than it ever had been before. The very decline in the prestige of the Gladstonian Ministry tended to augment the prestige of the Premier. His intimates in political life probably saw symptoms of failing health and decaying powers. But to the outside world the Grand Old Man was at once the heart and soul, the brain and the mouthpiece, of the Liberal party. The faith in himself and in his own policy, which never swerved; the exuberant energy with which he fought a losing battle to the end; the vigour of mind and body, which seemed to defy the approach of extreme old age, commanded the admiration even of those who most disapproved of his politics, and enlisted popular sympathies in his behalf to an extent which we think will be found hereafter to account largely for the apparent apathy of the general public on an issue involving the dismemberment, if not the destruction, of the United Kingdom.

When Mr. Gladstone left England for Biarritz early in the present year, the last thought which presented itself to the public mind was that his Premiership was about to be cut short by his own act and deed. One day or other when the present has drifted into the half-forgotten past, some Greville of the future will tell the true story of the decline and fall of the Gladstone administration. What is certain is, that his resignation was entirely unexpected by the great body of his followers and even of his colleagues. It seems to be admitted that in the month of January he had made up his mind to resign his Premiership at the close of the session; but the knowledge of this intention was kept a profound secret, except to the inmost circle of his trusted adherents. When somehow or other a rumour got abroad that the Premier was meditating an early retirement from official life, the rumour was authoritatively denied in a letter which, if it was not actually dictated by Mr. Gladstone, bore unmistakable evidence of his unequalled skill in devising a statement which, without being absolutely untrue, succeeded in disguising the

the truth by a happy combination of the *suppressio veri* with the *suggestio falsi*. When Mr. Gladstone returned from Biarritz, he took his place in the House as usual, and on the very eve of his resignation delivered a violent diatribe against the House of Lords, which was understood, and must have been meant to be understood, as a declaration of his intention to lead a crusade against the hereditary Chamber as at present constituted. Yet weeks beforehand Mr. Gladstone is now known to have practically resigned office.

We cannot but recall the saying of Talleyrand at a conclave of diplomatists, '*Qui est-ce qu'on trompe ici ?*' The object of all this secrecy must have been to keep somebody in the dark. All we can suggest is that that unknown somebody must have been one who was likely to resent the arrangements Mr. Gladstone proposed to carry out on leaving office, and who might possibly have raised difficulties in the way of their execution. We would remark here in passing that nothing can be more imbecile than the assertion made so frequently by the organs of the New Liberalism, that Lord Rosebery was forced upon Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone's own position as leader of the Liberal party was, up to the date of his resignation, unassailed and unassailable. Nobody could have compelled him to resign, and yet his resignation was essential as a preliminary to Lord Rosebery or anybody else being appointed Premier. Again, if, having made up his mind to resign, he had objected to Lord Rosebery as a successor, nothing would have been easier for him than to hinder Lord Rosebery's selection by taking his colleagues and his party into his confidence, informing them beforehand of his intention to resign, and recommending to their acceptance the colleague whom he deemed best fitted to fill his post. If Lord Rosebery reigns in his stead, and Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley are still minor stars in the political firmament, the responsibility for their fortunes rests on Mr. Gladstone.

To our minds, the explanation of Mr. Gladstone's choice of a successor is not far to seek. Nothing is further from our intentions than to impute any unworthy motive to the late Premier by the suggestion that when he determined on quitting office he wished to keep open a possibility for his return to power in the event of the terrible physical calamity with which he was then threatened being averted, as there was every reason to hope it might be. Men of great vital energy and intellectual power are very slow to realize the fact that they are growing old, but they realize even more acutely than common humanity the fact that they are growing deaf or blind. It is therefore natural that

that Mr. Gladstone should have cherished the belief that, if only the special ailment under which he suffered could be removed, he would be able to resume the Premiership. The desire to retain office is consistent, not only with his own personal ambition, but with his profound belief in the mission with which he has convinced himself he has been entrusted—that of the settlement of the Irish question by the Repeal of the Union. Fantastic as the belief may be, it is none the less profound by reason of its unreality. Moreover, in all Mr. Gladstone's fanaticism there has always been a queer admixture of political sagacity. He is far too old a parliamentary hand not to have perceived that the days of his administration were numbered, and that his own authority would stand higher in the future if he had left the helm before, instead of after, the inevitable shipwreck. With restored sight, renewed vigour, and with the prestige of a sort of political resurrection attaching to his personality, he might well reckon on being carried back into power by a wave of popular enthusiasm; and in order to take advantage of such a reaction in his favour, it was necessary his place should be filled during the interregnum by an Elisha, who, even if he wished, could not retain the prophet's mantle in the event of Elijah's return to earth.

We do not say that this theory of ours is correct. All we have a right to say is that it explains much that is otherwise obscure and lacking in straightforwardness in the manner of Mr. Gladstone's retirement. We fully believe that Lord Rosebery's many positive merits weighed with Mr. Gladstone equally with his negative recommendations. All persons, however, who have had any theatrical experience are aware that when a star actor is compelled to leave the stage for a season, he always prefers his special parts being filled by an untried novice rather than by a trained 'under-study'; and we entertain a shrewd suspicion that Lord Rosebery's chief recommendation in the late Premier's eyes lay in the fact that, whatever his political ability might prove to be, he was disqualified by position, by character, and by birth from ever being a successful 'under-study' of his great predecessor.

Be this as it may, the news that Mr. Gladstone had resigned and that Lord Rosebery had been commissioned to form a Ministry in his place fell like a thunderbolt amidst the Liberal party. They were literally as sheep without a shepherd. The great majority of his supporters had in fact, if not in name, been elected to support Mr. Gladstone. Their duty was to say ditto to their leader. Suddenly a mass of items were called upon to think for themselves; and the only consolation their  
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lost leader had left them was the knowledge that he had taken upon himself the trouble to make up their minds for them, as to whom they should select as their new chief. Men who are old enough to remember the days when Palmerston and Russell were the Liberal Prime Ministers, cannot fail to notice the almost complete disappearance of the independent Liberal under Mr. Gladstone's *régime*. There are no Liberals now-a-days outside the ranks of the Ministry who hold anything of the same independent attitude as that held by such men as Cobden, Mill, Bernal Osborne, Roebuck, Lowe, and Duncombe, only to mention the first half-dozen names which occur to our memory. The last of the independents is Mr. Labouchere, and even he never ventures on the freedom of criticism which his predecessors were in the habit of employing. The utter subserviency of the Liberals to a one man rule was shown during the crisis to which we allude, when Lord Rosebery was accepted by the party as their chief almost without discussion, simply and solely because he was understood to be Mr. Gladstone's nominee.

The choice—putting all political prejudices aside—seems to us to have been the best possible under the conditions to which this election was necessarily subject. There were indeed certain obvious disadvantages. Lord Rosebery was young, almost a boy, according to our modern standard of political age. He had the merit or demerit of looking even younger than his years. A peer who never had been—and, owing to his having succeeded to his title as a minor, never could have been—a member of the House of Commons, he had necessarily but little personal acquaintance with Parliamentary life. He was a ready speaker, with a command of neatly put phrases, but he had no claim to eloquence. His official experience was pretty well confined to the direction of the Foreign Office, in which he was wise enough to content himself with following the lines of policy laid down by his predecessor, Lord Salisbury. If the fates had removed him from this mundane sphere at any time before Mr. Gladstone's retirement, he would have left behind him the memory of a young nobleman who had given evidence of great industry, who had displayed considerable ability, both as an author and a speaker, but who had never had the opportunity of establishing his claim to the repute of statesmanship. Such, a year ago, would have been the substance of the obituary notices which, in the event of his death at the above period, would have summed up Lord Rosebery's career. On the other hand, there were many potent considerations which designated him as the fittest successor to the vacant leadership. He had always



been a staunch and loyal supporter of Mr. Gladstone. He was supposed to have great personal influence in Scotland. He had committed himself as little to Home Rule as was consistent with his character of a Gladstonian Minister; and he had contrived to inspire the public with confidence in his good sense, public spirit, and sterling patriotism. His speeches and his despatches had about them much of the good old Jingo ring which, whatever pedants and faddists may say to the contrary, always goes home to the heart of the British public. His close connection by marriage with the greatest financial firm in England, if not in the world, was a guarantee that the interests of Great Britain, as the centre of the world's trade, would be safe in his keeping. His attitude as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs was deemed a proof that he was likely to take Lord Palmerston as his model, and that under his Premiership we should have no more of the policy of 'muddle and scuttle' which had done so much to destroy the repute and impair the interests of England. And what perhaps told more than all in Lord Rosebery's favour with the public, he was neither Sir William Harcourt nor Mr. John Morley.

It is certain that there was a very general sentiment of relief when it was known that Lord Rosebery was to be Premier. His own party were naturally anxious to extol the merits of their new leader. His political opponents were inclined to give him a fair trial. The country was prepared to credit him with all the merits he was supposed to possess. Indeed the consensus of popular opinion in his favour was so strong that even his rivals and detractors felt it politic to keep silence for a time. If our surmise is correct, the chorus of congratulation with which Lord Rosebery's accession to the Premiership was greeted by the public at large, blinded him at the outset to the restrictions under which he had accepted the Premiership, and under which alone he could hope to retain it. His declaration on assuming office that Home Rule for Ireland could never be carried without the consent of England as the predominant partner in the union of the four kingdoms, was either intended as the announcement of a new departure, or else it was a colossal and inconceivable blunder. For our part, we incline to the former alternative. But whatever may have been the explanation of this manifesto, as promptly made as it was promptly retracted, Lord Rosebery was soon taught that he had reckoned without his followers. The immediate effect of his declaration, if persisted in, would have been to drive the Irish Nationalists into opposition, and thereby to place the Ministry in a hopeless minority. Even if  
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his recognition of the supremacy of England was calculated to win him the support of a section of the Liberal Unionists represented by Mr. Courtney, the prospect of this support was too uncertain and too remote to be set against the immediate and certain defection of the Nationalist contingent. Lord Rosebery was thus brought face to face with the choice of either retracting his declaration or of courting certain defeat for his Ministry, and thereby compelling them to appeal to the country under circumstances which must, almost of necessity, entail the return of the Conservatives to office. There is a story told of an American newspaper proprietor who during the Presidential election had strongly advocated the Democratic candidate, and who on the success of the Republicans received notice that, unless he supported the Republican cause in future, the State advertisements would no longer be given him for insertion. He replied, so the story goes, by telegram—'The curve's sharp, but I'll take it.' This, in more diplomatic language, must have been the purport of Lord Rosebery's reply to the ultimatum of his Nationalist supporters. Forgetful of the French proverb, he had put out his arm further than he could pull it back. The curve was sharp enough in all conscience; but he had got to take it, and he took it boldly.

The misfortune of Lord Rosebery's vacillation was, that it not only lowered the esteem which his opponents were prepared to accord to him, but that it impaired the confidence of his own supporters. Except on the hypothesis that a statesman, cool-headed beyond his years and singularly clear in his utterances, used language of which he did not understand the obvious meaning, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that Lord Rosebery expressed his deliberate opinions in the speech he made in the House of Lords, and retracted those opinions before the electors of Midlothian in consequence of outside pressure. But it is not only women who, when convinced against their will, are of the same opinion still; and the Nationalists were justified in suspecting that, if the leader of the Liberal party could have his own way, he was prepared to come to terms with the Unionists by the sacrifice of Home Rule. This suspicion was not removed by his subsequent retraction. A Minister who initiated his career by insisting on the predominance of England was 'not the man for Galway'; and though the partisans of Repeal did not deem it their interest to upset the Government on the offchance of replacing the Premier by some leader more after their own heart, they became doubtful how far Elisha could be trusted to follow in Elijah's footsteps. The falling away of the Nationalists encouraged the various sections

of the Ministerial party, which, for one reason or another, were dissatisfied with the choice of Mr. Gladstone's successor, to make their discontent manifest. Alexander being gone, his generals began to intrigue against each other. It was not the Nationalists alone who were dissatisfied with the lukewarmness of Lord Rosebery's Liberalism. The Liberationists, the Temperance men, the Labour Party, the New Radicals were all, on different grounds, equally dissatisfied ; and of this dissatisfaction the Premier's colleagues were prompt to take advantage.

Amongst those colleagues there were probably few, if any, who did not hold in their hearts that by age, by experience, and by political eminence, they were at least as well fitted to be Prime Minister as the actual occupant of the post. Personal jealousies and rivalries are, by the nature of things, more rife in the ranks of the Liberal party than in those of their opponents. And it is only fair to say that there were at least three leading Liberal statesmen who had some cause for disappointment at finding themselves passed over in favour of Lord Rosebery. Mr. Labouchere's extravagant invectives against the choice of a peer as leader of the Liberal party met with no response, because the common sense of the British public taught them that, peer or no peer, Lord Rosebery was the best man amidst the Liberals for the post of Premier. But in these invectives there was undoubtedly an element of truth. The tendency of the House of Commons to arrogate to itself all the chief functions of Government has made it more and more important that the Premier should have a seat in the popular Chamber ; and unless this tendency should be checked by the course of events, we are convinced that Peer Premierships will become more and more rare. No doubt, if Mr. Gladstone had been raised to the Peerage, his overwhelming supremacy would, had his health permitted, have rendered him the one possible Premier of a Liberal administration. Lord Beaconsfield, and to a great extent Lord Salisbury, had similar indisputable claims to the Premiership of a Conservative Cabinet. But with lesser statesmen a commoner must always *cæteris paribus* be preferable to a peer as Prime Minister of England.

These considerations are so obvious, that Lord Spencer, the first in rank of the candidates who might naturally have expected to be selected as successor to Mr. Gladstone upon his resignation, could hardly have felt aggrieved or surprised if his claim had been disregarded in comparison with that of any of his leading colleagues in the Lower House. But if a Gladstonian Peer was to be chosen as Prime Minister at all, the some time Viceroy of Ireland might reasonably have imagined that the choice

choice would have fallen upon him. He had served Mr. Gladstone with an almost servile fidelity. He had filled the post of Lord Lieutenant with courage, with resolution, and with undeviating loyalty; he had borne the brunt of the battle for six long and weary years, and to crown all, at Mr. Gladstone's bidding, he had sacrificed his convictions, stultified his career, and consented to become the accomplice of the men who had held him up to scorn and contumely during his Viceroyalty, and whom as Viceroy he had imprisoned, silenced, and coerced. If services such as these were to go unrecognized by his Chief, by his colleagues and by his party; if he was to be put aside for a youthful Peer who had kept studiously aloof from the coercion controversy on the one hand, and from the Home Rule controversy on the other, his sacrifices had been in vain. Still, unless Lord Spencer has less knowledge of the world than most of his class are gifted with, he must have been aware that to turn your right cheek to the assailant who smites you on the left is a practice which, though recommended by Holy Writ, does not constitute a claim for political distinction. The statesman who, having been the object of the most persistent and most malignant personal vituperation on the part of the Nationalists, went out of his way to make himself a *persona grata* to the Irish Home Rulers, can hardly have failed to see that between himself and the Premiership there stood the past. No doubt he might have pleaded in arrest of judgment, that almost all his colleagues were open to a like indictment; but after all, his case was differentiated from that of his fellow-Ministers. Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, and the rest had, in common with Lord Spencer, upheld the cause of the Union for the greater part of their lives, and had thrown it over as soon as the Nationalist vote became necessary to their retention of office. But in their case their public, not their private repute was sacrificed to the exigencies of power.

If anybody could have foretold beforehand that Mr. Gladstone intended to resign at the close of the Session, and that his party intended to retain office after his resignation, popular expectation would infallibly have designated Sir William Harcourt as his successor. By Parliamentary precedent, by political position, by personal reputation, he was pointed out as the natural successor of his illustrious chief. Throughout the Session he had been recognized not only by the Premier, but by his followers, as the acting leader of the party in Mr. Gladstone's absence. In the ranks of the Ministerialists there was no one who could compete with the Chancellor of the Exchequer as leader of the party in default of Mr.

Gladstone :

Gladstone ; and this being so, it followed logically that the one possible leader must also be the one probable Premier. It was not mere accident which had elevated Sir William to his post of vantage. Years ago the shrewdest and most far-sighted of the public men of our day had predicted his title to the Premiership. A man of old family, of a good presence, of fair oratorical ability, and totally devoid of political convictions, must always, according to the remark attributed to Lord Beaconsfield, belong to the category from whom Englishmen like to choose their Premiers. The description fitted admirably to the politician for whom it was understood to be designed. By birth, by breeding, by education, and by character, Sir William was a typical representative of the class of country gentlemen which even in our day monopolizes to a great extent the repute of statesmanship. It might be his fate to advocate principles distasteful to the class to which he belonged, to propose measures destructive to their interests, to attack the institutions which they honoured and cherished. But the mode and manner of his antagonism were in accordance with the prejudices and traditions of the country party. With or without reason, Sir William's Radicalism was supposed to be tinged with a sort of innate and inbred Conservatism, and this supposition told in his favour not only with his opponents, but with that large section of the Gladstonian Liberals who were Gladstonians first and Liberals afterwards. On the other hand, the Radicals and Home Rulers regarded his Conservatism as skin-deep, as a mere matter of hereditary instinct, and were convinced that he would never allow his personal sympathies or antipathies to interfere to any practical extent with his political advancement. That he was what good Queen Bess called a 'proper man,' could not be disputed, even by political animosity. His oratory was in harmony with his figure. It was massive, ponderous, ornate, and yet relieved by a certain stolid humour. It is said that as a child he was taught by his parents to recite 'My name is Norval,' for the delectation of the guests after dinner, and all his most studied outbursts of eloquence have about them the true 'My name is Norval' ring. In the rough and tumble of debate he can give hard blows, and can, to do him justice, receive hard knocks in return, with a sort of thick-skinned courage. Moreover, like most men of his size and inches, he is not unkindly nor ill-humoured. He will say anything to upset an opponent ; he is deterred by no consideration for courtesy, by no regard for accuracy of statement ; but when he has made his retort and the retort has told, he is ready and willing to forget and

and forgive. As to consistency, it is to him a matter of sublime indifference. A man who is colour-blind cannot realize that other men recognize the distinction between black and white ; and what is true of physical blindness is true of mental also. His incapacity to understand that principles are to other men real motive powers may render Sir William unfitted to lead any great popular movement, but it renders him eminently suitable to lead a party without principles, without policy, and without any common bond of union except a desire for office. There are, as the late Wendell Holmes said, three Jacks in every Jack in the world : there is Jack as he sees himself, Jack as others see him, and Jack as Jack thinks that others see him. We cannot say what view Sir William takes of himself, we cannot expect him to realize the view taken of him by others, but we may safely assume that in the opinion he forms of the estimate taken of him by the world at large he deems himself exceptionally suited to be Prime Minister of England.

As we have said before, the true history of the recent crisis is and must be unknown to the present generation. It must still be matter for conjecture at what period Sir William learnt that he was to be put aside in favour of Lord Rosebery. What, however, can hardly be matter of uncertainty is that the intelligence must have been received with bitter disappointment. He had been a prominent politician in Parliament while his new chief was still a lad at College. For years and years he had played a leading part in public life, while his supersessor was only known as a youthful nobleman, addicted—not, report said, very successfully—to the turf. He had worked his way, step by step, to the front Ministerial rank, while his successful competitor had owed his sudden rise to the accident of birth and fortune. One by one, the men who might have naturally competed with Sir William for Mr. Gladstone's succession had fallen out of the way, many by death, others by failing health, more still by secession from the ranks of the party. And then at last, when after years of waiting the post he had coveted so eagerly was placed within his grasp by Mr. Gladstone's retirement, he found that he was to be passed in the race for the Premiership by a rank outsider. What must have made the blow the more bitter was the knowledge that he owed his disappointment to the action of the statesman whom he had served, as deputy and henchman and as heir presumptive, whose fortunes—subject to one brief and, he may have thought, forgotten, lapse from political fidelity—he had followed with unswerving loyalty, and in whose praise and honour he had well-nigh exhausted the vocabulary of adulation. To bear such

such a disappointment with resignation would have required an unambitious nature, to accept it with composure would have needed exceptional modesty ; and amongst Sir William's many qualities he has as yet given no evidence either of lack of ambition or excess of modesty.

We think, therefore, we are doing Sir William no injustice when we suggest that the most plausible explanation of his consenting to remain in the Cabinet as the subordinate of Lord Rosebery is that to resign office at his time of life was to forfeit all chance of ever becoming Premier ; while if he remained in office, the chapter of accidents—accidents possibly not altogether fortuitous—might bring the Rosebery Ministry to grief, and thereby re-open to him the chance so nearly attained, so unexpectedly forfeited. On any other explanation than this it is difficult to account for the conduct of the leader of the House of Commons, since he consented to retain office under Lord Rosebery. During the Session his energies have been steadfastly devoted to placing himself in evidence and relegating the Premier to the background. The one work of Parliament this year has practically been the passing of the Budget, and of a Budget designed, we may say, *ad majorem Harcourtii gloriam*. Not content with raising the requisite amount needed for the expenditure of the State, the Chancellor of the Exchequer employed all his ingenuity to raise it in such a manner as to advance the interests, to gratify the prejudices, and court the suffrages of the various sections of the Ministerial party. Every other consideration was apparently subordinated to the desire of showing the Radicals, Nationalists, and Liberationists that Harcourt—not Rosebery—was their friend. To do the Chancellor of the Exchequer justice, he had chosen for himself a task for which his special qualifications fitted him exceptionally. Indifferent to criticism, impervious to argument, intolerant of opposition, he pushed his Budget through Parliament by applying the closure to purposes for which it never was designed, and carried the day by the brute force of a narrow but subservient majority. After all, success is success, by whatever means it is obtained ; and Sir William's Budget was the one Ministerial success of the Session. Of this success he arrogated to himself the sole and exclusive credit, while any claim the Premier may have had to participate in the alleged triumph of his Ministry was contemptuously ignored.

Sir William Harcourt was not the only one of Mr. Gladstone's generals who had some reason to consider that his own claims to the succession were superior to those of the then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. There are many and obvious reasons  
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why Mr. John Morley should not have been selected to take the command of the party on Mr. Gladstone's retirement. But those reasons were not of a kind which the Secretary of State for Ireland was likely to appreciate so fully as the outside public. In saying this, we have no wish to insinuate that Mr. Morley over-estimates his qualifications as a possible successor to the late Prime Minister. All we desire to suggest is that he may very naturally have under-estimated his disqualifications. Not to be a man of the world is no reproach to anyone. To be a man of intellect, of earnest convictions, and of philosophic mind, is a higher thing than to possess knowledge of the world; but the gifts of a student and the attainments of a politician are hardly compatible. At the same time, it is only just to say that Mr. Morley had good cause to think that, if merit was to have its due reward, he by rights should have been the successor to Mr. Gladstone. After all, the end, object, and reason of being of the present Ministry is the Repeal of the Union; and if faith in your own evangel is the first qualification for the prophet of a new religion, Mr. Morley had every right to consider himself the chosen evangelist of Home Rule. However much we may dissent from Mr. Morley's conclusions, we should never dream of impugning his sincerity of purpose. Indeed, it is not too much to say that of all the Gladstonian party, he is about the only fervent and genuine believer in the expediency—as well as the necessity—of disintegrating the United Kingdom. He was a Home Ruler long before Mr. Gladstone himself had found salvation. In all the characteristics of his mind, Mr. Morley belongs more to the Latin than the Anglo-Saxon type. His clearness of diction, his lucidity of reasoning, his devotion to abstract principles, his feminine acuteness of restricted vision, are French rather than English attributes. French, too, are his lack of humour, his disregard of the consequences inseparable from the triumph of his ideas, his deep though narrow sympathies, his preference for an ounce of theory to a pound of fact. A scholar, a philosopher, a man of letters, who would have been in his true element filling the chair of a French professorship, or taking part in the conclaves of the French Academy, the irony of fate has assigned to him the duty of conducting the administration of Ireland in accordance with abstract ideas. Still it must be admitted that Mr. Morley possesses the immense advantage of not realizing the absurdity of his own position. He doubtless consoles himself with the conviction that, in aiding to break up the United Kingdom, he is carrying out the views of Comte, of whom he is proud to own himself a pupil.



pupil. If you genuinely believe that the world at large and your own country in particular would benefit by the British Empire being cut down to the 'Little England' standard, you cannot fairly be accused of want of patriotism for favouring any policy calculated to bring about the desired consummation.

In these days it is something to have convictions, even if those convictions are erroneous, and Mr. Morley justly deserves the credit due to every genuine belief. Thus he commands a confidence to which his colleagues can make no pretence. Even the most ingenuous of Radicals cannot seriously pin his faith to Sir William's sincerity, or to Lord Rosebery's enthusiasm. But the doctrinaires, theorists, faddists, and fanatics who form so large and so influential an element in the Liberal party have full confidence in the philosopher of the Cabinet. From somewhat similar causes he commands the trust of the Irish Nationalists. The one statesman in the Ministry, we might almost say in the country, who genuinely believes in Home Rule, who views with positive approval the idea of the aggrandizement of Ireland to the detriment of the United Kingdom, and who can be counted upon to support all Irish aspirations, not as a matter of party politics, but as a matter of abstract principle, is from a Nationalist point of view the ideal chief of an English Home Rule administration. We feel confident that if the choice of a successor to Mr. Gladstone had been submitted to an open party vote, without the ex-Premier's influence being exerted one way or the other, Mr. Morley would have proved a formidable competitor. He himself must be aware of this; and being aware, it is impossible he should not feel that he has been left out in the cold. Sir William, after all, even if he missed the chief prize, has profited by Mr. Gladstone's withdrawal; his post of second in command has been exchanged for the actual leadership of the House of Commons, and he is thus placed first in the running for the Premiership, in the possible, though improbable, double event of Lord Rosebery's retiring and the Liberals continuing in office. Mr. Morley, on the other hand, remains where he was, Secretary for Ireland; the only difference being that, in lieu of serving under a Premier who sympathised with his ideas, he has to serve under one who hardly conceals the lukewarmness of his adhesion to Home Rule. The position is a cruel one. Mr. Morley is far too clear-headed not to perceive that by his administration of Ireland he cannot hope to earn the gratitude of England. He must be blind to the evidence of his senses if he is unable to see that from Ireland he can expect nothing but contumely if he fails, and ingratitude if he succeeds.

Mr. Forster

Mr. Forster once said to a friend, on the eve of his departure to Dublin, after a flying visit to London, 'I feel like a damned soul going back to hell'; and we should doubt if Mr. Morley's private sentiments in this respect differed greatly from those of the late Member for Bradford. Every fibre of his moral nature must resent the work he is called on to perform; every instinct of a sensitive mind must protest against the men with whom he is compelled to associate; every sentiment of a singularly honest and independent character must be outraged by the atmosphere of sordid jealousies, ignoble jobbery, and squalid corruption in which he is obliged to live and have his being. *Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?* That is the question which Mr. Morley's friends ask, and which, we fancy, he asks himself—and must look in vain for an answer.

We have often of late seen controversies in the papers as to what the Ministers think of their new Premier; but to us it has always seemed a matter of greater speculative interest to consider what Lord Rosebery thinks of his colleagues. To the outside bystander the Premier is—we are speaking of the Liberal party—the most interesting personage in contemporary politics. In his case there is, at any rate, the element of the unknown. We know perfectly well what Sir William Harcourt will do under any possible circumstances; we can form a very fair opinion as to how Mr. John Morley will meet any contingency which can be determined by the application of theories, without regard to facts; and we have no reason to expect much more in the future from Sir George Trevelyan and Mr. Shaw Lefevre than they have given us in the past. But with Lord Rosebery it is different. If we may employ the language of the turf, he is still to a considerable extent an unknown horse whose reputation, great as it is, rests rather on private trials than on public performances. From his earliest years he was considered a boy of promise with a future before him. It was stated the other day by the Provost of Dornoch that when only fourteen he had made a speech which caused its hearers to predict for him distinction as a statesman. Both at school and college he had the reputation, alike amongst his fellow-pupils and his teachers, of a lad who some day or other would make his mark in the world. He had scarcely quitted Oxford when, after the fashion of our 'golden youth,' he plunged into the sport of kings. We have been told that, on the first occasion when he was present at a dinner of racing magnates, he astonished the company by the readiness, brightness, and self-possession with which he responded to a toast he was suddenly called upon to propose, and completely turned the tables on the old notabilities

notabilities of the turf, who had expected he would have lost his head at the task imposed upon him. Even his racing connection, which proves disastrous to so many of his class, indirectly increased his reputation. Having, as report said, burnt his fingers, he had the good sense and resolution to leave the sport he had so much at heart before the losses sustained became disastrous. The accident of a wealthy marriage secured for him a pecuniary position corresponding to his rank and his repute. Being debarred from the House of Commons, Lord Rosebery contrived to earn distinction in what may be termed the byways of politics. As a speaker at public meetings, as a politician taking an active interest in social, colonial, and Imperial questions, as a staunch and liberal supporter of his party in local politics, and as a loyal adherent of Mr. Gladstone in his Midlothian campaigns, Lord Rosebery kept his name before the public as one from whom great things were to be expected in the future.

It was, however, as the first Chairman of the London County Council he had the opportunity of showing that he was something more than an amateur statesman. He was not content to be a dummy Chairman, but made himself the real as well as the nominal head of the Metropolitan Parliament. By tact, by good sense, unfailing temper, and unwearying attendance to his duties, he obtained the confidence of his colleagues and preserved the Council during its first years from the follies and extravagances which have discredited its subsequent career. As Under-Secretary for the Home Office and as Commissioner of Public Works, Lord Rosebery had got his first footing in official life ; but these posts are hardly of sufficient importance, especially when their holder is in the Upper House, either to make or mar a political reputation. It was his success as Chairman of the London County Council which mainly justified Lord Rosebery's selection as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, when Mr. Gladstone returned to office on the defeat of the Unionist party at the last general election. Lord Rosebery owed his elevation to the Premiership to a sort of process of elimination. Every one of his possible competitors was from one cause or another disqualified from assuming the successorship to Mr. Gladstone with any reasonable prospect of keeping the Liberal party, as at present constituted, in office. With the exception of a few and insignificant malcontents, every section of the Ministerialists felt that, in default of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Rosebery was the Premier most likely to keep the party in power ; and, as the retention of office was an essential condition to the realization

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of the objects desired by each of these sections, they one and all acquiesced in the appointment of a Prime Minister with whom individually they had possibly but scant sympathy. Thus, if our view is correct, Lord Rosebery's rise up to the time of his attaining the position of Premier has been due in the main to a succession of fortunate accidents. We do not deny for one moment that it is his own ability, his own efforts, and his own qualities which raised him to a position that entitled him to avail himself of these accidents; but it can hardly be said that he owes the Premiership entirely, or even mainly, to his own merits. In one of Béranger's eulogies of Napoleon he says that, thanks to the great Emperor, Wellington became *un héros du hasard*. It may be said with far more of truth that the accident of Mr. Gladstone's resignation at the particular crisis that it occurred made Lord Rosebery 'a Prime Minister of chance.'

Mathematicians tell us that there is no such thing as luck, that at all games all players in the long run have much the same cards, and that the only real difference between one player and the other lies in the skill with which they play their cards. However this may be, Lord Rosebery had no cause to complain of the cards dealt him by Fortune at the outset of his Premiership. Mr. Gladstone's unexpected retirement, while the glamour of his great reputation still remained attached to the party he had led; his own selection by the retiring Premier in preference to older and more experienced colleagues; the fact that, whether by design or accident, he had held himself aloof from any prominent identification with the policy of Home Rule; the repute attaching to him in the public mind, not so much for what he had accomplished, but for what he was deemed capable of accomplishing; the various objections under which his possible competitors respectively laboured, and from which he himself was free; the credit given him by his political opponents for public spirit, sound judgment, and patriotic sentiment,—were all advantages in his favour; advantages which he himself, we believe, would be the first to admit he owed as much to accident as to his own merits. What use has he made of these advantages? The question is one that as yet cannot be answered fairly. So far his administration has not been a conspicuous success. Still less, however, has it been a signal failure. Our own impression is that, though the Ministry may be weaker collectively than when Mr. Gladstone retired, the Prime Minister has gained ground. A Premier who is a devotee of our national sports, and who won the Derby within a few weeks of his becoming the head of the Government, appeals to an element in our English character

character which is all the stronger for having been less of late years deemed hardly worthy of political notice. If the Athenians grew weary of hearing Aristides called 'the just,' Englishmen may be pardoned if, after a surfeit of Gladstonian statesmanship, they look kindly on a Premier who takes life not too seriously, and who is not always calling attention to his own earnestness of purpose. The banter in which Mr. Gladstone's successor is fond of taking refuge may or may not be of a very high order of wit, but it is of a kind understood by the people to whom it is addressed. His reticence and reserve when called upon to commit himself as to the policy of the Government, commend themselves to English taste, and convey the impression of latent force. Moreover, with the exception of the incident to which we have already alluded, he has made no serious mistakes, and has succeeded in convincing the public that though political exigencies may compel him to support Radical measures, he is desirous of maintaining the general lines of home and foreign policy under which the United Kingdom has grown into being. An unfriendly critic might urge that Lord Rosebery cannot continue much longer sitting on the fence. At present, however, he retains the support of his party without forfeiting the belief entertained by the general public, that he has in him the making of a statesman.

But though from various causes, not the least of which is the personality of Lord Rosebery, the Ministry has contrived to hold together longer than was expected at the date of Mr. Gladstone's resignation, the disintegrating forces at work have come more and more into prominence. The leading Ministers have little or nothing in common. Even when they are not actually hostile to each other, they have no sympathy with each other's ideas. It would be difficult to conceive of three politicians so different in views, politics, and aspirations as Lord Rosebery, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. John Morley. So long as the Liberal Ministers were overshadowed by Mr. Gladstone's great individuality, it mattered little whether they agreed or disagreed between themselves. But with Mr. Gladstone removed, these divergences and discrepancies between his subordinates may easily become formidable. The Ministry are bound together by no common policy, by no legislative programme, by no popular party cry. The one thing on which they are at union is as to the necessity of their remaining in office in order to carry out certain aims, to each of which, however strongly advocated by individual Ministers, the bulk of their colleagues are indifferent. Alexander is gone, and his generals are fighting each for his own hand.

Meanwhile

Meanwhile a coalition Ministry which is unable to coalesce is faced by a strong, united, and loyal Opposition. The most noteworthy feature in the history of the past Session has been the steady growth of the alliance between the Conservatives and the Liberal Unionists. It is not only on the question of Home Rule that the latter have found themselves to be in closer accord with their former opponents than with their late associates. The disappearance of Mr. Gladstone from Parliament has removed a personal link between the Liberal Unionists and their old party, whose existence rendered any overt fusion between the two wings of the Unionist party almost an impossibility. The second and hardly less remarkable feature is the steady growth not only of party but of public confidence in Mr. Balfour's leadership. Whatever doubt there may have been at an earlier period, there is no possibility of question that, whenever the Unionists return to power, Mr. Balfour and no other must be their leader in the House of Commons. Mr. Chamberlain again has very markedly raised, not only his personal reputation, but that of the party which he leads, and of which to a great extent he is the creator. The Duke of Devonshire's withdrawal from the House, owing to his elevation to the peerage, has conferred on Mr. Chamberlain the nominal as well as the actual leadership of the Liberal Unionists. There have been no secessions from the Unionist ranks. The only important loss we have to deplore is the absence from ill-health of Lord Randolph Churchill. Fortunately there is cause to hope he may still return with recovered strength before the General Election; and that thus at the next, and as we hope the final, battle for the cause of the Union, the services of the ablest of platform orators and the most fearless of party politicians may not be lost to the Conservatives.

Time is on the side of the Union. Every month that passes discloses more and more how little claim either Parnellites, Healyites, or Dillonites have to represent Ireland; how hollow is the pretence that the heterogeneous Ministerial majority is entitled to speak in the name of the United Kingdom. The course adopted by the Opposition of allowing the Irish Nationalists and their English associates 'to stew in their own juice' has been justified by the result. Throughout the last Session the Opposition might at least on one occasion have secured the defeat of the Government. Overtures, we have reason to believe, were made to the Unionist leaders to frame a resolution condemning the general policy of the Ministry in reference to Uganda, phrased in such terms as to secure the support not only of Imperialists but of Little Englanders. But these overtures

tures were declined, and, as we deem, rightly declined. Our case is so strong that it can afford to stand alone, and we are content to wait in patience till the internal squabbles of Mr. Gladstone's successors demonstrate the futility of attempting to carry out a policy which even Mr. Gladstone, in the heyday of his power, had proved unequal to force upon an unwilling country. Where Alexander failed, his generals are doomed to encounter certain and disastrous defeat.

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